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## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

The Pope's Encyclical.  
Boxing Day.  
The Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne.  
The Sufferings of Lucifer Match-makers.  
The Last Man.  
A Fire-eating Major.  
Criminal Statistics of Ireland.

A Damp Surplice.  
Railway Accidents.  
THE CHURCH:—  
The Little Prayer-Book.  
The Duty of Passive Obedience.  
A New Winking Madonna.  
FINE ARTS:—  
Music.  
The London Theatres. — Christmas Pieces.

## SCIENCE.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—  
Speculation in 1865.  
Balance-sheets of Insurance Offices.  
REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—  
Macedonia and Albania.  
Science and Religion.  
The Life of Robert Stephenson.  
The Principles of Biology.

Autographs and Autograph Hunting.  
Dr. Wordsworth's Commentary on Genesis and Exodus.  
The late Francis Oliver Finch.  
At Home in Paris.  
Affinities of the Gaelic Language.  
Consumption.  
The Magazines.  
Literary Gossip.  
List of New Publications for the Week.

## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

IT is asserted on apparently good authority that Austria and Prussia have arrived at an understanding with respect to the disposal of the Danish Duchies. They have at any rate determined to consult neither the wishes of the population, nor of the German Confederation; and that is one great step towards an arrangement. But it is probable that they have done more. Austria would scarcely have separated herself so completely as she has done from the minor States had she not made up her mind to consent to the substance of the Prussian demands. That those involve the complete annexation of Lauenburg to the north German power there is every reason to believe; while it is scarcely doubtful that if the independence of Slesvig and Holstein obtains a nominal recognition, this will only take place under conditions which must render the sovereign of those duchies the mere vassal of the court of Berlin. According to the latest rumour, it is even proposed to divide the duchies; giving Slesvig to the Duke of Augustenburgh, and Holstein to the Duke of Oldenburgh. No better plan could be desired for securing the perfect subservience of both princes to Prussia; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to imagine one which would so completely belie the pretensions put forth as a justification for the recent war. It was the very corner-stone of the case against Denmark that Slesvig and Holstein were indissolubly united; and that, as a consequence, Germany had an indirect right to interfere in Slesvig, because she had a direct right to interfere in Holstein. Perhaps, indeed, M. von Bismarck feels an additional satisfaction in thus casting away the last trace of deference for the public opinion of Germany and of Europe. But the Austrian statesmen should feel some misgiving as to the probable consequences of alienating the bulk of their countrymen. An exclusive alliance with Prussia may be a tempting, but it is likely to prove a treacherous substitute for a good understanding with the minor powers. As sure as the day of need arrives, the cabinet of Vienna will find itself abandoned by a power which has never yet stood by a friend in difficulty, and has never yet hesitated at the treacherous betrayal of a rival. In the meantime a conviction seems at last stealing over the Teutonic mind that the German Confederation is a mere sham and delusion. It is found to answer no end whatever, except the registration of the decrees of Austria and Prussia—which might very well be accomplished by some less elaborate machinery. Accordingly, some of the smaller powers are talking very freely about forming a league amongst themselves, as a counterpoise to the two great States. But notwithstanding the repeated conferences between M. von Beust and M. von

Pfordten, we are sceptical as to practical result following any of their deliberations. Unfortunately these smaller States entertain nearly as much jealousy of each other as they do of Austria and Prussia; and even if this were surmounted, experience does not warrant us in expecting any energetic action from a conclave of German princes.

It is undoubtedly disagreeable to find ourselves committed, we can hardly say to another "war" of annexation—but to an expedition which is likely to end in extending the boundaries of our already overgrown Indian empire. We do not covet the rugged territory occupied by the savage tribes of Bhootan. We would willingly spare the valuable lives which must be sacrificed in inflicting upon them a chastisement adequate to their repeated outrages upon English subjects and English territory. But it is difficult to see what alternative Sir J. Lawrence had before him. It was utterly impossible to let our power be set at naught by a horde of barbarians; to permit them to make incursions at pleasure into our dominions; or to pass by without notice their gross maltreatment of a British envoy. If we could ever have afforded to treat them with contempt, we can do so no longer when one of the provinces most exposed to their ravages—that of Assam—is annually becoming more and more important as the great tea-growing district of India. In spite of the unhealthy belt of jungle which we must traverse, in spite of the Alpine difficulties with which our troops will have to contend,—we cannot escape from the necessity of protecting our own countrymen and those who are subject to our sway. Experience has abundantly proved the inutility of any logic but that of the sword in the present case. And if we are at last driven to recur to that, it is difficult to see what milder measure than the occupation of the passes leading from Bhootan to the British territory offers any prospect of permanently stopping the depredations of which we have so much right to complain. Undoubtedly there is no man so well qualified as Sir J. Lawrence to judge of the expediency and necessity of the step which he has taken. The fullest confidence may be entertained in his not having taken it, unless he had seen that there was really no other course open to him. And we may feel equally sure that anything will be done by him to facilitate our operations, and to confine them within the narrowest limits. It is at all events satisfactory to know that up to the latest advices our troops had succeeded in all they had undertaken.

Through the medium of an Encyclical Letter the Pope has just informed the faithful what they are to think, believe, and avoid. He has condemned eighty distinct propositions in morals, philosophy, religion, and politics—with a pretty distinct intimation as to the probable fate of those who persist



in holding them. So far as this comprehensive document relates to the three first classes of subjects, we have nothing to say about it in this place, but we cannot pass by its political bearing. Without entering minutely into detail, it may be said generally that it denounces and proscribes all liberal ideas, and all liberal institutions. The only *régime* which finds favour with his Holiness is that under which an absolute prince reigns without control over the bodies of his subjects, while an equally absolute church takes charge of their souls. Toleration, freedom of religious worship, state control over education, lay jurisdiction over religious persons or religious institutions, the right of the civil magistrate to check the encroachments of the church on the province of the temporal ruler—all these are utter abominations in the sight of Rome, and against those who maintain them his Holiness launches the thunderbolts of his apostolic censure. It is almost difficult to write seriously of the publication of such a document at the present time. If the Pope and his advisers had deliberately determined to prove that the existence of their power is inconsistent with the progress of society and the liberty of mankind, they could not have taken a more effectual means of attaining that object. But one can scarcely understand the policy of offering such a demonstration to the world. At the very moment when the temporal power is threatened with more serious dangers than have yet assailed it, one would have thought it was advisable to keep the exaggerated pretensions of the Papacy somewhat in the background. Well or ill-founded, his Holiness cannot be ignorant that they are thoroughly unpopular in every country in Europe, and that they are especially so in France. There can be no doubt that this Encyclical letter will greatly assist Louis Napoleon in withdrawing his support from the Papal See. It must convince all but the most bigoted Catholics in France of the folly if not the crime of upholding the government of a prince who cannot, according to his own showing, be anything but a tyrant of the stupidest and most oppressive sort. It must dissipate the dream of reconciling a free Italy to the Papacy. It shows conclusively that there is but one way of ameliorating the deplorable condition of the Romans. The Pope himself tells us that he cannot compromise with, or accommodate himself to, the spirit of the age; that he cannot abate one jot of the power claimed by his predecessors in the middle ages; that he must have all or none. We entertain a firm conviction that the result will be exactly the contrary of that which he seems to anticipate.

We place no faith in the report that Sherman has captured Savannah and taken 11,000 prisoners. This is in all probability nothing more than a distorted and exaggerated version of the fall of Fort M'Allister. The capture of this fort, which is on the Ogeechee river about fifteen miles to the south-west of Savannah, will enable Sherman to communicate with the Federal fleet; and if his army be in sufficient force and in a sufficiently good condition, he may perhaps commence operations against Savannah; supposing, as we believe will turn out to be the case, that that city is still in the hands of the Confederates. If however we may trust one of the telegrams we have received, the railway between Charleston and Savannah was still open, although the Federals under Foster had succeeded in burning one of the bridges. The destruction of that bridge may impede, but it will hardly prevent the Southern Government from reinforcing the garrison of Savannah, and in that case the place ought to be capable of a stout and not improbably a successful defence. It is however dangerous to speculate on future events, with our present paucity of information. All that we can safely say is, that at least a certain amount of success has attended Sherman's bold and skilful march; and that, having escaped destruction, he is most likely now in a position to inflict serious annoyance if not damage, upon the Confederates. But this is not the only, nor perhaps the severest disaster which has befallen the South. Allowing for every exaggeration, it is clear that Hood has been severely defeated before Nashville, and has been compelled to raise the siege of that place. This not only involves the abandonment of the invasion of Kentucky, which promised such important consequences; but it lays open the state of Tennessee to a renewed Federal advance. It is not likely that the opportunity will be thrown away by a commander so capable and so vigorous as General Thomas; and we must be prepared to hear that all (or nearly all) the advantage gained by the recent

Confederate victories in this quarter has been lost by the ill-advised or unfortunate strategy of Hood.

The political news from America is of a very important character. The previous mail brought us intelligence of the discharge of the St. Alban's raiders by the judge of Montreal. Whatever may be the legal propriety of the course taken by that functionary, every one must regret the liberation of men who had engaged in an enterprise of the most unjustifiable character. Nothing can be more intolerable than that refugees resident on a foreign soil, should issue forth from thence for the purpose of committing hostilities against a people with whom their hosts are on terms of peace and amity. It is certain that neither the English nor the Colonial Government can have the slightest sympathy with such proceedings; and, indeed, in his late message, the President frankly acknowledged their good faith, and their earnest desire to prevent Canada from becoming a basis of operations against the Northern States. Nay more, the moment the Canadian Cabinet heard of the release of the "raiders," they ordered them to be again arrested and taken before another judge. But notwithstanding this prompt action on their part, as soon as the temporary miscarriage of Canadian justice was known in the Federal States, a perfect howl of indignation was raised by the press. Had this been all, the matter would scarcely have deserved notice. We are by this time pretty well hardened against the vituperations of the New York journals. But we cannot receive with equal indifference the orders of General Dix that, in case of future depredations being committed, the Federal troops shall, if necessary, pursue the depredators across the Canadian border, take them on Canadian soil, and bring them for trial before a Federal court-martial. If any such orders are acted upon, it is clear that England and the Federal States will at no distant period be involved in war; for it is, of course, quite impossible for us to permit so gross a violation of our territory. We trust, however, it may turn out that General Dix has, in this matter, acted without the sanction of the Washington Government; and that his orders will be promptly annulled by a higher authority.

Mr. Seward's letter, in reply to Lord Wharnccliffe's offer of assistance to the Confederate prisoners, is creditable neither to the head nor the heart of the Federal Secretary of State. It was an ungracious and not a very humane thing to refuse these unfortunate men any amelioration of their hard condition which they might derive from the bounty of their friends. But if the Federal government chose to be ungenerous, they had a perfect right to be so, and we have no cause of complaint. What we have a right to complain of, is that Mr. Seward should have taken this opportunity of making charges against Englishmen generally, which he must know to be both puerile and unfounded. It is mere childishness to complain of British subjects having made large profits by selling arms and ammunition, when every one knows that at least as large an amount of profits has been realised by furnishing the same commodities to the Federals. It is utterly untrue that we have "promoted" the war. No one knows this better than Mr. Seward, who once described the pending struggle as "an irrepressible conflict" between the slaveholding and abolitionist parties. His letter is simply insulting—and no doubt it was meant to be so. But it is perhaps too much to expect that he should forego an opportunity of taking what he would most likely call "a rise out of a Britisher," because truth, decency, and good feeling stood in the way.

#### THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

THE over-sanguine expectations of the promoters of the unity of Christendom must have received an overwhelming blow in the terrific fulmination which the Pope has hurled *contra omnia et de omnibus*, and which constitutes the nine days' wonder of this present Christmas season. The "Anglican heresy" and the "Photian schism" will scarcely have the hardihood any longer to dream of an alliance with a Church which through its arrogant mouthpiece—the pseudo-vicegerent of Deity on earth—has put itself in such an attitude of defiance against the whole social progress, philosophy, and learning of the present age. It seems almost incredible, except on the supposition of the judicial blindness which precedes a fall, that the head of a Church who has lived to see his Papal powers and privileges snatched away, one by one, in succession



from his hands, and the affections of peoples and governments alienated, should be so rash as to bind himself by his infallibility to the stationary principles of the Middle Ages, and put forward pretensions which even a Hildebrand would scarcely venture on. About six months ago there was a very lively correspondence in the *Times* between two noble writers as to the proper spheres of action of the Church and the State, and the boundaries of the spiritual and temporal; but we think that Lord Arundell of Wardour will scarcely venture now, on reading this Papal allocution to defend the positions taken by the Holy and Venerated individual to whose dogmas he has so confidently pinned his faith. We now know, on Papal authority and in Papal words, that Rome is not content with the spiritual, but still lays claim to all the temporal influence that she ever claimed in the zenith of her power. Among the eighty "poisoned pastures" enumerated in the Appendix to the Encyclical, from which the episcopal pastors of the Church are diligently to keep their lambs and sheep, stands prominent the truth which is the very foundation of Christian liberty, that "the Church has not the power of availing herself of force, or of any direct or indirect temporal power." This proposition, which is the barrier which the nations of Europe have been obliged, from time to time, to raise as a safeguard against the aggressions and wicked persecutions of the Popedom, is pronounced to be a falsehood. Can it then be a wonder, with such a confession before them, that the enemies of the Pope should maintain that Rome is still the same, and that she has the will, had she but the power, to re-enact the most fearful scenes of the Inquisition or to repeat the most atrocious cruelties with which she ever visited outraged humanity? What his Holiness means by the distinction between "direct and indirect temporal power" is not at first very manifest; but further on we learn its nature in a couple or more of condemned propositions. It is false to say, declares the Appendix, that "in addition to the authority inherent in the episcopate, further temporal power is granted to it by the civil power, either expressly or tacitly, but on that account also revocable by the civil power whenever it pleases." We take this to mean that the Papacy has no objection to temporal power being conferred on it at any time by the civil power, but that the taking of it away afterwards for any cause is a grievous sin amounting to sacrilege. Besides the power thus conferred, which we presume is the "indirect" power referred to, Rome has other powers inherent in her as a Church, and which may be called "direct;" and the bull of condemnation then amounts to this, that with neither of these can the State at any time interfere. Again, another pretension put forward is that the clergy for all offences, civil or criminal, should only be tried by ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The thirty-first proposition put on this novel *Index* is that "Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction for temporal lawsuits, whether civil or criminal, of the clergy should be abolished, even without the consent and against the desire of the Holy See." When we call to mind the social evils which flowed, in the palmy days of Popery in this country, from this separate jurisdiction, and the benefits which have attended its abolition, we shall be able to comprehend the character of the model moral world of which Pius IX. would like to have the fashioning. If, in his self-assumption above the world, he is like the Deity, whose Vicar he professes to be, in being against Nature and Providence in the world for the last three hundred years, he has lost every shadow of claim to the divine title; and the fact itself pronounces his condemnation. Can it be possible that this benevolent successor of St. Peter can expect that the world will go back like the shadow on the dial of King Ahaz, and that Kings will again bow down before a Pope to receive their crowns from him as from God, that he may look forward to dividing the world by lines of latitude and longitude between princes and potentates, as his predecessors once did, and that the hard facts of science, which eyes have seen and ears have heard, are all illusions because he says so. It is incredible that he can believe it. If he does not, of what service can it be to the cause which he represents to hurl a *brutum fulmen* which can only turn him into ridicule and alienate the few sympathies which still remain for him in the hearts of large-minded Protestants. An enemy could not have done him more harm than he has done himself in this allocution, which, it seems, was hatched over in Papal conclave more than twelve months before its publication.

With his Holiness's seven fulminations against Pantheism, Naturalism, and Absolute Rationalism, we can heartily agree as to the falsity of the propositions condemned; and were his utterances to end there, or even with some of those on "Moderate Rationalism," they might represent a very sound

and wholesome expression of opinion. But this, of course, could not be expected in a Pope who has so many other "poisonous pastures" to guard his flock against. Science is one of these pastures, and comes in for its share of reprobation. It is wrong to say that "philosophy must be studied independently of supernatural revelation," that the decrees of the Apostolic see "fetter the free progress of science," or that the methods by which the old scholastic doctors cultivated theology are "no longer suited to the demands of the age and the progress of science." What would Galileo say to these theses were he alive? The very astronomy which the Apostolic See did fetter in his day can now predict the advent of the moon at any quarter of its path in the heavens with an infallibility which might very fairly challenge that of the Pope. Such pretensions amount simply to this, that people are no longer to have any eyes or ears, senses of any kind, or understandings except what the Apostolic See will be so kind as to give them. It is really puerile to see the stalest objections to scientific discovery revived in so stupid a manner.

Religious toleration is another "poisonous pasture" to which Popes have ever had the strongest aversion. It is wrong to say, that "every man is free to embrace and profess the religion he shall believe true, guided by the light of reason," and that "eternal salvation may at least be hoped for by those who have not been in the true Church of Christ." This, of course, we were prepared for, and is perfectly in character with all the other pretensions of Rome; but Pius IX. may feel assured that the screw which he has here put on is too tight even for his own people. There are thousands of educated Roman Catholics who cannot swallow this monstrous and uncharitable dogma—whose hearts and intellects would not allow them to do so, however they might dissemble—who in the secret chamber of conscience dare not do it. The Pope is, of course, infallible—what is once uttered by papal lips must be received by the Church as true, and there can be no retractation. Therefore this dogma, like so many others, come what will, is insisted on.

Among the errors of the day enumerated in this *Index* are some relative to marriage, which has gradually descended from its lofty dignity of being a sacrament to the low condition of a civil contract. It is natural that, among other matters censured, this should not escape. It is therefore false that marriage is not a sacrament, that "the Church may not pronounce on the impediments to marriage," or "that matrimonial causes, by their nature, belong to civil jurisdiction." These fulminations we pass by; they spring from the high sacramental notions of matrimony which Protestants have always felt a difficulty in adopting, but which are to be expected from Rome.

But the Pope seems to have forgotten, purposely ignored, and blotted out the past history of the Papacy in some other matters on which he has touched—errors in Christian morals. What sacred authority on earth is it that has in its day taught the doctrine that people may withdraw their allegiance from their lawful sovereigns and dethrone them when excommunicated by the Church? English history records too faithfully the intrigues, and plots, and open warfare for the dethronement of Queen Elizabeth which followed the bull of excommunication levelled against her by the Pope. At the present moment would the Apostolic See disapprove of the dethronement of Victor Emmanuel by the inhabitants of his Sardinian dominions, not to mention Naples, or Sicily, or the loppings off of the States of the Church? Such a delicate point were much better left untouched in the Encyclical. Another question, in which Rome must ever read self-condemnation, had also better have been passed over—erroneous teaching as to Perjury. It is she that has taught that where the interests of the Church are in question the end justifies the means, and perjury ceases to be a sin. It is the Apostolic head of this Church who now pretends to denounce the position that "the violation of a solemn oath, even every guilty and shameful action repugnant to the Eternal law, is not only undeserving rebuke, but even allowable and worthy of the highest praise when done for the love of country." Put for the words "love of country," love of the Papacy, and who then will be the guilty party? Who is it that, in successive generations in Christendom, has exercised the *dispensing power* to condone every crime that man could be guilty of, provided they were done in the interests of the Church. "Physician, heal thyself!" is the advice which should be tendered to the man who could be so forgetful of the past as to touch on a point as to which the world has been more sinned against by the Apostolic See than been itself guilty of sin. Further comment on this extraordinary document on our part is here unnecessary. If there be any one conclusion which can be drawn above another from the in-



fatuation which pervades it, that conclusion is that Dr. Cumming and the prophet of "the coming struggle" are right, and the downfall of the Papacy will commence in the sixty-sixth year of the present century.

#### BOXING DAY.

Of late years, it has become a regularly accepted custom to make the 26th of December as much a holiday as the 25th—except in those few instances where business must be got through, and certain social necessities must be supplied. It is strange that, with the rapid and prodigious increase of our commercial and trading enterprises, this greater disposition to make holiday has sprung up. Forty years ago, when we had nothing like the obligations to work which now oppress us, we should have scouted, as the device of some "Lazy Apprentice," the proposal to set aside two or three days at Christmas, or any other season, for feasting and recreation. Our predecessors almost grudged the Christmas Day itself, and popular writers at that time were not slow to reprove the money-getting classes for a too great devotion to the counter and the till. Since then, we have magnified our transactions in an immense degree; yet we are growing more and more willing every year to take a holiday when we can possibly get one. The truth is, that the vast amount of work we go through while we are about it (and we are almost always about it) renders a more frequent recurrence of periods of rest absolutely necessary. We should break down if we did not occasionally stop the machine and oil the wheels. The increased facilities for getting out of town offered by the railways—the excursion-trains that are constantly luring even the humble to come and be refreshed, or smashed, as the case may be—are so many incentives to the holiday-loving spirit to indulge itself. The Early Closing Movement has worked in the same direction; and the constant iteration by medical men of the necessity of rest and amusement as a counterpoise to bodily and mental labour, has encouraged us in our resolution to throw aside the anxieties of the daily struggle now and then, and enjoy the hour as much like children as we can. In fact, we work harder than we did half, or even a quarter, of a century ago; but then, on the other hand, we take more pleasure. We "run down" for half a day to the Crystal Palace; we snatch "eight hours at the seaside," by favour of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company; we take a look at Paris; we have our autumnal recess of six weeks, or longer if we can manage it. And now we extend our Christmas rejoicings beyond the one bare day, and shut up our shops and offices on the 26th as regularly as if an Order in Council had been issued, enjoining the observance.

"Boxing Day," as it is elegantly designated, has been a great occasion with the humbler orders from time immemorial; with them its due celebration is no innovation, as it is with the middle classes. To get in subscriptions in the morning, and to be "glorious" in the evening, is the old prescriptive way of keeping this yearly festival; and to the present time, though the asking for gratuities is greatly on the wane, as a result of better education and the proportionate increase of self-respect, the other feature of the day's ceremonies is maintained with a persistency with which we should be very glad to dispense. It is a melancholy and humiliating fact that the season in which we celebrate the chief festival of our religion—a religion remarkable for the severity of its opposition to all forms of sensualism and grossness—is the very one that develops in the highest degree the peculiar vice which we appear to have derived from our Gothic ancestors, who, in the old heathen times, could not imagine a Valhalla without perpetual fighting, or a Paradise without ever-flowing streams of beer and mead. It has been shown by statistical returns that we are the most drunken people in the world; and it is but too obvious from police reports that Christmas is our most drunken season. The debauchery begins on Christmas-eve; it grows faster and more furious on Christmas-day; it culminates on Boxing-day; it returns like a ground-swell on the eve of the New Year; and for a week or two later it troubles the regular flow of industrial life with its muddy and brawling current. We last week quoted in our Literary columns a passage from a work on Hospitals, in which it is stated that throughout the first half of January the number of cases of *delirium tremens* arising from Christmas drinking-bouts is largely increased in all our charitable institutions for the sick and wounded. Any one who was about the streets of London last Monday will readily comprehend the truth of this assertion. From an early hour of the day to a late hour at night, the pavements were rendered offensive by

staggering bacchanals—some of them mere youths, others grey-headed men—all loud and open in their degradation, as though it were an understood thing that the day excused the deed. The emptiness in other respects even of the most crowded thoroughfares was remarkable. Decent people, with those few exceptions whom necessity called forth, were in their homes, enjoying a quiet day with their families, or a merry day with their friends. The eating houses and coffee houses, which were compelled to keep open for the sake of the few regular customers who might be expected, looked dull and cold with nearly empty rooms, in odd corners of which solitary and depressed men, with a spite against the world for that particular occasion, consumed plates of turkey in moody seclusion, and execrated their destinies for bringing them to that pass. But the public houses were alive and roaring with trade and clamour. Policemen knew that a good day's work was cut out for them, and were not disappointed. Rows set in steadily with the early afternoon, and were at high-tide by midnight. In the hours of the evening, between the admission of theatre-goers to their respective places of amusement and the reflux flood of the departing crowd, the Strand itself would have been a desert but for parties of inebriate explorers, bound for nowhere in particular, and not infrequently finding that dubious locality passing, by some mysterious process, into the very positive fact of a police-cell. Drunk husbands wrangled with drunk (or sober) wives, and miserable children wept impotently at the brawl. The police were in requisition in a variety of ways; and next morning, at one police-office alone—Worship-street—nearly fifty charges were disposed of, arising principally from the excesses of the previous day. Christmas-day itself, however, had been scarcely less prolific in the fruits of debauchery. The cells and the gaoler's room at Bow-street would hardly hold all the prisoners it was found necessary to cram into them. "The charges against these persons," says a report in the daily papers, "varied in degree, as 'drunk and riotous,' 'drunk and disorderly,' 'drunk and assaulting the police' (or others), and simply 'drunk,' which usually means so utterly imbecile and helpless as to be incapable of riot, assault, or indeed of anything but lying in the gutter." There is a tendency on the part of magistrates generally to accept the excuse of "the season" urged by offenders, who modestly confess next morning to having taken "a drop too much" overnight. This is a very mistaken kindness. The season is no excuse whatever, unless the fact of celebrating a Christian festival is to be regarded as a natural incentive to getting filthily intoxicated. We do not say that the most exemplary of magistrates could "put down" drunkenness, any more than Sir Peter Laurie could "put down" suicide; but the bench should at least refrain from patting it on the back. That these tempests of debauchery sometimes have most tragical results, is shown by a story reported in the papers this week. A woman turned middle life invited some of her female friends to a merry-making. They all got dead drunk; the hostess, reeling about the room, fell on to the bars of the grate; her clothes were ablaze in a moment; the guests were too helpless to do anything but scream; and when assistance arrived, the poor wretch was past the reach of aid or hope. Such is the dark side of an English Christmas!

#### THE CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL AT EASTBOURNE.

PROFESSOR MANSEL, in his sermon preached in Canterbury Cathedral, at the consecration of the Bishops of Peterborough, of Tasmania, and of Niger, claimed, not without reason, for the Church of England that, at the moment when she is most threatened by sceptical opinions, she is displaying in the behalf of truth a vigour and energy which are in the highest degree encouraging. If, as Churchmen have reason to hold, the Anglican Church is holding on her ancient course firmly and steadily, and striking out her roots more deeply than before, we may not refuse to our High Church friends the honour of having largely contributed to this result by their activity, zeal, energy, and self-devotion. They have steadily borne in view the fact that a huge mass of sin, misery, ignorance, and crime unhappily exists, which is untouched by Church machinery, and which demands some extraordinary agency. And they have manifested a method and power of organization in their works of piety and benevolence which may be advantageously imitated by the Evangelical portion of the Church, as well as by the Dissenters.

The pious women forming the sisterhood of the All Saints' Home attached to the Margaret-street Church, Cavendish



Square, have for a long period taken entire charge of the nursing of University College Hospital, their Visitor being the Bishop of London. They have often been heart-sore and afflicted for the convalescent poor who are not ill enough to stay in the hospital, but who are not yet strong enough to go back to work. The Sisters do not lose sight of their patients who return to the discomforts of their homes. They no longer need medicine, but they crave freedom from care and from labour. They have reached the stage in their recovery when, in the words of a "London Physician," nursing and night-watching, fires and night-lights are no longer wanted, but when kindness, sleep, quiet, food, fresh air, and sunshine are almost essentials of existence. The Sisters have provided these inestimable blessings for the poor by founding the All Saints' Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne. It was opened in July last, under the presidency of Lord Brougham, and in dependence upon charitable support. It is under the management and personal direction of the sisters of the All Saints' Home, and is described as a charming sea-side residence. It is, in short, a substantial and comfortable English home. It is filled with fresh air and sunshine, is a perfect model of all cleanliness, and is liberal in the supply of food. There are so many poor persons who are discharged from hospitals while they are too weak to work and too poor to live without work, that it is no wonder the All Saints' Convalescent Hospital is besieged by applicants for admission. Only a small number can be received, however, until public benevolence supplies the means of extending the benefits and enlarging the usefulness of the institution. The sick who still require some nursing or surgical assistance find provision made for their wants; young children are admitted to the hospital; and patients with a subscriber's letter are received free of all expense.

When the physician has done all for his patient that art and science can suggest, a period of languor and debility often succeeds, for which a potent remedy is found in the magic words "change of air and scene." The rich and the middle classes can procure this blessing for themselves and families; but the sick poor of London, destitute and helpless, are perhaps most to be pitied—not when they enter a public hospital, but when they are compelled to go in search of work as soon as they leave it. Rest, light, air, and food, are imperatively needed to supplement the skill of the physician and the care of the nurse. Yet these, although they may be cheaply provided by charitable organization, are otherwise beyond the reach of the convalescent poor. Every medical man is familiar with instances in which sick men and sick women, the fathers and mothers of families, have no resource except either to starve or "use up their just returning powers." "Within sight, within hearing, within, as it were, an arm's length of the goal of life and usefulness, they fall, and no one again can raise them." The benevolent will be rejoiced to strengthen the hands of the devoted sisterhood who have founded a Convalescent Hospital for the sick and helpless poor of London. The Sisters have done well to call it the All Saints' Convalescent Hospital; for the name, and the knowledge that it is under their management and personal direction, will attract rather than repel the confidence and support of all classes and creeds in the community. We are delighted at a season which appeals so strongly to the sympathies of the charitable, to direct attention to the claims of the Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne. We are informed that the Superior of the All Saints' Home, 82, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, will gladly and thankfully receive subscriptions and donations. The "All Saints' Convalescent Hospital" has its account at Dimsdale & Co.'s, bankers, 50, Cornhill.

High Church activity and zeal are doubtless often misplaced. The English Church Union—to the Council of which the Rev. J. Keble has been elected—are agitating in vain for the abolition of the Divorce Court. That Mr. Gladstone will once more lift up his voice against the Act, and that Mr. Disraeli's support of a bill for its repeal may be counted upon after his speech at Oxford, are hopes fated to be disappointed. The Oxford branch of the Church Union are moving for the opening of all cemetery chapels at all hours of the day—between which and prayers for the dead there seems but a step. We wish them more success in resuscitating the old Plain Song Society, the object of which is to render assistance in parish school festivals, where the ancient Gregorian music is used. High Church, it is deemed by the majority of Protestant Christians, attaches too much importance to the use of music, painting, statues, architecture, lights, incense, flowers, evergreens, vestments, &c., in Christian worship. Brother Ignatius, who wears a monastic dress, with tonsured head and sandalled feet, is, however, by many regarded as a "martyr," because the Bishop of London, without any external pressure and without conde-

scending to assign a reason, has prohibited him from preaching in his diocese. The Bishop, when asked by the Rev. Edward Stuart, Perpetual Curate of St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Munster-square, Regent's-park, on what conditions he will allow Brother Ignatius to preach at that church, simply replies that he does "not think it desirable, under existing circumstances," that he should officiate there, and adds that it is not his intention that Brother Ignatius shall officiate in any church of the diocese of London without his leave. Brother Ignatius wishes to restore the monastic life in the Church of England. He has adopted the Benedictine rule, because some tried and established rule is desirable; and, secondly, because the Benedictine rule harmonizes with the principles of the Church of England. A flaming High Church curate, whose letter is now before us, says that Brother Ignatius and a hundred thousand monks, all animated by his gifts and graces—"earnestness and reality, a wondrous power of preaching and gaining the hearts of the masses, and a soul burning with the love of God"—would not be too many for all England, and that by some such machinery alone can we reach the squalid wretchedness and heathen ignorance prevailing in London and many other large towns. That these opinions are shared by men of wealth and intelligence we infer from the subscriptions which appear to be flowing in for "the English Order of St. Benedict."

The works of piety and benevolence daily performed by the All Saints' Sisters, the House of Charity, Soho, the Devon House of Mercy, &c., are an honour to the womanhood of the nineteenth century, and deserve to be treated hereafter in a separate article. Liverpool has its St. Martin's Home, and a sermon preached, on the occasion of admitting two sisters as probationers, by the Rev. A. Cecil Wray, M.A., Incumbent of St. Martin's, has been published under the significant title of "Sisterhoods on their Trial; or Protestantism—Which?" We would by no means undervalue the Christian efforts of pious women in the cause of evangelical truth, whether as district visitors, Bible-women, tract distributors, or the almoners of their own and others' bounty in food, clothing, and fuel. Yet we must be pardoned for repeating that in regard to the method and organization of its charities, High Church has shown a superiority to Broad Church and Low Church. The All Saints' Sisters have manifested singular faith, zeal, and practical good sense in their work, and prayers and blessings from thousands of families have gone up for the pious and devoted inmates of the Margaret-street Home. The eccentricities of high-flying Puseyites sometimes bring a scandal upon the Church; but in the founding of the All Saints' Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne, High Church has won a chaplet, the counterpart of which we would fain see upon the brow of her Evangelical sister.

#### THE SUFFERINGS OF LUCIFER MATCHMAKERS,

WHILST it is difficult to over-estimate the gain to the community, both in temper, trouble, and time, by the invention of that inconsiderable article, the lucifer match, it has of late years come to the knowledge of medical men that this valuable invention has also brought with it a class of disease never before observed, namely, the destruction in many cases of the jawbone of the workers employed in the lucifer match manufacture. It must be remembered that nearly the whole of the phosphorus produced in the country is used by these matchmakers, and that in the process of melting this material, fumes of phosphoric acid are continually being given off, and that the same exhalations escape in the process of drying the dipped matches. Now, as it is well ascertained that it is the fumes which destroy the bone and cause ill-health among the artisans employed in the manufacture, we can readily understand the sad frequency of this disfiguring disease in the workshops of the matchmakers. The affection was observed on the Continent before it attracted the notice of our own medical men, for the reason, probably, that Vienna and Hamburg are great centres of the trade; but the frequency with which cases of this kind came before the surgeons in our hospitals, led Mr. Simon to direct a special inquiry into the condition of the English lucifer matchmakers, and the report of Dr. Bristowe on the subject is printed in the fifth Report of the Medical Officer of Health. The report goes into the whole process of matchmaking with great minuteness. The factories in which it is carried on vary in size from that of the largest London maker, who employs 500 hands, and makes 10,000,000 congrue matches and 3,000,000 wax vestas per diem, to the small makers who make no more than between 70 and 100 gross of boxes per week. In the large factories, in consequence of the magnitude on which their operations are conducted, the rooms are so large and well ventilated, and such



care is taken to separate those portions of the manufacture in which phosphorus fumes are given off from the workers employed in other departments, that a much smaller percentage of the artisans are affected than in the smaller shops where the whole process is carried on by the family in one room, without any precaution being taken to separate the noxious from the innoxious processes. The phosphorus fumes affect the jaw by attacking it in some weak and exposed place—a rotten tooth, for instance, gives access to the fume, which speedily kills the periosteum or investing membrane of the jaw-bone, and which nourishes and supports it; this destroyed, the bone dies, and in the large majority of cases in this manner a large portion of the jaw, generally the under one, decays and comes away, leaving a frightful deformity in the appearance of the person who is the subject of the disease, and sometimes causing death. It was at first thought by many observers that this necrosis was due to the action of mercury, or to that of a certain disease; but that phosphorus fumes were the real delinquents was proved by Dr. Van Bibra, a German physician, who exposed rabbits to these fumes for a considerable length of time, and the jaw of one of them having been accidentally fractured, just the same disease was set up as we have seen in the human subject. Some of the German Governments, noting the conditions which are likely to lead to the affection, prohibit all persons suffering from decayed teeth from working in these factories; and indeed the occupation is considered so dangerous in others that convicts are alone employed in them. Dr. Bristowe records sixty-one cases of this terrible disease that have come under his notice in England, and these, of course, do not give us a complete picture of the ravages this new scourge has committed among the matchmakers. An extract from one of these cases, taken at random from those given in the Report, will show very graphically the serious nature of this disease.

"Mr. Cooke, a manufacturer of congraves at Nottingham, employed at times twenty hands, and making both bundle and frame-dips (matches). He used to mix and dip (the most dangerous processes). About fifteen years ago, having then worked for eight years on his own account as a dipper and mixer, he was attacked with severe pains in his upper teeth (one or two of the back ones were carious). Much swelling and discharge ensued, and at the end of two years he had lost, bit by bit, all of his upper teeth, with their sockets, and portions of the superior maxillary bones reaching up to the nose in front. The roof of the mouth remained. The disease during this time attacked also the lower jaw, and about twelve months later the teeth and alveolar processes of the jaw also came away."

We question if the humane portion of the public would be content to accept the lucifer match, however great the boon, on the condition that its production should cause such horrible suffering, deformity, and disability as this to the poor operative engaged in its manufacture.

But happily there is no necessity whatever for this suffering. As we have shown, the larger factories are tolerably free from the disease, and the cases mainly arise from the small makers, who have neither room nor inclination to attend even to their own health. As the Legislature cannot do away with this class of producers, the only other course left it is to prohibit the use of the common phosphorus altogether, and to substitute in its place amorphous phosphorus. This singular substance is nothing more than common phosphorus subjected for a month or six weeks to a temperature of 500 degrees, which has the effect of entirely altering its nature, and particularly so as to its ignitability; for whilst the common white phosphorus will fire by the slightest friction, and even sometimes spontaneously, the red amorphous phosphorus will not ignite under a temperature of 500 degrees, and moreover it gives off no fumes while being manufactured into matches. The application of this modified material has been more than once adopted by matchmakers; but in consequence of the cheaper method of producing matches by the old and dangerous method, it has never been brought into general use. The testimony of Mr. Albright, one of the largest manufactures of phosphorus in the kingdom, is conclusive on this point. He says—"I am certain, from the countless experiments I have made myself, and from those of others I am acquainted with, that the difficulties which stand in the way of realizing this result (the adoption of amorphous phosphorus) would all yield to a determined effort to insure success; and I am convinced, beyond all doubt, that if the use of common phosphorus could be prohibited, the end would be obtained completely in six months, to the satisfaction of the manufacturer and the public advantage." Whilst the Legislature is pausing, however, ere it pronounces the word "prohibition," a private firm has intro-

duced a match which bids fair to supersede the use of the common Congreve in all better-class dwellings, and with every person, in fact, who has any care for the artisan. These are the matches patented by Messrs. Bryant & May. These lucifers do not, it is true, settle the question as to the practicability of employing amorphous phosphorus alone in the production of matches; but this material is used in combination with chlorate of potass in a manner which possesses many great advantages. The match itself is charged with chlorate of potass alone, and the box, instead of the old sandpaper, is smeared on one side with amorphous phosphorus. The match is rubbed on this prepared surface, and an instant light is the result. But the match will not light by mere friction; hence, the box is as necessary to ignition as the match. The value of this combination before a light can be struck must be manifest. Their general adoption would do away with a large percentage of fires, which arise from the accidental ignition of common matches. Fire offices are well aware how severe their losses are from this source alone; and indeed, one office, the Imperial, makes it a condition that the farm-labourers on the farm they insure shall not be allowed to carry them loose in their pockets. The mere act of stepping on a Congreve is sufficient to set it on fire, and many women have been burnt to death from this cause alone. In addition to these sources of danger from the common match, there is its constant liability to spontaneous combustion, which is very great indeed. The patent matches of Messrs. Bryant & May preclude the possibility of loss from these causes, and it requires the deliberate action of a human being to make it strike fire; whilst its production is perfectly free from all danger.

In all probability the great and growing fame of this new match, which obtained a prize at the International Exhibition, will be of itself sufficient to drive the use of the common Congreve match out of the field, inasmuch as the manufacturers not being able to infringe the patent right, will be forced to perfect the manufacture of matches prepared with the amorphous phosphorus. If such a result shall take place, it will be a thousand times better than any intervention on the part of the Legislature. If, however, the small additional expense of the patent match should prevent its universal adoption, we hope the poor matchmaker will be considered worthy of the attention of Government, so that such precautions shall be insisted upon with respect to the process of manufacture as to preclude the possibility of rotting people's jaws, and thus depriving, and to a certain degree disabling them for life. Public opinion, in the majority of cases, is quite sufficient to deal with the noxious conditions under which so many of our handicrafts are carried on, and in order to call forth its potential force it is only necessary that Government commissioners, such as those we have been referring to, should clearly point out the evil and propose a proper remedy. Assuredly there is no difficulty so stubborn as that which artisans themselves place in the way of those who endeavour to save them, and yet they are easily displaced if determinedly combated. For half a century the dry grinders of Sheffield were not only content to destroy themselves at the average age of twenty-nine years, but they actually declared that early mortality was an advantage to the trade, as it kept up the rate of wages. The mere introduction of a fan to blow away the dust at once removed the cause of a most fatal disease. The introduction of sweeping-machines, again, has abolished the cruelties inflicted upon climbing-boys; and there is scarcely a trade, however unhealthy, that may not be rendered safe by the introduction of proper precautions. To a country like England, swarming with artisans, it is a matter of the first importance that they should not toil under unnecessarily unhealthy conditions; and we trust that in the manufacture of lucifer-matches as in the dry-steel grinding and in shoddy-grinding, we may speedily see an end put to all unnecessary suffering brought about by sheer ignorance and neglect.

#### THE LAST MAN.

THE principle upon which civilized nations maintain that they have a right to subject uncivilized races to their rule, and to possess themselves of their lands, is that in exchange for the rights they take away they bestow rights more solid, more orderly, and in every way superior. And, in theory, nothing can be more plausible; but in practice the benefit the savage derives from the change is problematical. Civilization is hardly a blessing to be bestowed. Its growth must be internal, though with aids from without; and when the attempt is made to confer it by a superior upon an inferior race, the rule appears to be that it is rather its vices than its virtues



that are communicated. Perhaps this may be because the attempt is not honestly made. Physical and mental superiority, and the insolence of conquest, instigate the invaders to look with contempt upon the aborigines. The inclination to trample upon what is weak is an instinct far more active amongst us than we like to confess; and it is, no doubt, strengthened by the fact that when the civilized man is released from the social and legal restraints under which he has grown up, the savage element in his nature, never wholly obliterated, revives. The will to oppress accompanies the power, and the pioneers of civilization who have gone forth upon their mission with sword and cannon will, probably, exhibit its sterner rather than its meeker features. The Red Indian has proved this. He has receded before the advance of civilization, and his race is dying out under the influence of its blessings. He has learned from his civilizers the use of fire-water and the force of injustice. Nor have the aborigines of Australia been more fortunate. They too will soon have perished off the face of the soil which was once their own. And though it may be better that it should be held and cultivated by the men who have displaced them, the history of their extermination and decay is hardly one of which we can be proud.

At a ball given some time ago at Government House, Hobart Town, four strange figures made their appearance to testify in person to the advantages which civilization has conferred upon their race. One was the last male aboriginal inhabitant of Tasmania, the three others were the last aboriginal women. These four represented an aboriginal population numbering when, at the beginning of the century, we first undertook to civilize them, some accounts say 7,000, others from 4,000 to 5,000. In those days, it is admitted, they were a harmless people, and it might have been possible by treatment inspired by charity and justice, to raise them in the scale of humanity, and make them efficient aids in carrying out the work of colonization. But our savages had to confront Christians more savage than themselves, and it was not long before they had bitter experience of the civilization which had alighted upon their shores. We may judge how atrocious were the acts of the settlers when we find Governor Collins, in 1810, issuing an order to the effect that any one detected in firing wantonly upon the natives, or murdering them in "cold blood" should suffer the extreme penalties of the law. But offences short of this mark seem to have been indulgently regarded even by the governor. If, in a frolic spirit, a settler lopped off the ears of a boy, or if he was of an ingenious turn of mind and cut off the little finger of a native to use it as a tobacco-stopper, he was only flogged. The mere kidnapping of children and outraging of women seem to have been offences without penalties. And as governor succeeded governor the condition of the aborigines grew worse instead of better. Governor Davey succeeded Governor Collins in 1813, and reigned till 1817. During his term of office firing upon natives was common. In the reign of his successor, Governor Sorell, one scoundrel publicly boasted that, having captured a native woman whose husband he had killed and beheaded, he strung the bleeding head to her neck, and drove her before him as his prize. Thus by mutilation, by outrage, and by murder, civilization succeeded in little more than a quarter of a century in reducing the number of natives to about 2,000. When Colonel Arthur assumed the rule of the colony, in 1824, he found that the aborigines had become so sensible of the blessings that had been conferred upon them, and so disposed to retaliate in kind, that their last state was worse than their first. They had not, like Shylock, "bettered their instruction." That was hardly possible. But they had so effectually endeavoured to act up to it that the work of civilization had culminated in the retaliation of atrocity for atrocity, till it became necessary in the interests of good government for the Christians to take a "decided step." They rallied to the number of 5,000, in the hope of hemming the aborigines in, and driving them *en masse* into Tasmania's Peninsula. But even of this exploit civilization made but a poor hand. The result of its marshalling in arms was two natives captured and one soldier wounded; and when the "black war" terminated in this fiasco, no resource could be hit upon but to abandon intimidation, and to lure the natives by mild persuasion into a confidence which was no sooner established than it was betrayed. One by one, or in beves, as they fell into the hands of the settlers, they were conveyed to Flinders Island. There, as it was anticipated, they rapidly died out. And now, after sixty years possession, three old women and one male are the trophies of our civilization. All the aborigines of Tasmania but these four, who figured at the last government ball, are gone. We have civilized them off the face of the earth.

Of course it was "inevitable." The weaker race gives way before the stronger. Some people say that this is the law of Providence. There is a touch of blasphemy in a doctrine which lays to the charge of Providence the vices and cruelty of man. It is possible that, without these vices, the aborigines of any territory into which a superior race finds its way may, by constitutional incapacity to mingle with the new stream of life and become part of it, and rise or approximate to its vitality, decay and die out. But this is not the case which is before us. We have to contemplate in the four black guests at the Government ball the relics of an exterminated race. Of the 5,000 aborigines whom we found in Tasmania sixty years ago, one male survives and three women. This waste of life was not the work of Providence, but our own especial work. It is better, no doubt, that the race of blacks is so nearly extinct; but it is so, because they are at last released from the tender mercies of the whites.

#### A FIRE-EATING MAJOR.

THERE are few men who have not, either latent or developed, a touch of reverence for the things of the past, and who, if they cannot enter into them in the spirit of the trained antiquarian, will refuse to pay them the tribute of an uneducated curiosity. To such minds they have at least the attraction of things which suggest a state of existence different from the present state. The sight of an instrument of the stone period or the plaster cast of a megatherium will set the dullest brain working to imagine what sort of a world it was which gave birth to either; and if, turning from weapons and animals, we had data enough to realize the "form and pressure" of the men and women who were their contemporaries, we should have a very interesting addition to our antiquarian treasures. In the same spirit, to come a little nearer our own time, we indulge a pleasing curiosity in beholding any relic of the generation which has gone before us. It may take the form of a Waterloo veteran, or a venerable lady in a coal-scuttle bonnet, with her waist ending under her armpits, or a Tory of the good old school, who loved rotten boroughs, and hated popular education, or a still staunch believer in the necessity of the Corn Laws to our national existence. Such types are fast decaying out of the world; but there is one human relic of the past which it seems we may reckon on beholding occasionally, and who may crop up even when the generation which sanctioned his speciality has long been dead and gone. This is the fire-eating major, the man who believes the preservation of his honour to hang on the alternative of either shooting anyone who offends him, or posting him as a liar and a coward. Manners and fashions may change, political doctrines may be exploded, and Waterloo veterans cannot, in the nature of things, survive for ever. But hot blood will probably last till doomsday, and as long as hot blood and the military profession are in conjunction, the inkling for wager of battle will now and then break out.

And, if we may judge by the instance of Major William Brownrigg Lumley, it will break out on very slender provocation. It was not a domestic wrong, nor an imputation on his courage or honour that induced him last week to challenge Mr. Desborough, of the firm of Desborough, Young, and Desborough, to mortal combat, with the alternative of a horse-whipping in case he refused the challenge. It was an undignified dispute raised apparently by himself as to whether he should receive a sum of £20 forty-eight hours sooner or later. Messrs. Desborough had done some law business for Major Lumley, for which he owed them a sum of about £100. On the 19th inst. they received from Cornwall a check for £20 odd on the Truro bank, which they proposed to place to his credit in their account against him. On the 20th he wrote to say that this proposal was not agreeable to him; and on the 21st they replied that as soon as the cheque had been cashed in Cornwall and remitted to their bankers, they would send him a draft for the amount. How such a communication could give the Major offence the Major alone can tell. He seems to be one of those persons who arrive at conclusions, not by the ordinary reasoning of mankind, but by some devious course of logic whose principles have as yet defied analysis. These plain business letters he construed into manifestoes of a growing hostility. "A misunderstanding arose between us," he says, "regarding the transmission to me of certain dividends which I knew had reached him, and a correspondence ensued thereon which increased in bitterness daily with almost the regularity of postal communication." He began, he says, to suspect that Mr. Desborough was detaining these dividends as



a set-off to his bill of costs, and having some general idea that a solicitor has no claim to be paid for any kind of professional services until his bill has been taxed, it was not to be borne that Mr. Desborough should think of taking the payment of his costs into his own hands, and especial without that preliminary. True, Mr. Desborough had no such intention, or, if he ever entertained it, had abandoned it. But the Major had got the idea into his head and could not get it out again. He determined, therefore, "to wait on Mr. Desborough in person, to endeavour to overcome our mutual feelings of distrust by a quiet explanation." From his own account of it, however, the explanation was anything but quiet. It began, on the part of Mr. Desborough, with a "sardonic sneer" when the Major entered the room; in a few minutes more it was marked by a declaration from the Major that the time for discussion had passed, and that he preferred an open war to a hollow truce; and it ended in Mr. Desborough's turning his client ignominiously out of the room. This, as he urged in his defence before the Lord Mayor, was "a trying situation for a retired Major." But "prudence overcame anger. . . . I retired, or, as our French friends say, retreated rather rapidly down-stairs, bringing off my hat and umbrella undamaged and unpursued by the belligerents." His honour, however, had sustained wounds for which the safety of these valuable articles could not console him. "You insulted me," he wrote next day to Mr. Desborough, "in your own office in the grossest and most absolute manner, to wit—you first shook your hand menacingly in my face. You then contradicted me in terms so furiously offensive as to constitute the 'lie direct,' and you completed the outrage by endeavouring to thrust me with such violence from the room, that it amounted to the last indignity to which a gentleman can be exposed—viz., 'a blow.'" This dishonour done to his person, his reputation, and the commission he held in her Majesty's Indian army, called for satisfaction, and he warned Mr. Desborough that he would take no denials, explanations, or terms of conditional reparation whatever. The man of law must apologize or fight. Such was the Major's ultimatum, delivered to Mr. Desborough "per the hands of Captain Sir John Louis."

But here arose a difficulty. The man of law would not apologize, nor would he fight. He calmly explained to Sir John Louis the circumstances of the dispute, leaving him to infer that, if the Major had drawn upon himself an indignity, that was the Major's fault, not his. And certainly, to say nothing of the immorality of duelling, it would be a most absurd spectacle if solicitors and their clients were to settle their pecuniary disputes by the arbitrament of sword or pistol. But when Major Lumley learnt that he was neither to have the satisfaction of an apology or a meeting, prudence no longer prevailed over anger. Once more he despatched Sir John Louis to Size-lane with a letter boiling over with wrath. If he could not have his solicitor's blood, he would at least chastise him with the valour of his pen. And right slashingly he wielded it. He told him that henceforth he should consider him as beneath the notice of all who are "gentlemen to the manner born"—an awful sentence on the member of a respectable firm. But while he dismissed him with this stinging reproach, he did not dismiss him entirely. He warned him that, when opportunity offered, "a sound and wholesome flagellation" would be his doom. But as this revenge lay in the future, and as the Major might not enjoy the chance of realizing it, he resorted, in the meantime, to the shafts of satire and contempt, and wrote, that his only hope and prayer was, "that the desired opportunity may occur in the vicinity of clear and running water, so that I may be enabled to cleanse my hands as speedily as possible of that taint which must necessarily accrue through contact with a snob, a liar, and a coward." The most skilful collocation of words could hardly exceed this slashing and smashing insult. It did not occur to the Major while penning it that, in the event of a meeting with Mr. Desborough in the neighbourhood of clear and running water, he might be made to retire, or, "as our French friends say, retreat," into the water by force of the same compulsion which sent him, as he says, rapidly down Mr. Desborough's stairs. He had a man of peace to deal with, and it was easy to hit hard in a letter. But in giving Mr. Desborough first the alternative of an apology or a meeting, and then the prospect of a wholesome flagellation in the neighbourhood of a running stream, Major Lumley overlooked the possibility of another solution of the dispute between himself and his solicitor. There are flagellations and flagellations. A man may be as soundly chastised with the ridicule he draws upon himself as his worst enemy could desire. Major Lumley must have felt this when he made his absurd defence at the Mansion House on Wednesday. And there is still the possibility, as he has been committed to

take his trial for sending a challenge to fight a duel, that he may have the opportunity of cooling his temper and learning the lesson of wisdom in one of her Majesty's prisons.

#### CRIMINAL STATISTICS OF IRELAND.

DR. HANCOCK has lately favoured the public with a report, or blue book, on the Criminal Statistics of Ireland for 1863. There is a great deal in this report of a very curious character, especially in that part of it which institutes a comparison between the Criminal Statistics of England and Ireland. We were disposed, at first view, to conclude that there would be little difficulty, with such tables before us, in deciding on the criminality and moral degradation, which fairly attaches to each nation; but when we came to balance the accounts of various kinds of crime, we found ourselves as much perplexed in coming to an honest finding, as we should be after examining the phrenological bumps on the heads of John Bull and Patrick O'Brien. For example, we find on the head of Patrick O'Brien a remarkable development of combativeness, and on the cranium of John Bull as great a development of rough and rude self-will; but both of these prominent bumps are surrounded by such a number of compensating, or counteracting organs, or influences, that it is difficult to pronounce on the real character of either of these national types. We shall lay the facts or statistics before the reader, and let him decide for himself.

We find from Dr. Hancock's report that the criminal classes in England are 1 to 159 of the population, and in Ireland, 1 to 260 of the population. This is a great difference, and apparently to the advantage of Ireland. But it must be borne in mind that the year 1863 is the first year for collecting these statistics in Ireland, that they had to be collected retrospectively, and that the persons giving them had no idea that they would have been called on for the information. As a set-off against the impression which the figures quoted are calculated to produce respecting English criminality, it must be remembered that criminals congregate in large towns, with which England abounds, and that large towns are few and far between in Ireland; and again that the criminal classes in Dublin are as 1 to 137 inhabitants, and in London, 1 to 243 inhabitants. On the other hand, we find that the annual income of England, every penny of which is thievable, or assailable, in some shape or other, is fourteen times as great as that of Ireland, the annual income of England being over £300,000,000, and that of Ireland under £23,000,000: hence the facilities and temptations for stealing are far greater in England than in Ireland. It is curious, under these circumstances, to find that the receivers of stolen goods in Ireland are more numerous, in an equal amount of population, than in England. But it may, on the other hand, be mentioned, as a set-off in favour of Ireland against the larger amount of thievable property in England, that there is less employment and more poverty in Ireland than in England, and, as a natural result, a greater number of vagrants and tramps. We find that young vagrants are especially in excess in Ireland, being 3,399 to 1,975 in England. But here, again, there are but few factories in Ireland, and therefore but little employment for women and children.

It will take many by surprise to learn that, while the criminal classes in Ireland are but 1 to 260 of the population, and in England 1 to 159, that crimes in Ireland are more numerous in proportion to the population; but it is only fair to state that the majority of Irish offences are not of a serious character. More than 60,000 of these offences were for drunkenness; not that we think that drunkenness is seriously on the increase in Ireland—on the contrary, the high duty on whisky has had the effect of decreasing it—but in Ireland a drunken man is not allowed to stagger and reel about the streets as he is in England, to the great annoyance, and not unfrequently danger, of sober and respectable persons. In Ireland the police would march those brutes off to the first lock-up house, and bring them the next morning before the magistrate, who would be sure to fine them five shillings. These marchings off by the police, lockings up for the night, and fines of five shillings in the morning, have had a very salutary effect in keeping the public streets free of this abominable nuisance.

Ireland has some advantage over England in the suppression as well as apprehension of crime, by possessing, for its population, a larger police force. According to the census of 1861, the whole of the Irish police force, including officers as well as men, amounted to 13,894; that is, about 1 policeman to 417 of the population. The population, however, has decreased considerably since 1861. But this force is very unevenly distributed through



the country, to meet the need of each locality. Special honour, for example, is paid to the "boys of Tipperary," where there are 558 police, to watch over the interests of 109,222 inhabitants; that is, 1 to 195 of the population; whereas, in the county of Londonderry, this force is but 1 to 1,000 of the population. The total expense of the whole Irish police force is £780,111. 12s. 4d. Of this sum, the Constabulary Establishment costs £658,830. 16s. 9d., the Dublin Metropolitan, £77,553. 10s. 1d., and the Local Force, £16,727. 5s. 9d. We learn from Dr. Hancock that "the total cost of the police, per head of the population, is 2s. 8½d., of which the contribution per head out of the local taxes is but 2½d., and out of the general taxes 2s. 5½d." In England and Wales, the cost of the police is 1s. 7½d. per head of the population. Of this sum, 1s. 3d. is raised by local taxation. In this respect Ireland has the advantage of England. Although much the poorer country, it is far better guarded against thieves and robbers, and at a much smaller cost to itself.

#### A DAMP SURPLICE.

EVERY now and then we come across queer stories of clerical intolerance, but, bad as they are, they proceed for the most part out of a theological conviction and a conscientious objection: a mistaken conviction it may be, and an invalid objection; but still sincere. *The Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Telegraph* has just recorded a piece of intolerance, neither rooted in theological error nor in conscientious scruple, and which, though perfectly sincere, is equally scandalous. The facts are as follows. The Rev. Mr. Philipps is Vicar of Wiston. As he is one of those large-hearted Christians whom the profane world designates pluralists, he has also under his pastoral care the parish of Boulston. Between this two-fold cure of souls he has, of course, had plenty of opportunity for improving the state of his own by the active exercise of the apostolic virtues. Wiston looks up to him for an example; Boulston looks up to him for an example. But in the depths of that profound charity which he, no doubt, cherishes for his parishioners in either place lies a weak point, weak and yet strong. Loving his parishioners at large with a pastoral love, it seems that for one particular family in Boulston he has not been able to overcome a personal antipathy; and, not being able to overcome it, he has given it rein, and even lashed it into hot and fiery action. Unluckily, this family, the Acklands, happen to be the only family of note in the parish, and one, moreover, active in works of benevolence. Conspicuous amongst them for her good deeds was the dowager Mrs. Ackland. Boulston loved and respected her as the Lady Bountiful of the parish, and when she died lately, it mourned over her as over a benefactor who had visited the sick and cheered the friendless, whose hand was ever ready with help in the time of need. Boulston felt, and Mrs. Ackland's children and domestics felt, that it would be well if her funeral obsequies could be performed by a pastor who had not been at feud with her family. This wish was respectfully communicated to Mr. Philipps, but he refused to comply with it. Reading his Bible backwards, he found that death has both a sting and a victory. His enemy was dead; his feud with her could hurt her no longer. But he had the right to bury her, and as her family would have been solaced by his waiving that right, he resolved to exercise it, and he did.

Perhaps Boulston thought that the solemn service had melted the pastoral heart. In the hope that it had, the parish crowded the church on the following Sunday, thinking that words of peace would fall upon their ears from the pulpit, and that the priest who had pronounced over the deceased lady's grave the prayer that a departed sister might receive the reward of her good deeds, would say something in honour of those deeds in his Sunday sermon. "In that hour of solemn grief in the family at Boulston," writes the editor of the *Milford Haven Telegraph*, "party feuds and personal grievances were forgotten. They were mourning for a mother, a friend, a mistress, and, with hearts thus chastened by trial they went to hear Mr. Philipps." Well, and did they hear him? Yes; but his sermon was brief, and made no mention at all of Mrs. Ackland. It was a comment on the condition of his surplice and its chilling effect upon his oratorical powers. "The time for service has arrived," says the *Telegraph*, describing the scene, "the congregation is assembled, anxiously waiting for the clergyman, and musing in melancholy thought on the sad bereavement of the past week. At length Mr. Philipps comes. He casts one look of cold unconcern at the unusually large congregation; another look, not so cold, or so unconcerned, at the Ackland

family, and then walking up to where the "vestments" were deposited, he seizes the surplice, eyes it with a look of dislike, not to say disgust, and then exclaiming, 'This surplice is damp, I shan't preach to-day,' walked deliberately out from the church. The bewildered congregation sat for a while, as if stupified with astonishment, casting glances of wonderment at each other, and of sympathy on the bereaved family. They then imitated the example of their pastor—left the church, and retired to their homes, meditating on the virtues of the deceased lady, and the temper and character of the Rev. James Philipps."

We give this story upon the authority of the *Milford Haven Telegraph*. If it had not been thus publicly related, we confess we should not have believed it. Even now it seems incredible that a congregation should be deprived of its weekly instruction from the pulpit because the clergyman's surplice was damp, if it was damp, particularly upon so special an occasion. It is not, indeed, susceptible of proof positive that the Rev. Mr. Philipps took this mode of venting his dislike to a family with whom he was upon bad terms. But it seems to be indisputable that such was the construction put by Boulston upon his conduct, and, whether intended or not, the scandal to religion was the same.

#### RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

PERHAPS one of the most fertile sources of railway accidents is the personal irresponsibility of those who work our lines of railway. As a rule the penalty, if half a dozen lives are lost, falls only on the shareholders. In France they manage these matters differently. By article 319 of the Penal Code, "Whosoever by unskilfulness, imprudence, inattention, negligence, or non-observance of rules, shall involuntarily commit a homicide, or shall involuntarily cause one, shall be punished by imprisonment from three months to two years, and a fine of £2 to £24;" and by article 320, if the unskilfulness or neglect produces only a wound there is a fine of from 12s. to £4, with imprisonment ranging from six days to two months. These penalties are enforced without respect to persons, and the result is that there are very few accidents. Throughout the continent people travel in more safety, though at a slower rate, than we do in England; and in Ireland there is all the safety of the continental railway with the English rate of speed. But it is no secret that the lives of the public are sacrificed to the principle of economy. Our lines are either over-worked or they are not sufficiently manned. This is just such an imprudence as, under the French Penal Code, would be punished with imprisonment.

#### GAROTTERS.

THESE pests are again at work. On the night of Friday week, at Sheffield, they waylaid a Mr. Burnaby, robbed him of his watch and some money he was carrying home in a satchel, and beat him within an inch of his life. One night last week a gang of them in Lambeth were disturbed by the appearance of a policeman as they were about to rifle the pockets of a gentleman whom they had assaulted and knocked down. The policeman, as soon as he had rendered him assistance, set off in pursuit of the garotters, one of whom he knew by sight. He had not gone far when he found another gentleman lying on his back, with his pockets turned inside out and rifled of everything. By the description he gave of the parties who had assaulted him the policeman was satisfied that they were the same men who had committed the first outrage. It is clear that our streets are not guarded at night by a sufficient number of policemen, or these desperate acts would not be attempted.

#### THE CHURCH.

##### THE LITTLE PRAYER-BOOK.

"A LITTLE PRAYER-BOOK" got up to teach people how to use the great Prayer-Book of the Church of England has this week been exciting no little attention. It is published by the *Church Press Company*, Burleigh-street, Strand, and has so true a Tractarian air about it that no person can mistake the purpose for which it is intended. It could not be used in Church *publicly* by the minister or people; but there is nothing to prevent any member of the congregation using it *privately* as a kind of commentary on the prayers which are being said by the priest with a view to infusing these prayers with a Tractarian meaning. The book is said to be "revised and corrected by three priests," whatever that means. The nature of this book will be best understood by some of its contents, which are not a little remarkable. Confession to a priest is supposed, and recommended; and confessing penitents are enjoined "to strike their breasts three times," and to make the sign of the cross. Every sound Churchman, on rising in the morning, is to make the sign of the cross; also at night, at meals, and on various other occasions. Prayer for the intercession of saints is recommended; and we consequently find the following petition: "May St. Mary and all saints pray to the Lord for us



that from Him we may obtain help to be saved." On entering church he is to bow to the altar, and then kneel down and make the sign of the cross. When the priest offers the bread and wine he is to pray—"Receive, O eternal Father, this offering, which is now only bread and wine, but will soon become the true body and blood of thy Son;" and at the words of consecration he is to bow down heart and body in deepest adoration, and exclaim, "Hail, true body, born of Mary, &c., look down upon the sacrifice of thy well-beloved Son which is now presented by thy priest on earth," &c. These quotations will be sufficient to give an idea of the doctrinal character of the "Little Prayer-book" of the Church of England—as to which we can now only say, that we are very thankful that the real Prayer-Book of that Church is very unlike it. It is truly surprising how clergymen who have taken the vows and eaten the bread of the Church of England, can bring themselves thus to promulgate doctrines and recommend practices so clearly condemned in the Thirty-nine Articles which they have signed.

#### THE DUTY OF PASSIVE OBEDIENCE.

It has been commonly taken for granted that the duty of passive obedience is a thing of the past, and that a divine right to do wrong is no longer claimed by any human being. It now appears that this is quite a mistake; for, though the Queen of England never for a moment dreams of claiming a Divine Right of Queens, so imperative are the demands of discipline in the Royal Navy, that the Admiralty is in full possession of the right. They can acknowledge that a chaplain of a man-of-war was, in fact, right as to the view he took of his proper duty on a particular occasion, and his captain wrong in enforcing a contrary course; and yet they can compliment the captain and reprimand the chaplain. Whatever command in church matters the captain may give to his chaplain, to that the latter owes passive obedience; for the divine right of discipline says that the captain is right, though truth may insist that he is wrong. This state of conflict of incompatible duties is curiously exemplified by the latest *on dit* of the late clerical affair in H.M.S. the *Resistance*, in the Mediterranean. It now turns out, after the reprimand officially administered to the Rev. Mr. Gutteress, and the praises bestowed on Captain Chamberlain, that their lordships have instructed the latter gentleman that he is no longer to take a *punitive* view of the services of the church. Official letters, "private and confidential," have been actually issued, it is said, to captains in command, directing them "not to expect any duty of an *executive* character from their chaplains;" and the grounds on which this injunction is based, are that "the chaplain must be considered the *friend* and *adviser* of all on board, and that misbehaviour at Church must not be punished by compulsory attendance on Divine service." Mr. Gutteress may, indeed, welcome this advent of the Admiralty to his rescue as that of a second Daniel come to judgment, or rather Daniel come to second judgment, and thank them for teaching him that little word—"adviser." It was precisely *advice* that Mr. Gutteress tendered to his captain when the latter issued his foolish edict for punishment by prayer; and the advice was given in the chaplain's proper province, and not outside of it; and yet he was reprimanded and the captain was complimented.

We sincerely trust that now the chaplain of the *Resistance* is comforted, and the captain tormented in the pleasures of the late compliment being so swiftly snatched from his lips. Such of her Majesty's naval chaplains as hold the post of naval instructor can rest with an easy mind now that they are assured that the duties of the latter office will not be made the means of forcing them to become spies on the young officers, whose "friends and advisers" they are.

#### A NEW WINKING MADONNA.

WHY there should be such a fancy in the Church of Rome for winking Madonnas is not very immediately obvious. A nodding Madonna ought to be as significant and as good a thing as a winking one, if not much better; but that is a phenomenon rarely heard of. Perhaps the frequency of the winking class of these miracles may be accounted for on the principle of the celebrated movements of the lion's tail on Northumberland House, which, it is said, were witnessed from Trafalgar-square by a large number of spectators. Small motions backward and forward of an object over very minute angular spaces, we know, can be made as much a matter of imagination as of observation, and thence may afford food for any amount of superstitious credulity. On this principle we incline to account for the reported incessant winkings and pupil-rollings of the blessed image of Maria Santissima Addolorata of Tivoli. After being exposed to public *culto* for more than a year, during which time she winked incessantly, she was carried back, says the *Osservatore Romano*, to her altar, in the Cathedral of Tivoli, on the 20th of November, the bishop and chapter and a vast multitude assisting. So great was the effusion of joy and adoration that even these were ascribed to "the extraordinary measure of grace" shed forth by this image. We learn also that the excitement produced by her wondrous doings has been so great that the votive offerings of the faithful have been poured forth in abundance, and that, consequently, the chapel in which she is placed is enriched and splendidly decorated, and that a canonry has been established in the cathedral for the special purpose of guarding this *immagine veneranda*. It is remarkable that these

images seems always to wink with the two eyes simultaneously, never with one alone significantly.

A NOVELTY IN CHURCH MUSIC.—With reference to a paragraph which appeared under this heading in a former impression, it is but justice to Mr. John Crowdy, author of the "Church Choir-Master" to say that the recitation system of chanting, to which we alluded as his invention, is by no means of a mediæval or Roman Catholic character. It has been simply devised as a means of affording a vehicle of musical recitation which shall be more elastic and variable than the ordinary church form, and is rather a new application of a modern than a revival of ancient music. We have looked into the "Choir-Master" and find nothing in it of a Tractarian tendency. Mr. Crowdy writes solely from a musical point of view; and his object is simply the improvement of church music, whatever be the party in the Church adopting it. Some of his suggestions will be found valuable.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS OF POPERY.—Efforts to exalt the Virgin Mary to a still higher position than that in which the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception has placed her are being made by the ultramontanes in Rome. The latest title which has been thus addressed to her is that of "Co-Redeemer;" and the church is represented as a tree, of which Christ is the root, the Pope the trunk, and the several churches the branches. Jesus Christ once used a similar metaphor to illustrate His relation to his people; but He was there represented to be not only the root but also the trunk of the vine, and Christians were the branches. These new notions, therefore, put the Pope simply in the place of Christ; and it is not unlikely that by degrees something of the kind will become a new dogma in the Roman Catholic Church. The Italians justly laugh at these follies, which can tend to no other end than to increase the number of persons seeking reform in the national religion.

A VALUABLE CHURCH LIVING OFFERED FOR SALE.—The Messrs. Fox & Bousfield offered for sale by auction last week, at Garraway's, the "valuable advowson, with right of next presentation to the rectory of Pickworth," stated by the Clergy List and the Clerical Directory to be in the gift of the Duke of St. Alban's. The auctioneer dwelt upon the fact that the living was situate in the high lands near to Folkingham and Grantham, that it was adjacent to the domains of several noblemen and gentlemen of rank, and that it proved an agreeable sphere for clerical usefulness. He added, as an inducement to purchasers, that the present incumbent was an old gentleman 80 years of age, the duration of whose life might be calculated from the tables usually relied upon in such cases. The purchaser might at all events calculate upon having a very speedy right of nomination to the benefice. There was a comfortable stone-built rectory-house, with gardens and glebe land, and the income was £400 a year. For this living, with its many advantages, the auctioneer asked for a bidding, suggesting the sum of £4,000 as a starting-point. No one seemed to fall in with the auctioneer's views, and silence prevailed in the room until an adventurous individual offered £1,500. From that point the biddings ran up with tolerable rapidity until they reached £2,950, and they then came to a dead stop. The auctioneer urgently pressed for further advances, but no more offers came. He said he had received many letters from Oxford and Cambridge, up to that very morning, complaining that sufficient time had not been afforded to purchasers, and he thought his client's interest did not justify him in knocking down the property at that sum. He must therefore withdraw it if no further advances were made; the paucity of offerers he attributed to the dulness which usually prevailed just before Christmas. There were no further offers, and the auctioneer himself having raised the bidding £3,000, knocked it down at that sum; thus, according to the technicalities of trade, "buying it in." The property is, therefore, still in the market.—*Post*.

THE NORWICH MONKS.—Father Ignatius and the English Order of St. Benedict celebrated "Christmass," as they term it, with all possible pomp. At midnight on Saturday they went in procession to the Church of St. Lawrence, of which the Rev. E. A. Hillyard is Rector, and a special service was held to inaugurate the day. During the latter portion of last week the church was beautifully decorated by some young ladies and other members of the congregation. Half-a-crown was charged for admission into the chapel yesterday. At seven, eight, and nine a.m. masses were said; at eleven a.m. "high mass, lecture, and procession, with carols," and at six p.m. "solemn vespers and a procession" closed the day. The brethren distributed Christmas fare yesterday to the poor.

ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE OF A BISHOP.—Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, who returned with his family from Europe in the steamer *Etna*, narrowly escaped being washed overboard in a terrific gale. The sea, which carried away portions of the guard and companion-way doors, washed him against the ship's rigging, and by this means his life was almost miraculously saved. The same sea carried overboard the captain's clerk, who was not seen afterwards.

EVANGELICAL RETREAT.—A novelty in Evangelical life is just announced. Dr. McNeile has invited the clergy and laity of Liverpool to devote the first week of the new year to spiritual prayer in private and public. He bases this request on the great progress which is being made by the "sacerdotal and sacramentarian" party in the Church at a time when, as he declares, the "great Evangelical party were never more moderate, never more strictly and scrupulously rubrical, than they are now."

DROVERS AND SUNDAY DRIVING.—On Tuesday, Mr. Paget, the Thames Police magistrate, gave his decision on a summons taken out against several drovers for driving cattle through the streets of that district between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. on Sundays. Such driving is prohibited between those hours by police regulations based on Acts of Parliament, and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood are much



aggrieved by its infraction in the case of cattle landed at the Thames wharves and sent on to the lairs at Hackney. The wharfingers, on the other hand, contend that it is necessary. Sir Richard Mayne had been memorialized to relax the regulations, but declined to interfere. Mr. Paget now said it was his duty to enforce the law. It did not appear the drovers charged were insolent to the police, or gave any annoyance they could possibly avoid. As a measure of humanity to the cattle, and of health and comfort to the people, it was requisite that cattle should not be detained on the wharves and hurried to market on Sunday night while heated and feverish. He should inflict a nominal fine of sixpence on each of the defendants. He thought the cattle ought to be driven through less-frequented streets, and that the difficulty might be avoided by landing all foreign cattle brought into the port of London at Blackwall.

## FINE ARTS.

## MUSIC.

THE new one-act opera, "Punchinello," produced on Wednesday last, at Her Majesty's Theatre, is certainly not an advance on its composer's previous work, "Fanchette," which first made Mr. Levey known by its performance at the Royal English Opera at the commencement of the present year. "Fanchette," as the production of a young man scarcely out of his pupillage, exhibited signs of promise by the spirit and vivacity which it displayed; and although the style was a direct imitation of the French school, or rather of its mannerisms, such a reflection of predominating influences might be allowed to pass in a first work by a young student, in the hope and expectation that he would, if not gain, at least strive after some degree of nationality or individuality of style. The lapse of twelve months between the production of the two works should certainly have brought signs of progress which we fail to discover in the second; "Punchinello," indeed, being rather inferior to its predecessor. Auber's music is the chief fountain whence Mr. Levey derives his inspiration; and, although few direct plagiarisms may be discoverable, those little salient peculiarities of manner, the piquant form of passages—among various others, the use of the frequent trill or short shake for the violins on the accented note of the bar, and such marking features of dance rhythm—all these points are closely copied from pre-existent patterns, but being unallied to a single ray of original thought or even novelty of combination, they stand out as mere mannerisms, just as the favourite metre of a particular poet may easily be copied, but if made the vehicle of mere ordinary colloquialisms, has in itself no real and special value. Mr. Levey produces a certain effect of life and vivacity by his habit of constantly working up climaxes, which, however, become tiresome, as they do not flow naturally out of any previous development. His instrumentation, too, although sometimes brilliant when reproducing the effects of French scores, wants variety and method. There is a frequent tendency to overweight the accompaniments, the brass instruments being sometimes used to excess—especial faults in a work of this description, where grace and delicacy should be the prevailing features. The book of "Punchinello" (by Mr. Henry Farnie) is slight in structure, but would have possessed sufficient interest had not its one act been spun out to an inordinate length. The Showman and Marionette proprietor of the Champs Elysées, concealing his occupation, and passing as a wealthy gentleman—being offered the hand of his daughter by a wealthy marquis—the Showman arrested by a young military officer in mistake for a notorious robber—the discovery of Punchinello's real occupation, the union of the young officer and the young lady, previously lovers, and a similar result with the Showman and his housekeeper—such are the incidents which are extended over nearly two hours of dialogue and music. Of the eleven pieces which the work contains, by far the best is the ballad sung by the marquis's daughter—"Coo, says the gentle dove." Although the melody is neither very striking nor original, it is graceful and elegant, and being lightly and neatly instrumented, and expressively and chastely sung by Miss Galton, it produced a greater effect than any of the more ambitious movements. There is some character in the Marquis's serenade (with its *pizzicato* accompaniment) in which Mr. George Honey's singing was aided by his comic humour—and Babette's "Sabot Song" has a pastoral and rustic effect which would have been greater had Miss Cottrell been a little more demonstrative in its delivery. This young lady is acquiring a habit of pinching the notes of her voice, which, if not corrected, may delay her progress as a vocalist of any pretensions. Mr. Rouse, as Punchinello, acted with some dry humour, and sang as well as is customary with English low comedians. Although a showman, yet, being a Frenchman, he might be expected to say "Champs Elysées" with something more like the native pronunciation. Mr. Swift, as the young officer, was earnest in his acting and singing, but somewhat heavy in both. In fact the work altogether, being French in its subject, and French (in attempt at least) in its music, required much more finish and grace on all hands, with the exception, perhaps, of Miss Galton, who was lady-like and refined, although far from forcible, whether as an actress or a singer. The piece, moreover, is only fitted for a small stage, being of a class requiring minute finish of detail on the part of actor and singer as well as of composer. It will probably serve, however, for what was perhaps its chief object—as a prelude to the pantomime in which the stage where most of the greatest lyric

artists of the century have appeared is now given up to the saturnalia of clown and pantaloon.

M. Offenbach's classical burlesque, "La belle Hélène," recently produced at the Variétés, appears likely to rival the popularity of the same composer's "Orphée aux Enfers." At the Théâtre Lyrique, a one-act operetta, "Les Bégaiements d'Amour," has just been brought out. The music, by M. Albert Grisar, is said to be lively and melodious. A similar small work, at the same theatre, "Le Cousin Babylas," composed by M. Carpus, is also well spoken of as an agreeable trifle. Gounod's "Mireille," reproduced in three acts, and with M. Michot instead of M. Morini, is now attaining a Parisian success which it failed to achieve on its first production. M. Gevaert's new opera, "Le Capitaine Henriot," which has been talked of for some time past, was to be produced at the Opéra Comique on Thursday last.

## THE LONDON THEATRES.—CHRISTMAS PIECES.

ON Monday night, as most of our readers have doubtless seen from the daily papers, nearly seventy places of amusement were opened to the London public, each one provided, more or less, with special Christmas attractions. There were the Crystal Palace, with miscellaneous performances, the Agricultural Hall, with a circus and hippodrome, the Horticultural and Zoological Gardens, and the ever-popular Madame Tussaud's, twenty-nine music-halls in various parts of the town, eight "entertainments" at the halls and galleries, and twenty-four local and central theatres with pantomimes, burlesques, and farces. Two of the theatres—the Adelphi and the Royalty—produced nothing new; the three large central houses—Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Her Majesty's—devoted themselves to pantomime, with its burlesque introductions. Six of the central theatres—the Haymarket, the Strand, the Olympic, the Princess's, the St. James's, and the Lyceum—devoted themselves to burlesque or farcical extravaganza, without any harlequinade; twelve local, or outlying theatres, produced pantomimes, while one—the Bower—produced a burlesque, and another—the Garrick—was closed.

None of these performances, except those at the theatres, call for any special remark at present, and we will, therefore, deal with the burlesques and pantomimes in the order in which we have seen them.

The Strand burlesque is called the "Grin Bushes; or, the Mrs. Brown of the Missis-ippi;" and, as usual at this theatre, it is written by Mr. H. J. Byron. The subject, as the title implies, is taken from Mr. Buckstone's popular Adelphi drama of the "Green Bushes," and the author could hardly have made a more unfortunate selection. Mr. Byron is the most prolific burlesque writer of the day, and he generally shows much judgment in picking his material for ridicule; in this instance, however, he has violated the chief rule of his art by striving to parody a drama full of natural sentiment. The true function of the burlesque writer is to satirize dramatic follies,—stilted acting, Purveydrop tragedy, pompous plays, and such like counterfeits; but he goes terribly beyond his last when he takes a simple story of the domestic affections, and fools with it to the top of his bent. The husbands and wives, the mothers and daughters of the "Green Bushes" are not the unreal puppets of ordinary melodrama, and they ought not to be exhibited in a way which must undermine all belief in the existence of true feeling. Mr. Robson's exceptional tragi-comic genius could barely make such false burlesque endurable, and what can we expect from flash-dancers and simpering misses?

The chief part in the "Grin Bushes"—Miami—is played by Mr. Stoye, and he is evidently out of his element. He acted like a broad-breasted bull, and looked like the late Miss Julia Pastrana. He is an excellent character actor, but can do little more in a burlesque than sing well in a deep voice and make grimaces. The general acting, singing, and scenery, are up to the Strand level.

At the Lyceum, Mr. Fechter (who is still playing "Ruy Blas") has produced an "Oriental farcical extravaganza," adapted from the French, called "Bear-faced Impostors." This piece was originally written about ten years ago for the garrison performance at Canterbury, and it is another version of "L'Ours et le Pacha," which has been adapted before under the title of "Bears, not Beasts." The garrison farce has been much improved; many monkeys have been taken out and an elegant ballet has been put in; the dialogue is very funny; and the acting of Mr. Garden as a nervous old vizier, and of Mr. Widdicomb and Mr. Moreland as two tramping English showmen, is excellent. It is a most seasonable and humorous production.

Very few modern pantomimic authors appear to understand what a pantomime was or ought to be. To go no further back than the days of Grimaldi, a pantomime was an absurd, exaggerated, but consistent story, the thread of which was never lost from first to last. The four distinct characters of harlequin, columbine, pantaloon, and clown were represented in the "opening" either as a village lad and maiden, an obdurate father and a crafty villain, or as a helpless boy and girl, threatened by an ogre and an ogre's accomplice. In these and many other romantic shapes they worked out the fable, and when they were transformed into the four eccentric beings of the harlequinade, they still retained their distinguishing characteristics. Amidst all the riotous absurdity of the "comic business," the four actors never lost sight of their characters, and when the scene of retribution—the dismal dell, or whatever it was



called, arrived at last, it was a logical conclusion to a well-told story.

The modern pantomimes, much as they have gained in artistic scenery, have lost considerably in dramatic interest. They are now often little more than patchwork productions: the opening being as much a burlesque as any piece produced at the Strand or the Royalty, and the harlequinade being tacked on without any regard to the previous story. The "comic business" begins and ends in itself; each scene is regulated more by the advertisements of energetic traders than by any rules laid down by the dramatic author, and the whole is divided from the so-called introduction by a glittering transformation scene which takes half an hour to develop. When a clown is engaged chiefly as a showman of tradesmen's puffs—a wild variegated boardman beyond the control of the police—we can hardly wonder that few real actors have appeared to take the place vacated by Grimaldi.

No modern author of pantomime adheres more closely to the old models than Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and for this reason Drury Lane is always well provided with an interesting pantomimic story. Mr. Blanchard has written the pantomimes for this house for many years, and this year he has been as successful as usual in selecting and treating a nursery subject. The legend of "Hop 'o my Thumb and his Eleven Brothers" is one which lends itself kindly to pantomimic treatment, and the author has been well-supported by managers, scene-painters, mask-makers, musical directors, and actors. We can hardly hope to see anything more droll than Mr. Belmore's Ogre with two comic songs; anything more charming than the "Valley of Mosses and Lichens at Day-break," exhibiting the whole of the vast Drury Lane stage, or anything more fantastic than the "Dark Depths of the Pine Forest," in which countless trolls slide down the branches, and gambol before little Hop 'o My Thumb. Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Hudspeth, Miss Lydia Thompson, and Miss E. Falconer, are delightful as "Sunbeams" and "Sunrays;" Master Percy Roselle, the most endurable of "infant prodigies," is most effective as "Hop o' My Thumb," and the harlequinade includes Mr. Boleno, one of our best thoroughly Cockney clowns, and the Misses Gunniss, who are clever dancers. The name of Mr. Beverley is a guarantee for the artistic beauty of the scenery, and we shall be much mistaken if the Drury Lane pantomime is not one of the great successes of the season.

The Olympic has produced a classical burlesque, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, called "Cupid and Psyche," which, to use its second title, is as "beautiful as a butterfly." We have seldom seen such a gossamer extravaganza, and we are afraid it is a little too delicate for ordinary audiences. The dialogue has the fault of being something pedantic, but it has the merit of being singularly free from slang. If it sometimes flies over the heads of the audience, it never raises a coarse laugh, and it will not decrease the literary reputation of the author of "Ixion." The most successful scenes are those which end with a Scotch lilt and a flash-dance, and this shows that the Strand management are wise in their generation. The "cellar-flap" break-down is evidently the back-bone of modern extravaganza.

"Cupid and Psyche" is most pleasantly acted, and Miss Patti Josephs and Miss Louisa Moore were born to represent the two characters mentioned in the title. Mr. Tully has given the burlesque some well-arranged music, and Mr. Wigan has not been niggardly or tasteless in the matter of scenery.

The burlesque at the St. James's, by Mr. William Brough, entitled "Hercules and Omphale; or, The Power of Love," is a classical subject, treated in a much broader and more popular style. There is a little too much slang in the couplets to please a very fastidious taste, but much of the writing is very good, and the action is very humorous. No burlesque could be better acted; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, and Miss Charlotte Saunders, are unrivalled in performances of this kind; and Miss Herbert, if she is a little too serious and stately for extravaganza, is remarkable for grace and careful acting. Miss Saunders's Hercules is one of the most diverting embodiments of the season—exactly hitting the happy medium between jest and earnest. The young ladies, headed by Miss Wentworth, are of great service to the piece, while the music, arranged by Mr. Wallerstein, and the scenery, by the Messrs. Telbin, leave nothing to be desired.

A new comedy in three acts, called "A Lesson in Love," precedes the burlesque at this house, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mr. Robinson, and Miss Wentworth. It is an adaptation of a piece recently produced in Paris under the title of "Nos Alliés," and the English version has been very pleasantly written by Mr. Cheltenham. The plot is neither complicated nor offensive, and if there is no novelty in any of the characters—if they are the usual stage-puppets thrown into some of the old situations—they succeed in amusing an audience very agreeably for a couple of hours. The acting is perfect. Mr. Felix Rogers, a low comedian, possessing much dry humour, who has performed at the Royalty and the Surrey, has been engaged here, and he appears in a farce after the burlesque.

The Alhambra, once the finest building in London, has been re-opened by Mr. F. Strange as a theatre of varieties. Mr. F. Strange is a bold speculator. His predecessor lost nearly £30,000, and the new lessee is said to have spent £10,000 in enlarging the stage and destroying all vestiges of Moorish decoration. The building (which originally cost £100,000) is now nothing but a large and somewhat gaudy circus, but the new proprietor doubt-

less knows the class he is striving to please. The ballet—the leading attraction—is chiefly taken from Auber's "Enfant Prodigue," better known in this country as "Azael," and it is as grand and effective as anything ever seen at Covent Garden. We shall be curious to see whether the small band of monopolists, licensed by Government—the twenty or more proprietors of theatres who are empowered by Act of Parliament to dictate to three millions of people how they shall be amused—will proceed against Mr. Strange for this infringement of their privileges. Perhaps Mr. Horace Wigan, with Bentham on his lips (if we remember his opening address), but protection in his heart, will lead on the associated managers to defeat or victory.

Mdlle. Beatrice, the Italian actress, with a French training, who speaks English, has been engaged by Mr. Fechter. She will probably make her first appearance in a little one-act piece with her manager, and after that the "Lady of Lyons" will be produced, in which she will play Pauline.

By next Saturday we shall probably have seen the other Christmas pieces now being performed at the central theatres. Wherever we have been this week—with the exception of Drury Lane and the Alhambra—we have found somewhat thin audiences, especially in the stalls and boxes.

## SCIENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHY is already much indebted to Mr. Swan of Newcastle for many improvements in methods of printing; but we think we are justified in asserting that the experiments which this gentleman is now carrying on will, if successful, procure for him a very high reputation. Mr. Swan is now engaged in a series of operations with a view to perfect a new system of printing based upon the well-known mode of obtaining an image in relief by the use of gelatine, submitted first to the action of light under water, and secondly to that of water. The image thus obtained has the light portions depressed and the shadows raised. From this an electrotpe is obtained, in which of course the elevations are reversed. This electrotpe is then treated with a thick solution of gelatine containing Indian ink, and when this is slightly set, it is printed from in the same manner as from an ordinary copper-plate, by contact and pressure. The darkened gelatine adheres to the paper and is removed from the mould, when, being dark in proportion to the degree of its thickness, it forms an image precisely similar in appearance to other carbon prints, and possessing many advantages, as regards the absence of tendency to crack, &c.

The dissections which M. C. Rouget has made of various species of crustacea lead him to believe that the motor nerves of these animals do not terminate as has been commonly supposed. The "terminal cone" which M. Doyère described is not the true end of the filament, but is the result of the bifurcation of the nerve, which at the point of separation of the two new branches assumes a conical form. The motor nerves of both insects and crustacea differ from those of animals which possess internal skeletons in regard to their mode of termination. In the latter class of beings the axis-cylinder of the nerves almost invariably ends in a flattened plate, whilst in the former it remains the same throughout its whole length.

A very important memoir has just been presented to the French Academy upon the subject of the changes produced in the structure of the nerves by the action of certain poisons. M. Rudanofsky, who appears to have given careful attention to the study of nervous histology, remarked, that after he had poisoned dogs and cats with such substances as strychnine, nicotine, opium, and chloroform, the minute structure of the nerve-tissue was altered. The most energetic of these poisons, as, for example, strychnine, alters both cells and filaments; the others act more upon the "white substance of Schwann." The alterations produced by nicotine were indicated by a decided coloration of the cells, and their prolongations in the case of the spinal-chord and the origin of the pneumo-gastric and hypo-glossal nerves. Both nerve-cells and their prolongations were stained of a deep brown, and there were evident traces of disorganization. He has also observed, that under the influence of these poisons the blood-vessels situate at the roots of the spinal nerves become much congested. From a number of experiments, it is concluded that a single drop of nicotine is sufficient to destroy the life of an animal, not merely by reason of the effect upon the general functions of nutrition, but because it produces an absolute destruction of the minute nerve-cells in which the nerves distributed to the more important organs originate. M. Rudanofsky states also, that opium and chloroform operate upon the "white substance of Schwann" in such a way as to give it the appearance of a number of very brilliant particles, instead of the amorphous character which it normally presents. We confess, that although we very much admire the minute investigations which this gentleman has published, we are not prepared to accept his statements. There appears to be every reason to suppose that features such as those asserted to have been the result of narcotic poisoning were simply changes of decomposition.

Some very interesting explorations have been recorded in the last number of the *Comptes Rendus*. M. Fournet relates the discoveries which have been made in the salt mines of Rudolfsturm, in Austria. It appears that a *savant* who has spent many years



of his life in investigating the tombs which present themselves in the salt mines of this district, has examined no less than 963 of these peculiar and ancient sepulchres. Several curious objects, which have been found, amply repay the discoverer for the time which he has spent in carrying out his researches. Among others we may mention the following:—182 bronze vases, some of them measuring three feet high, and composed of several pieces connected together without soldering; bronze zones, presenting ornaments in relief, swords, daggers, knives, hatchets, lance-points, amber, and glass beads; bronze bracelets, helmets and chains, and several objects of ivory, which seem to have been used for sword-handles. It would appear from the evidence which archaeologists has thrown upon these discoveries, that the tombs which have been opened belonged to a people who must have worked these salt mines in the time of Philip II., of Macedon. The human remains were found in two different conditions; in some instances, only the ashes were preserved, whilst in others the bones were perfect. It was observed that the ashes and bones were placed apart, the former occupying one-half of the tombs and the latter the other. Not unfrequently, tombs were seen in which the individuals interred had been only partially incinerated: some skeletons, for example, were found, in which all the bones but those of the head were perfect, the latter having been burned and its ashes placed at the feet of the skeleton. In the tombs in which the ashes were observed, the greatest number and variety of valuable objects were discovered. M. Fournet concludes his very interesting article by stating that it appears that among the early race of miners which he described, ceremonies resembling those of the ancient Egyptians were evidently practised.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### SPECULATION IN 1865.

THE seed that was sown broadcast in the Spring has borne its inevitable fruit, and at this festive season there is not a little misery in many an English home, because the head of the family, in his over-haste to grow rich, must needs give in to the general mania and invest his savings in the latest novelty that promised a limited liability to everything but calls, and a dividend of 90 per cent. per annum, earned after the fashion newly imported from our neighbours across the Channel. This mania was the creation of men who have in a general way no position in society and no sort of recognised occupation, but who in seasons of speculative restlessness increase and multiply in the superabundance of our commercial prosperity. Like the locusts of Egypt, their instinct leads them to the fat of the land. They settle on it while it lasts, and leave to others to realize the extent of their depredations. But with much that is evil in their operations there is also much that is good. No one acquainted with the national requirements and the effect of the restrictions so long imposed on joint-stock enterprise will deny that a vast number of useful undertakings have been developed into successful operation by the activity of these men and the scope given to their inventive powers by the Limited Liability Act, or that much good may yet be derived from the same source. It is this mixture of good with evil which renders it exceedingly difficult for the press to exercise its functions as the protector of the public interests with full effect. If the practical results of the principle of limited liability were in the main detrimental to the interests of society, it would be easy to urge the return of speculation to its old restricted channel. But that is not so; nor is it possible, without encountering actions for libel at every stage, to point out the particular instances of disorganization and fraud which are well known to exist, but which operate under a sufficient appearance of honesty, superficial though it be, to render the task of exposure difficult and perilous, until the facts come before the world in a more public form.

We do not hesitate to say that there are many companies not yet exploded which are quite as rotten at the core as the Unity Bank ever was, but which publish flourishing reports, pay good dividends, and command a fair share of public support.

To some of these cases we may have occasion before long again to refer. Meanwhile, our present business is rather with the flood of new undertakings with which the public is to be overwhelmed as soon as circumstances show the slightest prospect of fresh companies being floated. Hundreds of new schemes are, we are told, in a state of readiness to be launched. They only wait the willing victims to swallow the bait. Lately there has been a lull in the sport, but new descriptions of bait are to be offered. The army of speculators which last year invaded us, and carried everything by storm, is preparing to renew the attack. The enemy was only driven off in the autumn by the honesty and tact of that portion of the press which was not to be influenced by motives of self-interest. There is, however, a small but not unimportant section of the English

press which favours the designs of Company-mongers, and would fain see every portion of the commercial world delivered over to the management of influential but non-interfering directors, and competent or incompetent managers, as the case may be. We pointed out long ago that practically the success or failure rests principally, if not entirely, with the manager. This appears on the face of it to be a truism; but, obvious as its truth is, it is of paramount importance that it should be well considered. There is a lamentable dearth of trained men qualified to fill this most important position; and there can be no question that this dearth is one of the greatest difficulties the joint-stock principle will have to contend with. First-class men as managers in important undertakings already command a salary equal to that of a Minister of State, and the rate of pay is not likely to be reduced, as things go at present.

We do not quarrel with this; but, when shareholders pay so handsomely, they have a right to expect both skill and honesty in their managers. How often they meet with neither, all the world knows. On the rock of this deficiency many a promising speculation has gone to wreck. Through the blind confidence or indolent neglect of directors, a manager possesses almost unlimited power. If he faithfully and efficiently discharges his duties, he deserves even the high salary he receives. But that so much should be staked on the good faith and ability of an individual, is a heavy set-off against the advantages of the principle of limited liability.

Great, however, as are the iniquities practised in the working of established companies, they are as nothing compared with what goes on in the chrysalis state of the concern. Up to the allotment of shares, according to the present practice, the nursing is in the hands of its promoters; the directors lend their names, but beyond that they have little to do with what goes on until the speculation either becomes an abortion or is fully matured. Hence the scandals which follow the steps of the unknown and irresponsible men who, as promoters, act towards the public under sanction of the names of the directors.

This is surely a most anomalous state of things, and one which it ought not to be very difficult to remedy. We would suggest that some one should be made responsible for all that takes place in the formation of a company up to the time of commencing business. If, for instance, that responsibility were thrown on some legal firm, the public could scarcely have a better guarantee. Solicitors of standing and respectability cannot afford to lose their good name. They cannot, after the fashion of locusts, take their flight to new pastures when they have eaten up the herbage on which for a time they may have alighted. They must stand or fall by their reputation; and, as it is their habit to act cautiously and circumspectly, the public would have in them the best guarantee, not only of the good faith with which a speculation was conducted to maturity, but of its practical and feasible character. At present, directors and officers may be ignorantly conniving at the most barefaced and infamous frauds, such as any one of them individually would disdain to be identified with, because no one is responsible. Everything is done in the name, and avowedly for the good, of the company, though really for the private and personal interest of the promoters. The public suffers, and the whole system of commercial morality is shocked. And here we feel bound to observe that one of the most obvious ways in which mischief has been wrought is the rule of the Stock Exchange, which, whilst it professes to render illegal all transactions in shares before allotment, really places all the power for evil in the hands of the unprincipled concoctors of bubble companies.

The present lull in speculation presents a good opportunity for the committee of the Stock Exchange to annul a rule which has already done a great deal of mischief, and will, if allowed to remain uncancelled, be the means of bringing lasting discredit on a body of men who claim, and deservedly, to rank amongst the most honourable and trustworthy of our citizens. This rule could probably never be abrogated with less inconvenience and injustice than now. It should never have been passed, and certainly should never have been enforced. No one doubts this, but many doubt the courage of the committee to meet the difficulty, and admit by rescinding the rule that they have made a mistake in enacting and enforcing it. When the committee ordered that no bargains in shares of new companies should be valid and binding until after the allotment of shares, it was virtually decreeing that honest men should always be liable to fulfil their bargains, but that rogues should be at liberty to annul any contracts which they might find it inconvenient or unprofitable to complete. We venture to say, with great confidence, that not one of the committee would under any circumstances whatever claim the benefit of the rule, or take



advantage of its action in his favour in any personal transactions of his own. They would be ashamed to excuse themselves from fulfilling any contract with which they had voluntarily entered because some one else had made a law that would free them from the fulfilment of their own deliberate undertaking. The rule was therefore a mistake, and must be remedied sooner or later—the sooner the better for all parties concerned.

#### BALANCE-SHEETS OF INSURANCE OFFICES.

THERE can be no doubt that, if the clearest possible report and the most detailed possible balance-sheet of the affairs of a Life Assurance Company were laid before its members and the public, to a vast majority they would be thus far unintelligible, that the said vast majority could form no opinion on the trustworthiness of the results arrived at. But to this large class the publication of such accounts as would enable persons who are adepts in the science of Life Assurance to investigate the condition of any society or company would be a great boon, for the most uninstructed person would then have the means of informing his mind as to the soundness of the conclusion arrived at by laying the case before some one learned in the craft of Life Assurance. Besides this, he would, in the publication of intelligible accounts, have the best possible guarantee of the good faith of the managers of the society, and of the soundness of its condition. It is certain that many sound and highly-successful companies do not, as they might with great advantage to themselves, publish intelligible information by which the soundness of their condition can be tested; but it is equally certain that no unsound or unsuccessful company publishes such information. If, then, a company publishes such information, and it passes unchallenged, it may safely be set down as in the category of sound and successful companies. If a company does not publish such information, we cannot safely predicate from that circumstance anything as to its unsoundness, but we are compelled to put it down in the category which contains both descriptions of offices—the sound and the unsound. We believe it to be the interest of all sound and successful offices to remove themselves from this doubtful list, and to establish between themselves and their unsound rivals this broad difference, that whilst they (the sound offices) publish all possible useful information, their unsuccessful rivals are obliged to shroud their doings in darkness.

But the offices who have been long accustomed to certain forms of stating their accounts and to limiting the information contained in their reports to particulars which sound very well but afford no real test of their position, will not readily and speedily change their habits, unless the public join us in demanding such a change, and they can best do this by requiring the offices they may be connected with to publish fuller and sufficient details, or by giving the preference to the few offices which make an unreserved disclosure of all that the others conceal.

The integrity and stability of such offices is an affair of so much public importance as to merit the attention of the Legislature, and if they do not reform their habits on this point of giving such details as would enable a competent person to judge of their position, we shall be found amongst those who will endeavour to compel them to do so by Act of Parliament.

To any one who observes the abundant space which offices devote to matter which appears at first sight to be very favourable to them, and the great expense to which they go in the printing and setting forth of all figures which they believe will magnify their position, it will not appear hard that they should be compelled to devote a page or two to such detailed information as is really necessary to enable skilful people in the art to judge of their solvency, and of the extent and value of the success they pretend to.

The fact is that much which is put forth by really respectable and successful companies is not only insufficient, but even deceptive. Thus nothing is more common than to see an increase of business put forth as a certain test of prosperity and success, whilst in fact this may be only productive of a larger ultimate failure. No doubt that increasing business and large funds are indicative of success, but they are not by themselves sufficient evidence of it. We shall not adduce an instance, though we believe we could do so, in which large increases of funds and income leave an office in a worse position; but we will quote the "Equitable" Life Office as a case in which largely diminished funds and income are accompanied with greater riches, that is, with a larger proportional surplus. In fact, it is easy to see that a large increase, whether of available funds or of income, may be accompanied by a still larger liability, just as, in the case of the "Equitable," a diminish fund and income is accompanied by a still greater diminution of liability. This point is of the greatest practical moment in those cases where

increase is chiefly due to amalgamations, or where the increase is due to the buying up of other companies. If an office is doing a prosperous business by cultivating its own connections, an increase of business is *certainly* indicative of energetic and successful management (taking success in a very limited sense), but when the increase is due to purchase—and pretty nearly all amalgamations are practically purchases—it is hardly a *probable prima facie* indication of success. For there are two parties to such bargains, and it is at least probable that both are not gainers; whilst it is certain that a business which has not proved sufficiently profitable in the hands of one company to induce them to continue it cannot be expected to enrich an already successful company. In a word, larger funds may be accompanied with yet larger liabilities, and the united concerns may be less profitable than the single successful one.

We shall probably shortly take an opportunity of illustrating these remarks by examining the balance-sheets of some of our large insurance companies. In the meantime we would beg the intelligent reader to use his influence towards the object we wish to attain—viz., the publication by public insurance offices, whether fire, life, or marine, of intelligible accounts, with such details as will enable competent persons to judge of their condition. If this were done it would be a real benefit to all sound, well conducted offices, and would secure them against the rivalry of adventurers who would disappear from the scene under the broad light of publicity.

It is certainly a great reproach that there are many offices, which we believe to be honestly and very successfully worked, which publish balance-sheets, reports, and explanatory statements, from which we are not able to infer their condition, which we are still obliged to take as much upon trust as if no balance-sheet, or report, or explanatory statement were published. They in point of fact offer us too often the form without the substance of information, and parade before our eyes the largest possible figures without enabling us to understand their effect and value.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about 3 per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·20 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 2·10ths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 425 per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13·4½d. per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is therefore about 2·10ths per cent. dearer in Hamburg than in London.

In Colonial Government Securities Canada 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1877–84), fetched 100½ ¼; 5 per Cents., 89½ 90½; Mauritius 6 per Cents. (1878), 108½; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1888–92), 95½ 4½ ¾; New Zealand 5 per Cents., 90½; Queensland 6 per Cents., 104½ ¼; Victoria 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July), 106; ditto (April and Oct.), 106½ ½.

Foreign securities show an average advance of ¼. The chief movement has been in Spanish Passive and Certificates, which are each ¾ better, the former at 32½ to ¾, and the latter at 14½ to ¾. The advance was consequent on the tone of the Queen's Speech at the opening of the Cortes, and on an announcement that the loan of £3,000,000 offered to the Spanish Government—to the detriment, it was to have been apprehended, of the English bondholders—by M. Pereire, of Paris, will not be carried through. Greek is ¼ better at 23½ to ¾, and Mexican and Consolidés are each ½ better—the former at 29½ to ¾, the latter at 47½ to 48½. The Confederate Loan remains at 61½ to 62½.

There was only a limited amount of business recorded in Bank shares, and prices in several instances showed an upward movement. London, Joint-Stock, Alliance, Chartered of India, Australia and China, and British North American advanced £1 per share; Imperial and Queensland, 10s. Agra and Masterman's were quoted at a decline of £3 per share; London and County, £1; English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered, 10s.; and London of Mexico and South America, 5s.

The business transacted in miscellaneous shares was to an average extent, and prices in some instances firmer. Ocean Marine Insurance improved 10s. per share; Hudson's Bay and National Discount, 5s.; International Financial Society and Universal Marine Insurance, 2s. 6d. National Financial and Contract Corporation receded 10s., and Joint-Stock Discount, 7s. 6d. per share. London and St. Katherine's Docks were done at 72 1; Continental Union Gas brought 10½; European New, 7½ ¼; Imperial, 86½; Imperial Continental, 85 4½; London, 80; and Westminster Chartered, 81½.

The following are the latest recorded prices of business transacted in insurance companies' shares:—Guardian brought 49½; and Indemnity Marine, 128.

In railway shares a moderate amount of business was recorded, and prices in several instances showed an improvement. Metropolitan advanced 2½ per cent.; Midland, ¾; London and North-



Western, North-Eastern (Leeds), North Staffordshire, and Caledonian,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Great Western, South-Eastern, North-Eastern (Berwick and York Stock),  $\frac{1}{4}$ . In preference stocks the dealings were in Great Eastern (Eastern Counties Extension, No. 1) at 105  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; do. (East Anglian, A Stock) Five per Cents, 104; do. (Norfolk) Five per Cents, 1846, 101; Great Western Five per Cent. Redeemable, 103  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Six per Cents, 125; do. Redeemable Six per Cents, 5  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

In the discount market there was a perceptible diminution in the supply of bills for negotiation, and the resources of the bankers and bill-brokers were largely in excess of the demand. The rates, nevertheless, continued very firm, and 6 per cent. was the lowest charge. The influences invariably at work at this season are affecting the market, and this is shown by the active inquiry which now prevails for short loans, as well as by the full terms enforced for all kinds of monetary assistance. In the Stock Exchange advances were freely offered at 5  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

The amount of Government bills on India for which tenders will be received at the Bank of England on the 4th of January will be 30,00,000 rupees (£300,000).

Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co. have advertised the dividend due the 1st January on the Turkish Loans of 1862 and 1863.

Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have announced the dividend, due the 1st January on the Mexican Three per Cent. Consolidated Bonds, and on the Three per Cent. Bonds issued for arrears of interest on the old debt.

Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co. have announced the half-yearly interest due the 2nd January on the Canadian Consolidated Five per Cent. Stock.

The half-yearly interest is announced on the Melbourne and Hobson's Bay Railway Company's debentures.

The directors of the National Provincial Bank of England have presented to all their officers and clerks a bonus of 10 per cent., and, in addition, "a gratuity" of 5 per cent. upon their salaries.

The movements of the precious metals during the past week have not been of a very extensive character. The imports have amounted to about £299,910, including £6,200 from Boston by the *Asia*; £85,388 from New York by the *Edinburgh*; £58,000 by the *Bremen*; and £120,440 by the *China*; the *Delhi*, from Alexandria, has also brought £1,882; and about £28,000 in silver has been received from the Continent. The exports have been £22,900 to the West Indies by the *Atrato*; £151,177 to the East Indies and China by the *Ceylon*; and there have been remittances to the Continent through private sources estimated at £402,000, the total amounting to £576,077.

The following is Messrs. Sharps and Wilkins's bullion price current:—"Bar silver, 5s. 1  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. standard, no demand; ditto for India or China *via* Marseilles, 5s. 1  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce, no demand; bar silver, holding 5 grains gold per 12 oz., 5s. 1  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. (last price); fine or cake silver, 5s. 6  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.; Mexican dollars, 5s. 0  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.; United States dollars, 4s. 11  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.; Chilean and Bolivian dollars, 4s. 11 11-16d. per oz.; Bolivian half-dollars, 3s. 7d. per oz.; Portuguese crusades, 5s. 0d. per oz.; Spanish dollars (Carolus), 4s. 11  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.; Spanish dollars (Ferdinand), 4s. 11  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.; Five-franc pieces, 4s. 11  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.; ditto for India *via* Marseilles, 4s. 11  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.; Bar gold, 77s. 9d. per oz. standard; bar gold, holding 1 oz. fine silver per 12 oz., 77s. 11d. per oz. standard; American eagles, 76s. 3  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.; Napoleons, 76s. 3d. per oz.; Russian Imperials, 77s. 7  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.; Brazilian gold coin, 77s. 8d. per oz.; Turkish sovereigns, 77s. 8d. per oz.; Australian sovereigns, 77s. 8d. per oz.; Spanish doubloons, 75s. per oz. South American doubloons, 73s. 10d. per oz. Quicksilver, £8 per bottle, discount 3 per cent."

Business in the port of London last week continued moderately active. At the Custom-house 205 vessels were announced as having arrived from foreign ports. There were two from Ireland, but no colliers. The entries outwards comprised 81, and those cleared with cargo 86, besides which 16 were despatched in ballast. The departures for the Australian colonies have been six vessels, viz.:—two to Port Phillip of 2,159 tons, two to Adelaide of 1,171 tons, one to Sydney of 1,011 tons, and one to New Zealand of 1,183 tons; the total tonnage amounting to 5,524.

With the exception of Amsterdam and Berlin, where the rate for money is still 6 per cent., the terms of all the principal Continental Bourses are now considerably below those of London. At Paris the charge of the Bank of France is 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and, although the transactions out of doors have not been below that point, some impression is stated to prevail that a reduction to 4 per cent. may be announced almost immediately. At Hamburg the rate is 4 per cent. At Frankfurt it is 5 per cent. at the Bank and 4 per cent. outside, and at Brussels it is 5 per cent. at the Bank and 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. outside.

THE total value of the produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom exported to France last year was £8,673,309, against £9,209,367 in 1862, £8,895,588 in 1861, £5,249,980 in 1860, and £4,754,354 in 1859. The business done with France in 1863 was thus nearly double the corresponding total for 1859. If we carry the comparison back for ten years, and compare 1849 with 1863, we shall see that the French demand for British products has more than quadrupled in the last fourteen years. Thus, in 1858, the value of our exports to France was £4,863,131; in 1857, £3,213,358; in 1856, £6,432,650; in 1855, £6,012,658; in 1854, £3,175,290; in 1853,

£2,636,330; in 1852, £2,731,286; in 1851, 2,028,463; in 1850, £2,401,956; and in 1849, £1,951,269. The chief article of export from Great Britain to France is woollen goods, which were last year delivered to the extent of £1,418,985. In 1859 the corresponding total was only £243,286. Of coal, cinders, and culm, the value of our exports to France last year was £543,738, against £615,232 in 1859, of wrought and unwrought copper, £856,388, against £493,083 in 1859; of cotton goods, £556,119, against £222,383 in 1859; of wrought and unwrought iron, £835,643, against £395,135 in 1859; of steam-engines and machinery, £363,832, against £199,402 in 1862; of sheep and lambs' wool, £348,773, against £428,942 in 1862; and of woollen and worsted yarn, £369,129, against £176,118 in 1862. Last year's figures do not compare well with those for 1862, but, on the whole, our commercial relations with France have very greatly extended of late years.

It is mentioned that a treaty of commerce and navigation is in progress of negotiation between France and the Hanse Towns. Any reduction which may be made in the import duties of France will be applicable to this country.

THE Paris papers publish news from Japan, stating that the treaty between the European Powers and the Tycoon in reference to the Prince of Nagato stipulates that an indemnity be paid of 18,000,000f., and that a port of the inland sea be opened for trade.

THE Madrid letters mention that the Spanish Minister of Finance, in a Royal decree (*Real orden*) of the 17th inst., increasing the rates of interest to be allowed by the Caja de Deposita, intimates that "the sacrifice which the Treasury will have to submit to in consequence of the employment of the funds which may enter the Caja de Deposita will be of short duration, in consequence of the resources that Government expect from the patriotism of the Cortes, to whom it intends to submit energetic resolutions to improve radically the situation of the public finances." A loan continues to be talked of, but nothing certain is known on the subject. The Government wants 350,000f. for public works, but whether the money will be raised by a loan, by a sale of forest lands, or by an issue of Treasury bonds, is yet a question. It is rumoured that the Spanish Government has given up its project of a foreign loan, and means to have a forced loan at home of 250,000,000.

IN the Vienna papers it is said that an English company has purchased from a M. Eckstein a large piece of waste land near the Danube for the sum of £120,000. The ground in question—the so-called Brigittenau—was a few weeks ago offered to the municipality of Vienna for 800,000 florins, which, at the present rate of exchange, is about £78,000. It is said that the company will construct docks in the Brigittenau.

THE Bank of Russia has issued a notice announcing that the subscriptions to the Lottery Loan, which closed the day before yesterday, amount to 115,250,000 roubles.

At Shanghai the exchange has advanced  $\frac{1}{4}$ d., and at Bombay  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. At Canton a decline of  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. has occurred. The former movements are against, while the latter is in favour of, England. At Calcutta no variation has taken place.

By advices received by last mail it would appear that the traffic on the Scinde Railway shows a marked improvement, the returns having, in the two weeks previous to the departure of the mail, amounted to £2,341 and £2,375 respectively, against £1,733 and £1,612 in the corresponding weeks of 1863.

THE traffic on the Punjab Railway continued to increase. The Lieutenant Governor went over a great portion of the line towards Mooltan and expressed much satisfaction. Every effort was being made to complete the railway before the end of the year.

The *Levant Herald* gives the following particulars regarding the Indian Telegraphic service:—"An important step has been made during the past week towards the inauguration of the Indian telegraph service. A convention has been signed between the Porte and the Persian Government which arranges for the immediate opening of the service between Bagdad and Bushire *via* Hanakian, Kermanshah, Teheran, Ispahan, and Chyras, pending the completion of the direct line between the former station and Bussora, where the submarine communication with Kurrachee begins. For years the Turkish and Persian Governments have been at issue respecting a small strip of territory immediately east of the Diala river, which the Turco-Persian Frontier Commission left unallotted, and over this it is that the new telegraph line from Bagdad to Teheran passes. The conflicting claims of the two Governments to this piece of border land have hitherto left a break in the communication, but this has now been bridged over by the convention of last week, which provides for the completion of the line without prejudice to the rights of either party to the three miles of waste land which formed the gap. Orders have at the same time been given for the immediate junction of the wires, and it is therefore expected that before the end of the present week Pera, and consequently London, will be on 'speaking terms' with Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta by this round-about route. The tariff of charges for the new service has also been definitely settled, and fixes the cost of a 20-word message from Constantinople to Kurrachee at 90f., to which is added a uniform charge of 12f. for transmission on from Kurrachee to any station in the three Presidencies except those east of Calcutta, to which the extra charge is 17f. To Ceylon the additional charge is 20f. 75c., or a total of 110f. 75c., from Constantinople. Thus, the cost of a through message from London to Calcutta will be 125f. or £5."

THE length of actual railroad in the State of New York, including city roads, is about 3,500 miles, and the capital stock invested exceeds 125,000,000 dols., of which not quite 100,000,000 dols. is paid in. The funded debt of the different roads is about 75,000,000 dols., and the floating debt 1,000,000 dols. more. The construction of the roads cost 150,000,000 dols., and the cost of maintaining and operating them exceeds 5,000,000 dols. The earnings and receipts for 1864, estimated, will foot up 40,000,000 dols.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## MACEDONIA AND ALBANIA.\*

MACEDONIA and Albania are regions almost as seldom visited by travellers as the steppes of Central Asia, though they everywhere abound with classical associations, and are remarkable for the magnificence of their scenery. In the former province is Mount Athos, amid whose snows the imagination of Greece placed the throne of Jove, and from whence the traveller, if he can master the fatigue of the ascent, may enjoy one of the most lovely prospects in the world, commanding the whole shining group of the Cyclades, and extending in very fine weather over the sea of Marmora to Constantinople itself. On this sacred mountain, as it is profanely called, because numbers of idle, dissolute, and dirty monks have by bribery obtained exclusive possession of it, no woman is ever permitted to set her foot, so that Miss Walker was fain to be content with admiring its gigantic proportions from the water. Towards the beginning of the present century, two of our countrymen, with a letter from the Greek patriarch and a firman from the Sultan, explored every portion of the peninsula, visited the monasteries, took catalogues of the manuscripts they contained, and were well bitten by the vermin which are the invariable companions of monks. The admirable account left us of their sojourn is one of the most charming fragments of travel with which we are acquainted. Quite in the same tone and spirit is Miss Walker's volume written; the personal portions of the narrative being easy and unobtrusive, while the landscapes which presented themselves as she moved along are delineated with exquisite grace and felicity, interspersed with lively descriptions of manners, anecdotes of the individuals she met with, and agreeable records of native politeness and hospitality. The writer is not one of those who condemn everything that is not English. The cruelty and injustice she witnesses, Miss Walker denounces in strong language; her sympathy for the oppressed is always ready and abundant; but she does not therefore speak of the whole Turkish nation with that indiscriminate hostility which characterizes the productions of too many observers of the East. The authoress, who has resided several years at Constantinople, is the sister of a clergyman, and with him proceeded to Salonica, whence we obtain our best Turkish tobacco, so that its name at least ought to be familiar to all smokers. From that town she proceeded into the interior, in company with the English consul and his family, and consequently journeyed under the best auspices, both for the ensuring of hospitality and for seeing whatever there was to be seen. Her artistic talents were put in perpetual requisition, now sketching a mountain or a church, and now taking the portraits of scared peasants, who looked upon the reproduction of their faces and figures on paper as a rather perilous experiment, not altogether unconnected with the ways of the Evil One. In the midst of the picturesque, we here and there discover the point of the political wedge, for the inhabitants of those provinces, being chiefly members of the Greek Church, cherish secretly a feeling of allegiance towards Russia, which renders them, when their Turkish masters become aware of it, objects of suspicion and dislike. Nor is this at all to be wondered at. No state, ancient or modern, was ever characterized by a more grasping policy than Russia, which at this very moment is aiming on the one hand at the subjugation of Southern Europe, and on the other at following the steps of Baber into Hindustan. A recent telegram from the Levant brings intelligence of a battle fought by the Czar's troops in Kok, and on the very threshold of our Asiatic possessions; while, at every step which Miss Walker took in Macedonia and Albania, she found palpable traces of Muscovite intrigue. So much for politics. It is far from common to traverse any portion of the world with so pleasant a companion as Miss Walker, who gossips delightfully of harems and monasteries, of picnics and landscapes, of dinners with Turks and dinners with Archbishops; of dress, cookery, cleanliness, and uncleanness; of night adventures among moors and mountains; of pretty women, fierce Arnauts, flat-faced industrious Bulgarians, cunning Greeks, and more cunning Jews, who extract from the rich soil of Osmanli barbarism wherewith to line their purses thickly with gold. Turkey is the place in which you may study all the phenomena presented by wars of opinion, which throughout its whole extent never cease for a moment. It is odd that variety of belief should make men so cordially hate each other—that a preference for the Pentateuch or the Talmud should create an abhorrence for a leaning towards the Koran—that a partiality for wax tapers, flowers on the altar, and muttering a catalogue of sins through an iron grating to a priest, should be incompatible with a plain attendance at church or chapel. Yet so it is. Curses both loud and deep reverberate along the whole soil of the Turkish empire, from each sect against every other, so that the Sultan may truly be said to be master of the most unruly subjects anywhere to be met with. Among the jarring religionists, Miss Walker picked her way with much adroitness, with a courtesy and a smile for everybody, and consequently giving offence to none. Now she hobbled and nobbed with the Muslim, and now with the monk, respected by both, and deservedly so since she gave vent to no intolerance. The same agreeable facility which marked her intercourse with Jews, Turks, and Greeks, characterises her companionship with the reader, who will therefore go through her volume with pleasure, and lay it down with regret. There is a

healthy fascinating glow over the whole narrative, whether it touches upon man or nature, the pencil sometimes eking out the descriptions of the pen, while the latter deals in touches inward and subtle, with which the former would be incapable of dealing. In looking out for passages to justify our praise, we are embarrassed by the multitude that present themselves. Miss Walker's chief excellence lies in landscape-painting, in which she exhibits so much clearness, vividness, and comprehension of plan, that her words appear to be endowed with colour and perspective, and transport us into the midst of the objects with which she undertakes to familiarise our imagination. Take, for example, this glimpse of Hellenic Pindus:—

"This plain of the Vardar, in spite of its barren desolation and sandy soil, the glaring sun, and the sickening south wind so often prevailing, has a beauty which, in recollection at least, is very impressive; far away on the left stretches the magnificent range of the Pindus, and higher still, visionary, pale, yet firm, the 'Throne of Jove' capping with eternal snows the gigantic mass of Olympus, the Olympus of Thessaly."

All wayfarers in that part of Turkey dwell with rapture on the scenery of Vodena, which has probably no equal, unless among the gorges of Lebanon, or in the cordillera of the Andes, where earth has undertaken to prove what she can do at her best. But scenery loses half its power if it comes to you without the magic force of association, in the riches of which no country on the globe approaches Greece and its surroundings. Even the Seven Hills, and the Parthenopean bay, are less enchanting than Pindus and Olympus, Caphareus and Cithæron. We approach the landscape at Vodena through the avenue of a delicate supper which we will taste first, and then for the lookout from the Archbishop's window. We can add our testimony to that of Miss Walker on the superlative merits of Greek cookery, which an enthusiastic gourmand once protested in our hearing could recall a mummy to life. He had just been eating an indescribable dish, soured in honey and rolled up in a vine-leaf, which should have made a part of Miss Walker's supper:—

"A very elaborate and excellent supper it proved to be; there was fish fresh from the rushing neighbouring streams; fowls, cooked in various ways; every variety of stewed and roast lamb; vegetables; an abundance of creamy milk with rice; and *yaoourt*, the curdled milk so much eaten throughout the East; there were cool peaches from the archiepiscopal garden, and delicate grapes from the sunny slopes of the neighbouring mountains; wines of the country, and delicious bread. All these good things were very welcome to our tired and hungry party, but the greatest luxury of all was the delightful sensation of freshness and repose in the lulling sound of falling water: cascades were rushing under our windows on every side; it was an exquisite relief after the heat and fatigue of our journey."

This supper, these falling waters, this delicious repose, which soothed the writer into the true humour to be pleased, will likewise, we fancy, do as much for the reader. At all events, let him lean on the Archbishop's window-sill with Miss Walker, and take a glimpse of what the country of Alexander's father has to show:—

"I had heard the beauty of this place very much vaunted; every one in these parts, the least enthusiastic individual, the matter-of-fact trader, or very unimaginative Jew merchant warms into enthusiasm when he speaks of Vodena; yet I had scarcely expected the glorious panorama spread before me in the freshness of the morning. I have seen many lovely spots in many lands, and I think that this view from the Archbishop's Palace is one of the most beautiful it has ever been my happiness to behold. Far below, masses of walnut-trees, chestnuts, and mulberry plantations, vineyards, and fields of maize spread a rich carpet of such luxuriant vegetation that the eye seemed to bathe, as it were, in its freshness. Far and wide beyond lay the Plain of Yenidjeh, softened by a delicate blue haze, and in the extreme distance a thread of silver light, the Gulf of Salonica. To the right, relieved against the blue, lilac, and grey masses of the majestic Pindus, stood out a dark projecting cliff, half hidden in a tangled wilderness of wild vines and creepers, shrubs, and trees of every kind; the dashing water appearing at intervals, tumbling and leaping from the rock, until lost in the green maze below, its presence still betrayed by the denser tone of the foliage, or the rustic bridge in the bowery lane."

In the real East, where Mohammedan piety, in its exuberance, has created for the reception of travellers karavanserais more magnificent than palaces, such an adventure as Miss Walker met with in Macedonia would be impossible. There you enter your night's lodging under a superb and lofty portal of hewn stone, closed with massive gates, which are swung back by the janitor at your approach. If you are followed by a thousand camels, there will be room enough in the spacious court for them all, while hundreds of comfortable rooms look out upon airy terraces, while fountains splash, and palm-trees nod below. What a contrast with those stupendous khans is presented by the wretched hovel which is dignified with the same name in Macedonia!—

"We must stop at the Khan. After some delay, the Khandjie, or guardian of this splendid house of entertainment, tumbles out in a ragged caftan, greasy turban, and tattered sheepskin cloak. He declares that he cannot receive us.

"There are no rooms for travellers."

"Traveller (indignantly). 'How do you say, Babam, (O, my father!)—that there are no rooms? There are rooms; we have been here before, and have seen them.'

"Well! by the soul of the Prophet! there are rooms, but the

\* Through Macedonia to the Albanian Lakes. By Mary Adelaide Walker. With Illustrations by the Author. London: Chapman & Hall.



staircase is broken down, you cannot get up, the Madama could not climb the wall.

"(You grow more determined).

"See, Djanum (my soul), the rain rains like a torrent, the voice of the wind has come, the night has fallen; is there not a ladder?" (persuasively) 'Cousoum (my lamb), try to find it, for we are going to stay.'

"The old bundle of sheepskin totters off, and eventually brings a small ladder, which proves on trial to be three or four feet too short to reach the top of the crumbling wall, the first plateau of the ascent; there is a struggle, and gymnastic effort, a dread lest the large stone should give way under your grasp, and you find yourself kneeling on the summit; but there is a further elevation to be attained—a wooden platform, a yard higher up; you seize a tottering beam on the right, a friendly hand grasps your left shoulder, and you are landed, but not in safety; a yawning chasm at your feet, in the rotten flooring of the gallery, warns you not to lose yourself in contemplation of the prospect."

We shall next request the reader to step with us into a Turkish harem, and decide between two ladies: the one an Osmanli, with blue eyes and light auburn tresses; the other, an Albanian, with flashing black eyes, and hair like the night. Somewhere in her volume, Miss Walker, speaking of divans, suggests an erroneous idea *à propos* of cushions, which she seems generally to have found hard. In a pasha's harem, our experience of cushions was totally different. From the divan depended rich gold fringe a foot deep; the seat appeared to have been stuffed with eider down, while the cushions of pale pink silk, embroidered richly with gold, were as soft as the breast of a swan. All, therefore, that can be said is that they manage these things differently in Albania. The apartment, Miss Walker says, was a vast chamber:—

"Divided from the great entrance-hall (in the centre of which were the remains of a fountain) by a row of carved wooden pillars supporting an architrave richly ornamented with arabesque work. The ceiling, of dark oak, was carved also, as well as the high conical screen of the chimney. The lady curled herself up on a corner of the divan, the only article of furniture in the room, requesting Mrs. C—to occupy the corresponding seat of honour; and, after the sweetmeats and coffee had been duly served, began the usual inquiries. . . .

"Eminé Khanum was pretty, though rather past her bloom. She had a fair complexion, with blue eyes, and light auburn hair, which she wore cut short in front, a long plaited tress hanging down her shoulders, and a cluster of rosebuds falling over her brow from a small muslin handkerchief covering the crown of the head. Her throat was adorned with a thick necklace of pearls, besides several rows of gold coins. Her wide 'chalvar,' or trousers, and the 'ant'ary,' were made of a light-coloured silk, striped with gold. . . .

"Presently another visitor arrived, an Albanian Moslem lady, residing in the neighbourhood. She entered the room completely enveloped in a large black feredjé, or cloak, which, contrary to the usual custom, she retained on perceiving strangers; but afterwards, in compliance with our request, she suffered it to be taken off by her attendants, and stood upright for a few minutes before us, quite dazzling from the splendour of her attire. Over a chemisette of delicate striped gauze, richly embroidered in gold, she had a black velvet waistcoat, stiff with gold galloon, and edged with a thick row of pendant gold buttons; upon this a jacket in plum-coloured silk, also trimmed with gold, and having sleeves of a peculiar form peaked at the wrist (a shape universal for men as well as for women; her very ample trousers, of white striped muslin, were also embroidered in gold. This brilliant costume was completed by a pelisse without sleeves, reaching to the feet, in crimson velvet, heavily braided with the same precious metal; a magnificent shawl wound round her slender waist, and a pale yellow handkerchief confining the masses of her jet-black hair. This daughter of fierce Albania was in every respect a remarkable contrast to her Turkish hostess, and as she leaned back on the cushions of the divan, negligently holding a rose with one hand, while the other supported an amber-tipped tchibouk, I thought I had never seen a more striking or graceful picture."

Though we have not been niggardly in borrowing from Miss Walker's pages, we are sorry at not being able, for want of room, to extract more; but the reader, we feel assured, who has a taste for light and elegant books of travel, will have recourse to the volume itself, where he will find nothing to displease, and very much to gratify his fancy. The illustrations are at once truthful and sparkling. We once knew two ladies in Paris whose opinions of French society stood towards each other in startling contrast; one affirming that there were no modest women in the country, the other that there were as many as in any other part of the world. The truth, as Sterne says, might lie between. Miss Walker resembles the second of the above ladies; and, from some experience of Osmanli society, we are induced to accept her opinion as a correct representation of the truth. Scandal is ubiquitous, and makes itself as busy in Turkey as elsewhere; but we are persuaded that the harmony of Osmanli homes is not inferior to that found in the homes of England, whatever writers may say who have never been suffered to pass the threshold of a single respectable house.

#### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.\*

WE are sometimes disposed to think it a misfortune that, as a nation, we are so disinclined to anything in the shape of religious philosophy, or, as perhaps it may be better called, scientific Chris-

tianity. In devout studies of Revelation, we cannot be said to be behindhand. In recent years, critical handling of the documents of Scripture has become more popular in proportion as it has been more ably conducted; but any attempts to construct a scientific belief out of the Scriptures is still regarded by the countrymen of Bacon and Butler with suspicion and distrust. We do not say that there are not some foundations for these feelings. It may be true that the endeavour to harmonize the contents of Revelation with reason and science, with conscience and religious sentiment, will only end in a dry and barren Deism at the best, that will offer no satisfaction either to the intellect or the heart. Or things may go farther still, and religion be sacrificed altogether in the attempt to fuse it with other elements; as a French writer neatly expresses it,—"Il semble qu'en se perfectionnant elle se détruit." Still, however deep, however well-founded, this suspicion of a scientifically constructed Christianity may be in England, it cannot stop the tendency to some such point of view, which seems, for good or ill, to be strengthening and spreading day by day. Nor can it be said that there is anything in the higher training of clergy or laity to disqualify them; but, on the contrary, much to incline and fit them for the attempt to construct one scientific whole out of the materials supplied by Nature and Revelation. Men even with average powers of mind cannot study Bacon's "Novum Organum" at Oxford, or prepare Butler's "Analogy" carefully for their ordination without having a great many points of the profoundest speculative interest relative to God's Word and God's works brought before their minds very early in life; and, if this training be followed in after years by research into books of science, or by conversation with various and gifted men, it is scarcely possible but that a disposition should be generated in thoughtful minds to create some system or harmony whereby the truths of science most precious to their intellect, and those of religion that lie nearest to their heart, may be made to illustrate, support, and confirm each other. Whatever has hitherto, so far as we are aware, been attempted in this direction, has proceeded from the so-called Latitudinarian school of English theology; but the work which we place at the head of our notice professes to come from the Evangelical quarter, the one which has hitherto been more distinguished for its practical zeal than for any speculative ability in the cause of Christianity. We suspect that many of his party will look on Mr. Baker as a black sheep. He expects as much, as he tells us himself. Some of his friends, to whom he had shown his work before it was published, uttered no smooth opinions about its heterodoxy. But, in spite of much with which we should be tempted to disagree almost as strongly as some of Mr. Baker's private critics, we must admit that his book contains so much real thought in such an extraordinarily narrow compass (a most rare quality in our days), is so clear in its style, so methodical in division and treatment, perhaps even to a fault, and manifests in its author such an earnestness and independence, yet at the same time such a modesty and simplicity of thought and purpose, as to contrast it favourably with one or two recent writers on similar subjects noticed in our columns.

Mr. Baker's general theory is that, if the analogy of Nature and Revelation holds good, the same or similar maxims indispensable for the scientific study of Nature are no less so for the scientific study and exhibition of the truths of Revelation. For example, no investigator of Nature from the days of Bacon hesitates to assume certain axioms or postulates, as the following:—That apparent is not identical with scientific truth; that Nature operates by immutable laws, &c. It is in the right estimate and faithful observance of such maxims as these (as Mr. Baker very truly says) that the great difference lies between ordinary and philosophical observers. Similar maxims, then, our author holds must exist in the scientific examination of revealed truth, or else the analogy between Nature and Revelation must fail in a very fundamental point. Such are maxims,—“No truth is injurious,” “Divine laws are immutable,” “Apparent is not identical with scientific truth,” “Hindrances to progress must not be allowed.” Eight of these principles are specified in the introduction, the application of which in detail is sketched with more brevity than success in the several chapters of the work. They are termed “Harmonic Maxims,” as we might expect, because the observation of them cannot, in our author's view, fail to heal the breach which their neglect has caused between Science and Scripture. It is our author's belief that the ultimate happiness of mankind depends upon the union of science and religion; for happiness cannot exist without righteousness, which in turn must rest on right, dominant persuasions, and these cannot prevail as long as science and Revelation are antagonistic. As to how far and in what way Mr. Baker's maxims contribute towards bringing about the desirable alliance, our readers will naturally be anxious to be enlightened. We cannot stop, nor find space here, to move the previous question whether Mr. Baker is justified in pushing the analogy of Nature, into which there seem no limits of our power to search, and Revelation, of which our knowledge is exhaustible, so far as to require almost identical maxims for both. We will assume, for the moment, that these maxims are equally necessary and equally correct, and will proceed to their application.

The first maxim is that “no truth or law of Nature, and therefore no law or truth of Revelation, is essentially hurtful.” Hence it is argued that those who deny a future life contradict a fundamental law common alike to Science and Scripture. For let annihilation be a law of Nature, then the great security for man's right-doing and well-being is cut off; no sense of duty can be felt towards their fellow-creatures, regarded as ephemeral beings, even

\* Harmonic Maxims of Science and Religion. By the Rev. William Baker, M.A., Vicar of Crambe. London: Longman & Co.



by the well-disposed, while the worse sort of men, with no prospect of retribution before them, will give themselves up to rapine, violence, and self-indulgence. Accordingly, from Maxim I. follows, as a logical deduction, the doctrine of a Future State. Now, gladly as we should welcome any fresh basis for the belief in immortality, we are much disposed to question whether this line of reasoning on the subject will be deemed satisfactory by any but those who are as enamoured of Mr. Baker's Maxims as he is himself. It cannot be laid down as a self-evident fact, it seems to us, that the belief in annihilation, however dreary and inexplicable it may be, is of necessity "a creed demoralizing and utterly destructive of man's welfare." It does not appear such in the poetry of Lucretius or the philosophy of Aristotle; the morality of the Sadducees, taken as a body, was always considered purer than that of the Pharisees; and one or two Eastern peoples may show us that it is possible to have no other prospect than annihilation, and yet to pass one's life on earth, at all events, in something better than violence and debauchery. So that, with every respect for, and sympathy with, Mr. Baker's conclusion, we cannot afford our sanction to its proofs. Another of his Maxims introduces us to one of our author's theories on one of the great questions of modern theology—the subject of inspiration. As "the works of Nature consist of complex related groups or systems, so should we expect to find Revelation consist of classes of works which are to be studied through a natural, not an artificial, classification." The Bible is one of these works, and must be examined minutely, like any work of Nature, both internally and externally, both with respect to its contents as a book, and with respect to the spiritual influences which flow from it. The result of such examination would be the true theory of "inspiration"—the belief in a supernatural over-ruling of the several authors of the sixty-six books, without previous concert, to a common result. Mr. Baker allows the text to be dubious and corrupt in many places; to be full of interpolations, omissions, and discrepancies of statement; to contain "superficial" accounts of the Creation, the Deluge, and so forth; but, in spite of all these defects, and in spite of what Mr. Baker calls the illusiveness of Scripture as analogous to the illusiveness of Nature, the Divine substance lies below the human superficies, and a scientific study of Revelation will enable us to discover the "Divine cryptogram," with which, when discovered, everything in Nature, Science, Reason, and Life, will be found fully to harmonize.

"What though it be demonstrated that Creation, the Fall, the Deluge, Inspiration, have not been, or that heaven, hell, and the judgment, will not be, such as we once too literally understood? Practically it signifies little. Whether hell be literal or spiritual fire, whether the view of Creation is scientific or unscientific, whether the Deluge extended over the whole globe or only over the known and inhabited portion of it, substantially makes no more difference in our faith and practice, than is made in common life by the discovery that the earth moves, not the sun."

But what, let us ask Mr. Baker, if this scientific analysis be carried a little farther (for who is to decide as to the limits of the analysis, or as to the certainty of having attained the Divine cryptogram?)—what if the Incarnation, Death, and Resurrection of Christ be also shown to be "popular, unscientific statements of spiritual truths"—will that make no difference in our faith and practice? Can science discover no flaws in the arguments of St. Paul for a bodily resurrection? Yet, if the doctrine of a future state be shaken, Mr. Baker has himself told us his opinion as to the practical results of such denial. In short, as to this and other points, we cannot help thinking that our author has set himself adrift on the wide ocean of theological speculation without seeing exactly whither he may be carried, or what is to preserve him from being wrecked on the shoals of unbelief. He may not be inclined to go as far in the direction of doubt or denial as his theories incline us to believe. His present work, after all, is, as he acknowledges, only a sketch, which he intends afterwards to fill up and complete; and, when this is done, much may be softened and shaded off that stands out now rough and harsh. Mr. Baker thinks boldly and writes well; he is possessed with a genuine longing for the religious elevation of individuals and society. We lament equally with him the widening gulph between Science and Revelation; but the Harmonic Maxims with which he proposes to bridge it are, we believe, wholly unequal to the task which he assigns them, of destroying error and cordially uniting the Christian world—except (we may add) in the negation of Christianity altogether.

#### THE LIFE OF ROBERT STEPHENSON.\*

THE special mission accomplished by the Stephensons—father and son—was to take the most prominent part in inaugurating a new and mighty system of transit—the Railway: evidently destined to overrun the earth and to subdue it. Roads and civilisation, intercourse and progress, isolation and barbarism, are almost convertible terms. Water was anciently the great highway, and, as a consequence, civilisation arose in those centres where this means of transit offered the greatest facility for the exchange of merchandise and the intercourse of man, and seldom travelled far from the banks of navigable rivers and the margins of inland

seas. The conveyance of merchandise by land was laborious and costly, and, borne on the backs of slaves, or beasts of burden, the merchandise itself was very small in amount. Such a state of things we have still presented to our eyes in Africa and large portions of Asia. The construction of anything deserving the name of a road pre-supposes an old-established civilisation, and a population of a certain density, whilst even the best specimens of road-making, with the adjunct of wheel carriages, though greatly diminishing the cost and labour of the conveyance of merchandise compared with the era of packs and pack-saddles, fail altogether to furnish a substitute in point of economy for water carriage. Hence, in default of natural water-courses, it is only where artificial ones—canals—have been constructed that the full productive powers of a country have hitherto been elicited, and the highest civilisation attained by its inhabitants. To our own times has been given the privilege of witnessing the inauguration of a new system of highways, much more facile of construction than canals, yet capable of transporting man and his products with eight or ten times their speed. Nearness to the eye of the spectator, however, though compatible with distinctness of vision for minute objects, is unfavourable to the appreciation of the relative proportions of things of vast magnitude; and thus it happens that we, the witnesses of this vast stride in human progress, hardly yet adequately appreciate the immense changes in the relations of man and his future destinies which the introduction of the Railway and the Locomotive must necessarily accomplish. In fact, it is not easy to take the measure of a boon which promises to bestow on all portions of earth's surface, except mountainous districts, the same facilities for intercourse which, in ages long ago, planted empires on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, the Ganges and the Nile, and fringed with a civilisation hardly yet surpassed the coasts of the Ægean, and the adjacent shores of the Mediterranean—a boon which promises to work mightily towards obliterating the prejudices of race and caste, and substituting for them that enlarged vision and more enlightened and tolerant judgment which man inevitably acquires by intercourse and collision with his fellows. Already throughout Europe the pulse of national life beats with a quicker rhythm, and there is an increased sympathy between the head and the extremities. The passions which vibrate in the capital, instead of being delayed in their progress, or stranded as formerly against provincial idiosyncrasies, roll in one unbroken wave to the utmost borders of the community, producing results which must ultimately have the effect of welding large nationalities into homogeneous wholes, and thus evoking a future, in which the same unity of sentiment and close alliance of feeling which distinguished the municipalities and petty states in times past, will become the attributes of great empires.

The career of the two Stephensons was so associated, and the foundation of the eminence of the son was so fully laid by the father, that no life of Robert Stephenson would be intelligible, much less complete, without a brief biography of George; whilst both equally require for their elucidation a narrative of the rise of the Locomotive, with which their names are so indissolubly linked. The work before us accordingly commences with a sketch of the life of the elder Stephenson and the history of the origin of the Locomotive, of which the author has evidently taken great pains to give an impartial account. On the whole, we are inclined to believe that we are presented in his pages with a more life-like portraiture of the men themselves, as they lived and moved amongst their contemporaries, than is to be found in the works of preceding writers, some of whom, in the not uncommon attempt to idealize the subjects of their pens, have impaired the truthfulness of their sketches and weakened the individuality of lineaments strongly marked with the prosaic features of the national character, till those best acquainted with the originals hardly recognise their identity.

George Stephenson was one of those men of whom England may well be proud,—truthful, honest, persevering, cautious, painstaking, with that genius or instinct for mechanics which seems the peculiar heritage of the British race; at the same time, tenacious and strong in self-assertion, priding himself on his career, and desirous that his achievements should be recognised by others; by no means exempt from a little harmless vanity, but on the whole a goodly proportioned block of Northumbrian granite, though full of the tenderest affection for his wife and child. Robert appears to have inherited in their full vigour the capacity and aptitude for mechanical pursuits which distinguished his parent, as well as his honest, cautious, painstaking disposition; but in him these features were combined with a less robust physique, and a much greater measure of amiability, flexibility, and modesty of character. In 1848, at the Agricultural Meeting at York, the present writer chanced to hear George Stephenson boasting to the assembled agriculturalists that their portable engines were his invention, and still remained just as he had left them, without further improvement. A few years later, it was his lot to be present at a public meeting where Robert Stephenson was designated by one of the speakers as being jointly with his father the "inventor" of the Locomotive, when, instead of appropriating the compliment, he modestly but emphatically proclaimed the existing Locomotive to be the joint product of the mechanics of England.

The principal value of the present work consists in the amount of new documentary matter, comprising letters, journals, and other papers which have been laid under contribution for its production. The author tells us he has been occupied four years with his task—a fact which certainly could never have been divined from the extent or finish of the edifice. So ample a time for consideration

\* The Life of Robert Stephenson, F.R.S., &c., late President of the Institution of Civil Engineers. By J. C. Jeaffreson, Barrister-at-law. With descriptive chapters of some of his most important professional works, by William Pole, F.R.S., Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Two vols. London: Longman & Co.



and revision should surely have secured the reader from being dosed with such concentrated slipslop as the following anecdote of the infancy of Robert:—

"Aunt Burn was in the habit of giving the little fellow for his breakfast fresh eggs with butter in them. This luxurious fare, so unlike what he was accustomed to in his father's cottage, appeared to him in the light of a strange and important discovery, and it is still remembered how he gravely informed his aunt Burn that when he went home he'd teach his aunt Eleanor to eat eggs and butter."

The biographers of eminent men have often been accused of weakness in treating the public to mythic narrations of precocious manifestations of genius on the part of their heroes whilst still in petticoats. Anecdotes, tending to exalt their subjects by representing them as making an unusually early display of moral or intellectual power, if not always discreet, have at least an intelligible object; but it is a novelty to find biographers chronicling the exhibition by their hero of those ordinary alimentive instincts—often verging on gluttony—which nature wisely makes so active in young growing animals.

The apocryphal story with which most of our readers are doubtless familiar, of the first testing by George Stephenson of his safety-lamp—a story which we must say always appeared to us too improbable for belief—is thus disposed of:—

"Amongst the many anecdotes by which indiscreet enlogists have hoped to exalt the fame of a remarkable man is the story that George Stephenson, to test the worth of his lamp, took it on the memorable night of October 21st, 1815, into the foulest part of a foul mine at the peril of instant destruction. Wilfully and needlessly to encounter extreme peril is the part of a fool, not of a hero. Whatever may be George Stephenson's claim to be regarded as the latter, he certainly had nothing in common with the former. The important experiment, which has been so greatly misrepresented, was made on a certain insulated quantity of gas, and under circumstances which precluded the possibility of serious disaster."

Much as the Locomotive owes to George Stephenson it is a vulgar error to suppose he invented it in the same sense that Watt invented the double acting condensing steam-engine, or Hargreaves the spinning-jenny. Such an idea does injustice to the labours of Trevithick, Murdoch, Hedley, and others. Trevithick's first practically successful locomotive won the memorable wager between Mr. Homfray, of Penydarren Works, and Mr. Richard Crawshaw, of the Cyfartha Works, in 1804. Steele, a workman of Trevithick's, who assisted in the construction of this engine, returned to Gateshead in 1804, and built the first locomotive which ever acted on the banks of the Tyne for Mr. Blackett of the Wylam Colliery; but such were the imperfections of its structure that it had but a limited success. Mr. Blackett, and Mr. Hedley the viewer of his colliery, greatly improved upon this engine, and were the first to establish that the adhesion of smooth wheels on smooth rails would afford sufficient resistance to enable an engine to drag a train of loaded carriages, and it was on this line, between Wylam and Lemington that engines with smooth wheels moving on smooth rails first took the place of horses for purposes of traffic.

"The alacrity with which George Stephenson, the self-taught engineer, comprehended the importance of the Wylam discoveries, and put them in practice on the Killingworth line, in locomotives of his own construction, which were fully equal in efficiency to those on the Wylam way, attracted general attention to his proceedings. It was seen that he was a man who with favourable opportunities would become a distinguished engineer. The Wylam way was laid with plate rails whilst the Killingworth line had edge rails. George Stephenson therefore built the first locomotive engine that propelled itself by the adhesion of its wheels on edge rails. The first trial of the engine took place on July 25th, 1814, with marked success."

We hope in our next number to enter more at large into our examination of these interesting volumes.

#### THE PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY.\*

MR. HERBERT SPENCER, as many of our readers are aware, has long been engaged on a vast and laborious task, one which few minds would have the boldness to conceive, and still fewer would have the ability to carry out. Having, in a pamphlet noticed some time back in our columns, sketched a new classification of the sciences, he has now, in conformity with the fresh arrangement proposed, set himself to unfold his "First Principles" in their leading applications to the several departments of human knowledge. It will be remembered that our author's general point of view, and the order in which he marshals the great divisions of the sciences, bears a strong resemblance to the system of M. Comte, though Mr. Spencer's mind is of too independent a character to follow blindly in the footsteps of the great Positivist leader. In no point, perhaps, is their agreement so complete as in the degree of importance attached to the science of biology. The same spirit which in the Protestant Calendar assigned the thirteenth month of the year to Bichat as the representative hero of modern science, actuates Mr. Herbert Spencer in placing biology at the head of the sciences, itself founded on certain general truths of physics and chemistry, and forming, together with psychology and sociology, a

fixed body of principles and deductions on which the laws of morality are ultimately made to rest. The volume before us may accordingly be regarded as the first of the connected series, its aim being to set forth the general truths of biology as illustrative of, and interpreted by, the laws of evolution laid down in our author's work on "First Principles." Its several parts have already been issued to the subscribers in successive instalments, and another volume is in preparation which will complete this branch of the subject. Mr. Spencer's scientific ability, his earnestness of conviction, his logical precision of statement and style, are too well known to need any praise of ours. His conclusions may not always be palatable to us; the vein of materialism which runs through his works, and almost of necessity follows from his point of view, is in itself unpleasing; but none, except the most prejudiced, can fail to recognise in every page an ardent search for truth in every department of nature, a desire, equal with his ability, to state the discoveries of science with clearness, confidence, and impartiality.

It is now about twenty years ago that the world of general readers was startled by the assertion in that curious little work, the "Vestiges of the Creation," that all the mysteries of nature ultimately resolved themselves into only two laws, that of gravitation interpreting the whole of the inorganic—that of development resolving all the problems of the organic—world. Since then, the belief in the latter has been spreading with an almost unwholesome activity. The doctrine which De Maillet, Darwin, and Lamarck broached to an unbelieving few in the last century, the researches of later times are converting rapidly into a received truth. The evolution theory is unquestionably one of a particular genus of hypotheses that has been rapidly extending in every field of knowledge; it has been called in to interpret phenomena in domains of inquiry (as Mr. Spencer says) quite remote from one another. While astronomers like to trace the solar system to evolution out of nebulous and diffused matter, and geologists profess to watch the earth arising out of the gradual cooling of an igneous mass, political philosophers and philological scholars are equally eager to find the law of evolution in languages and societies, and to prove that in these, as in all fields of investigation, the course of Nature is a gradual development throughout the immensity of time, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the simple to the complex, from uniformity to multifariousness, from indistinctness to distinctness. It is this law, in its application to the phenomenon of life, that forms the central doctrine of Mr. Herbert Spencer's treatise.

The work consists of three parts, entitled respectively the "Data of Biology," the "Inductions of Biology," and the "Evolution of Life." The aspect in which life presents itself to our author (as indeed to most recent physiologists) is as a certain correspondence maintained between inner and outer actions—between the actions of organic bodies themselves and the external forces operating upon these. To what degree organic matter is sensitive and exposed to surrounding agencies; how the changes of which life is made up are so adjusted as to balance outer changes; how structural modifications of a vast extent have a tendency to be produced by modifications in the environment of organisms;—these are some of the leading questions handled in the first part. Without these preliminary points being settled, it was not possible to map out the several divisions and subdivisions of biology considered as a science having for its subject-matter "the correspondence of organic relations with the relations amid which organisms exist." The second part is taken up with an account of the empirical generalizations which naturalists and physiologists have made, and on which they are wholly, or for the most part, agreed. For example, the phenomena of "growth" are analyzed; its conditions, its nature, its varieties, are sketched with a master-hand, and with the utmost brevity, considering the largeness of the subject. Growth is shown in its ultimate analysis to be the integration with the organism of such environing matters as are of like nature with the matters composing the organism; hence it follows that the growth of an animal or a plant is dependent on the supply of such matters. Secondly, where the supply of available matter is the same, and where other conditions are not dissimilar, the degree of growth varies according to the surplus of nutrition over expenditure. Again, this surplus being a variable quantity, growth is unlimited, or has a definite limit, according as the surplus does or does not progressively decrease. We have not time to go through the other divisions of this part of our author's subject, as he has handled them with equal skill under the heads of "Development" (which he uses in the sense of increase of *structure*, whereas "growth" is the increase of *bulk*), "Function," "Waste and Repair," "Adaptation," "Variety," and others of a similar kind. Although, perhaps, this is the least original portion of Mr. Spencer's work, it is more than an admirable condensation of the latest knowledge on the specified subjects. There is much of our author's own observation and research scattered throughout it, and an attempt, wherever possible, to confirm the empirical conclusions of naturalists by the deductive reasoning supplied by his "First Principles," and the primordial truths therein set forth.

Having now seen "the point of view under which life is to be studied," and the chief inductions as to the several phenomena of life *separately*, we proceed to Mr. Spencer's third and most important part, in which he views the phenomena *in their aggregate*, in order to obtain the most general interpretation of them. How have living bodies in general originated? Have the multitudinous organisms now existing, and the still more numerous kinds that have existed in past eras, been from time to time made by special interposition? or have they arisen by inseparable steps through

\* The Principles of Biology. By Herbert Spencer, Author of "Social Statics," &c. Vol. I. London: Williams & Norgate.



actions and processes which we see still operating before us? We are glad to see that our author puts the question in its right form, not as some, making it an alternative between God and no God. Both hypotheses (as Mr. Spencer most truly says) imply the existence of a cause; both of them, therefore, are compatible with Revelation in its broadest (and, on these subjects, its truest) sense. The point at issue is, not whether God or chance made and sustains the world; but, assuming the existence of an intelligent first cause, *how* this Divine cause has worked in the production and growth of living forms. To which of the two theories (viz., that of special creation and that of evolution) our author inclines, a very superficial acquaintance with his previous writings will have prepared our readers to determine for themselves. The arguments in favour of the development theory are accordingly set forth in this last portion of our author's work. That we should naturally expect species to arise by process of natural genesis as individuals do; that, as an individual man is developed, in the space of a few years, from a single cell, it is as easy for the human race, in the course of untold millions of years, to have similarly been evolved from a cell; that the endless succession of modifying causes perpetually going on in and around organisms is sufficiently likely and sufficiently powerful to effect any degree of modification in the classes on which they act;—these are only some of the more general considerations which are put forward in defence of the doctrine of development: the more detailed arguments we must leave to the readers of Mr. Spencer's treatise, promising them no small interest and information from their perusal.

We would conclude with one point of general interest which Mr. Spencer has touched on in his comparison between the special creation and development hypotheses in their bearing on the question why the earth is so largely peopled by creatures which inflict on each other and on man so much suffering. If every part of every organism was *special* designed, it does seem that the designer must have intended everything that results from the design, and consequently the difficulty is increased of explaining how the elaborate appliances we see for securing the prosperity of organisms incapable of feeling, at the expense of misery to organisms capable of happiness, are reconcilable, on the adaptation hypothesis, with the benevolence of the Creator. It is a large subject for Mr. Spencer to have broached, and we should perhaps be disinclined to accept some of his positions in the treatment of such a problem. But it must be acknowledged there is some force in the argument he puts forward, that under the development hypothesis these evils become only *indirect incidental consequences* of a general plan. Evolution slowly but surely brings about an increasing amount of happiness; there is in all cases a progressive adaptation going on, the least adapted dying out, the better adapted surviving. If in the uniform working out of this process there are developed organisms of low types, which prey on the higher types, these evils become only deductions from the average benefits, and, as the best become more numerous and more strong, the damage done is ever decreasing, and the evils accompanying evolution are being self-eliminated. Of course this still leaves the question (as our author sees), "Why could not even these incidental evils have been avoided?" but still it goes some way to remove the cavil, "Why were they deliberately inflicted?" Viewed as special and isolated, they unquestionably present greater difficulties than when considered as parts of a general scheme, the detailed arrangements of which it were idle, with our limited faculties, to criticize in the face of the acknowledged beneficial tendency of the whole.

We cannot take leave of this first instalment (his first principle we regard as preliminary) of Mr. Spencer's system of philosophy, without a hope that his health and energy may be spared for its continuance. In these days of light books, popular science, and sensational literature, it is refreshing to light on an author devoting his life to the profound analysis of all that most concerns mankind, to the exposition of the laws of existence in all its phases—physical, mental, and moral.

#### AUTOGRAPHS AND AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING.\*

In spite of the Thirty-nine Articles, even Dr. Cumming and Mr. Hobart Seymour will admit that, at least in one form, a *penchant* for the "worship of relics" is venial and pardonable, and that is when it is developed in the direction of collecting autographs. To say the very least in its favour, to young people such a taste often proves a most valuable incentive to biographical and historical studies, and to all persons it opens up a wide field of inquiry in the pleasantest manner possible. The mania used to be in great favour, more especially with young ladies, some quarter of a century ago, before the penny post had ruthlessly put an end to the system of franking, which afforded—as was often remarked at the time—a never-ceasing supply of the worst specimens of great men's handwriting, verified and guaranteed, however, for the most part, by the postmarks on the envelopes themselves. But Sir Rowland Hill, in January, 1840, put an end to this pretty and pleasant pursuit, for which he has given to our youthful friends what most people will think a very poor substitute, in "Timbro-manie," or the postage-stamp mania.

\* The Autograph Souvenir. A Collection of Autograph Letters, Interesting Documents, &c. By F. G. Netherclift; and Translations by Richard Sims. Parts I. to X. London: Netherclift.

The Autograph Mirror [L'Autographe Cosmopolite]. Inedited Autographs of Illustrious and Distinguished Men. Vol. I. London: Office, Burleigh-street, Strand.

The autograph collector is of course more or less of an antiquary. To a great extent, he lives and must live in the past, unless he is willing to adopt the plan of business pursued by certain enthusiastic misses, and writes to living personages, on system, for specimens of their handwriting—a cool and impudent plan, and not involving any very high order of intellect in the writer. Many collectors hunt after one class of autographs only, such as theatrical, or political, or criminal. These would give half-a-sovereign for a letter of a Garrick or a Siddons, a Pitt or a Palmerston, and, perhaps, would not grudge a sovereign for one of Greenacre's love-letters to the late Mrs. Hannah Brown, or twice that amount for Franz Müller's last letter to his parents. Again, another class will collect autographs of the present century only, or from and after the Union or the Reform Bill; or they will take up with the title-page and fly-leaves of presentation copies of the works of authors. Other collectors are omnivorous; "all is fish that comes to their net;" and they will spend their days in illustrating with autograph notes and signatures a biographical dictionary, such as the "English Cyclopædia" or "Men of the Time." But all of these individuals have this one point in common—they are innocent and harmless "worshippers of relics." To such persons, the works whose titles we have here given will be "Godsends" indeed, and we should not be surprised to find that the concurrent publication of two such books has been at once the cause and effect of many autograph collections being made by individuals who, a year or two ago, never dreamed or thought of any such pursuit. Together they form a really valuable and important addition to the literature of our land, several of the documents reproduced by them in lithography being of the highest historical interest, whilst many others throw great light on the personal characters of men and women who have been eminent in literature, in politics, in the army, or in the navy, or in law; or, at all events, famous in some way or other. Many of them, too, touch upon quite another chord, such as letters of Macaulay, and Thackeray, and Leech, and brave old Sir Colin Campbell, written only a few short weeks or months before they were called away from amongst us.

The high character of Mr. Sims as a scholar, and the confidential position which he holds in the British Museum, are, of course, a guarantee that in the pages of the *Autograph Souvenir* the collector will find copies of some of the rarest and most interesting of our public documents, and of letters which throw light on the history of our country. The *facsimiles* are taken, we observe, only from the most undoubted and unquestioned examples; and it is obvious to remark that, to say nothing of any higher value, when placed in the portfolio of the collector in juxtaposition with his originals, the sheets will afford a valuable means of verifying his treasured specimens. As contrasted with its rival, the *Autograph Souvenir* is decidedly antiquarian. Among its most valuable specimens will be found a letter of Laud, in which he speaks of Hampton Court as being "infected with the plague" (A.D. 1640); a complimentary poem of Frederick the Great (1740); a letter of John Pym to Sir William Waller, relative to the "malignants of Dorset and Somerset," and containing the news of Prince Rupert's arrival at Oxford (1642); a letter of Haydn, declining to send his songs to the Empress of Russia (1803); one of Michael Angelo (1545) stating that "50 scudi are to be paid to a sculptor for making three marble statues to be placed in the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula at Rome;" one of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (1576), relating to a claim upon Lord Burleigh for £5,000, for services rendered to the State; one of Handel referring to the success of his musical performance at the celebration of peace (1750); and a long letter of Jeremy Taylor, addressed to John Evelyn (dated Dublin, 1661), containing enquiries as to his family and as to his intended publication of "Sylva," &c. Besides these, it contains letters of Hogarth; Devereux, Earl of Essex; Benvenuto Cellini (to Michael Angelo); Queen Henrietta Maria, Sir Harry Vane, Oliver Cromwell, the Chevalier Bayard, Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Louis XVI., Marie de Medicis, Archbishop Usher, Henry IV. of France, Andrew Marvel, L. Van Beethoven, John Evelyn, Edmund Waller, Sir Philip Sidney, and about forty other specimens of the greatest names in history, English and foreign.

Passing from the *Souvenir* to the *Mirror*, we seem to quit the past for the present to a great extent, and find ourselves mostly face to face with "Men of the Time," such as Dickens, Thackeray, President Lincoln, Macaulay, Antonelli, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Disraeli, Buckstone, Leech, Bulwer-Lytton, Palmerston, Fechter, Leigh Hunt, Lord Clyde, Garibaldi, Charles Kean, G. P. R. James, and Landseer, together with a fair sprinkling of living ladies, such as Agnes Strickland, Harriet Martineau, and Rosa Bonheur. It would not, however, be altogether fair to omit to mention that, interspersed among these worthies of the 19th century, we find specimens of some of the "giants" of other days, such as Lord Bacon, Essex, Robert Burns, Charles I., Erasmus, Milton, Robespierre, Rubens, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Peter the Great, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Edward Gibbon, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Southampton, &c. Besides these, we find in both the *Souvenir* and the *Mirror*, letters of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, George Canning, Pitt, C. J. Fox, and William Wilberforce—mostly names without which any collection of our days would be hopelessly imperfect. It appears, too, as if the projectors of the *Autograph Mirror* had enlarged their scene of action, subsequently to the appearance of their first number. At all events, the volume just completed contains, besides what can be strictly called letters, a variety of historical documents, including Shakespeare's will and portrait, an original play-bill of 1638, in which two of Shakespeare's plays are mentioned by name,



Magna Charta, and a plan of the battle of Aboukir. Its pages also are illustrated with pieces of music by celebrated composers, and with comic sketches by Thackeray, Richardson, &c., which considerably vary the monotony of a volume of literary correspondence. It is almost superfluous to add that much of the contents of the letters, especially when taken in connection with their dates and the personages to whom they are severally addressed, is of the greatest interest. For example, one is glad to see written in William Wilberforce's unmistakeable handwriting, his mature and deliberate conviction that "the great scene of cruelty [in the slave trade] is not the West Indies, but Africa, . . . a fact of which I was not aware myself," he adds, "until I looked into the subject more minutely." Again, how would a foreigner be amused to see Lord Palmerston jauntily writing a note from Broadlands in January, 1861, at the age of 76, in the boldest and roundest of hands, telling "My dear —" that he will "want his help in beating a cover on Tuesday," and signing his name "Yr. affte," like a young lady of eighteen? How thoroughly does our genial and jovial Premier contrast in this respect with the late Duke of Wellington, who somewhat rudely repulses the expectations of Miss —, on p. 77, by telling her, in the coolest manner, and in the third person, that "The Duke is not Commander-in-Chief of the Army," having "resigned that office twelve years ago, by the desire of his colleagues," and that "he has neither influence, power, nor patronage," and concluding with the words, "Miss — must apply to somebody else." Fortunately, the sympathetic editor of the *Autograph Mirror* has kindly spared the blushes of the young lady whom his Grace thus bluntly addressed, and has omitted to *facsimile* her name. In all probability, however, "Miss —" did not really seek "patronage, influence, or power" at the Duke's hands, but only resorted to some trivial request in order to elicit the much-coveted autograph note which is lithographed here, and so made immortal.

With respect to the series of letters of Sir Colin Campbell, we should remark that, although one or two of them are not only of the highest personal interest, as illustrating some of the noblest traits of his character, such as his readiness to be off to India at twenty-four hours' notice to take the chief command of our forces, and his dislike of *fêtes* and public dinners when he returned to London as a *victor laureatus*, and as such quite suited for publication, yet we have the strongest possible objection to the publicity here given to other portions of his correspondence. We allude more particularly to a letter dated London, May 22, 1859, in which the gallant general speaks of the difficulties thrown in his way by the Indian press, and also alludes to the bad feeling evinced by the Company's troops in India on receiving the order for their transfer to the Queen's service. It can do no good even now, after five years have passed by, to make it known to the world at large that Lord Clyde was obliged to stigmatize any of the old Company's officers, even in his private letters, as "insubordinate," and "difficult to be brought back to a sense of their duty without the employment of menace or violence." Still less edifying will it be for Indian circles to see, as they will see, written in Lord Clyde's own hand, his opinion that "our prestige would have been destroyed had the native princes seen us firing on our own troops and fellow countrymen." The publication of such letters as these, in our opinion, is a serious breach of confidence, and we feel sure that the editor of the *Autograph Mirror* will consult good sense and good taste and his own interest by suppressing the publication of such statements, at all events for many years after the writer and the persons of whom he speaks are gone to their last account.

#### DR. WORDSWORTH'S COMMENTARY ON GENESIS AND EXODUS.\*

DR. WORDSWORTH has the merit of being uncompromising. He does not pretend to have hit upon a middle course of conciliation between belief and rationalism, but boldly holds to the ancient opinions of Christendom. In principle he is undoubtedly right. From making concessions there is no result but the weakening of the party by which they are made. Those to whom amiable but injudicious conciliators advance make no corresponding movement. The position of unbelief is necessarily immovable in respect to concession, and those who would change the position of belief are merely abandoning ancient and solid fortifications for works hastily thrown up, and liable to be suddenly captured or rendered untenable. A right principle may, however, be carried into practice very injudiciously. It is not wise to defend your forts with bows and arrows when the enemy's are provided with the latest inventions in artillery. Dr. Wordsworth has to our mind fallen into this error. He seems to weaken a sound cause by refusing to make use of the most recent discoveries. He follows the system of patristic expositors, and does not appear to recognise any later method. We would not for a moment speak of such illustrious men as St. Jerome and St. Augustine as antiquated expositors. Their writings will always maintain the place due to the works of learned and pious doctors, who, living near the days of the Apostles, in their lives and actions more closely followed in their steps than later teachers. Yet the difficulties they fought are not those of our times. The world of their days was avowedly vicious, and but half emancipated from open paganism. The heresies of their days were markedly different from those of our time. Their system

of interpretation was too uncritical and too allegorical to produce solid and permanent results. These and other great writers of that day are more remembered for their godly and brave lives, and for what record they have left of their convictions than as interpreters of Scripture. So, too, with the great body of patristic writers. Yet Dr. Wordsworth takes them all, and even Origen, whom the early Church rejected, as the best guides of Biblical criticism, and virtually ignores all that learned Christians of succeeding ages have effected. He is thus fighting with phantoms, seeing everywhere the exploded heresies of a bygone age, when Pelagians, Manichæans, Eutychians, Nestorians, and a hundred other sectarian bodies, whose names are scarcely known and whose opinions are forgotten, assailed the orthodox; and, what is still worse, he thinks that the errors of to-day are those of past time, and to be met by the same remedies.

When we charge Dr. Wordsworth with following the method of the patristic commentators to the neglect of later writers, we would not be supposed to assert that he does not make use of any authorities but the Fathers. His notes abound in references that show an abundant knowledge of the latest commentators. But when you compare the authorities given in the references with the substance of the notes, you find that they appear to be added as an indication of where you may find a fuller discussion of the subject. This is natural enough when the modern commentators follow an essentially different method of interpretation to the ancients.

Dr. Wordsworth has very properly begun by stating in his Preface and Introduction the general principles upon which he takes his position as an expositor. These principles are essentially sound. Their key-stone is the conviction that the Old Testament is to be read by the light of the New. This principle once laid down, the differences of commentators begin. The older writers, from the Fathers until the Reformers inclusive, very generally followed an allegorical method of interpreting Old Testament facts as symbolical of New Testament doctrines. This method they supposed to be justified by a usage of the Apostles and Evangelists, who occasionally, but sparingly, explain the Old Testament in an allegorical sense. But these explanations are of two kinds. In some cases they are to be regarded as of the nature of "accommodation;" that is, as citations of passages, which illustrate rather than directly refer to the subject in reference to which they are quoted. Even when passages quoted are directly and pointedly connected with the New Testament, it is obvious that to be certain of the allegorical sense required the light of inspiration. We do not, of course, refer to prophecy, which is distinctly indicated as directly to refer to future events. Notwithstanding the obvious reasons that these circumstances afford to discourage allegorical interpretation, it was only after centuries of experiment without result that the learned world began to see that the critical examination of the actual meaning of words was a subject of inquiry at least to be undertaken first before the hidden or allegorical sense was to be conjectured. Dr. Wordsworth seems to think otherwise, and, so thinking, has fallen into several mistakes. For instance, in the endeavour to discover an allegorical meaning in the incidents of the passage of the Red Sea, an event which some assert to be typical, he observes, "It was not without a mysterious meaning that the Israelites were commanded to encamp before *Baal-zephon*" (p. xi). But suppose that this name, instead of meaning "Baal-Syphon," should mean nothing but "the place of the watch-tower," what becomes of the allegorical sense?

The pursuit of an allegorical sense is more dangerous than it would seem at first. The heretics of the days of the early Church could take no advantage of the opportunity afforded by its incautious use. But those of the present day, who are often acute reasoners, might ask—"If you allegorize everything, what room is there for historical truth?" The argument here tells against allegory, not history, and the allegorical method might be applied to St. Paul's shipwreck with as much success as to any event recorded in the Old Testament. We will go further, and say it might be applied to any event of modern times. The conflict of good and evil gives a sufficient foothold for this method. It was very sparingly used by the Apostles, and probably from the tendency it has, when used predominantly, to weaken the effect of historical narrative, without affecting its credibility.

Instances of the incautious use of his favourite method might be abundantly cited from Dr. Wordsworth's Commentary. Jacob at the well of Haran finds three flocks. "The Rabbis," says Dr. Wordsworth, "apply this figuratively to the three classes of men in the ancient Jewish Church—Priests, Levites, Israelites (*Bereshith Rabba* here); but it seems to refer to the people, and not to their pastors, and in a Christian sense it may typify the Jews, proselytes, and Gentiles, of which the Church was formed" (p. 123). But supposing that there had been four flocks, where would have been the parallel? We cannot imagine that every small incident was ordained to suit an allegorical interpretation. Yet the more obviously the passage is plain history, the more resolutely does the commentator insist on an allegorical sense. He repeats the patristic fancies as to the meaning of the number of Abraham's hired servants, 318, both as represented in Greek letters and as corresponding to the number of Fathers of the Council of Nicea—the latter an idea of St. Ambrose. Such fancies, which can never be proved, for which there is no sanction, are sometimes pleasing. For instance, this as to the ark of bulrushes in which Moses was exposed is very striking:—

"Moses was preserved by God's providence in an ark of papyrus or

\* The Holy Bible; with Notes and Illustrations by Chr. Wordsworth, D.D. Genesis and Exodus. London: Rivingtons.



paper, and floated on the Nile, the river into which the Hebrew children were cast, in order to be destroyed (i. 22), and became the ruler of God's people. And the writings of Moses have been marvelously preserved by God, and have been made to float in arks of papyrus upon the waters of this world, notwithstanding all the designs of the enemy of God to destroy them. Egypt herself has lent her papyrus to waft the writings of Moses into all lands. A king of Egypt itself, the land of the Pharaohs, procured the Septuagint or Greek version to be made, which has diffused the knowledge of the Books of Moses in all parts of the world, and has prepared the way for the preaching of the Gospel of Christ to all nations of the earth" (p. 201).

There could not be a more favourable example of the allegorical method. The circumstance is one of great importance—in which the interference of Providence is plain, so that it has dignity in itself, and might be expected to have an allegorical meaning, or at least to belong to the class of events to which those having such a meaning belong. The explanation is worthy of the occurrence, and the parallel is complete and exact. Yet, after all, what is the result? By seeking for a mystical sense, the obvious importance of the passage is lost sight of. The great truth taught is the wonderful preservation of the helpless child who was to lead Israel out of Egypt, and to whom the Law was to be delivered. From this branch out a multitude of subjects of a different interest to a mere allegorical parallel. We learn how God chooses weak and feeble things as the instruments of His power—how He overrules the designs of wicked men so that, when endeavouring to oppose Him, they work their own overthrow. In contemplating these great truths, we have no inclination to look at small details. What matters it that the ark of Moses and the manuscript of the Septuagint were of the same material? We are thinking of Moses and of the Greek version, not of the ark and the paper. It is unfortunate that scholars like Dr. Wordsworth, and candidates for orders and the younger clergy—to both of which classes, and ordinary readers, he particularly addresses himself (p. xix)—should pursue an allegorical method when there are great truths to be taught and learnt. The present generation would much sooner hear how God has preserved in all ages those whom He has chosen to lead His people, than be taught ingenious parables, which, lacking authority, are unsatisfactory and even uninteresting. There is so much in the world crying out for reform, and such an inexhaustible store of instruction in Scripture suited for the wants of this very age in which we live, that it is matter for grief that scholars of considerable ability should be found neglecting substantial truth for what is at best its shadow, and, sometimes, seen by the light of human intelligence, uncertain and shifting enough.

Now, as to the scholarship of Dr. Wordsworth, we have characterized it as considerable, and we do not wish to qualify that judgment when we express our disappointment with the critical part of the book. We have seen better commentaries by inferior scholars. Dr. Wordsworth is, we imagine, not strong as a Hebraist. As a Grecian, his acquirements are of a high order. His knowledge of the Fathers is extensive and accurate. But here we stop. Had his critical faculty been cultivated, he would have done much with these materials. Unfortunately, at every step he shows the want of judgment of the older commentators, of almost all the predecessors of such men as Bishop Lowth. He seems to think that an array of references is as good as a list of authorities, taking authorities in the proper sense. He quotes the Arabic version by the side of the Septuagint, Vulgate, and Syriac, and commits the smaller error of bracketing the last of this group with the two immediately preceding it. On the connection of the Israelites and Hyesos, or Shepherd Kings, he has no substantial aid from the Egyptologists to whom he refers, and whose names he mixes with those of Grotius, Basnage, Perizonius, and other writers of no authority in such a matter. Again, he mixes up Seyffarth and Uhlemann with Bunsen and Lepsius. It is true that in this last error he has only followed no less a critic than Delitzsch; but he has constantly quoted Mr. Sharpe's strange lucubrations firsthand, which any scholar ought to have rejected immediately.

We have spoken thus plainly, because it is a disappointment to find a writer of sound theology, honest convictions, and an unflinching courage, armed with more than common scholarship, pursuing a course which, if it ever were profitable, seems especially unsuited to the wants of the present day.

#### THE LATE FRANCIS OLIVER FINCH.\*

ANY artist or art-lover who may open these "Memorials" of the late Mr. Finch, in the hope that he will find them to consist chiefly of matters relating to pictures and painters, will be disappointed. There is but little of such kind of writing in the volume, which is for the most part theological in its contents. Mr. Finch was by profession an artist, but by the habit of his mind a clergyman. From an early period of his life, his thoughts were very much directed towards religion, and the tendency remained with him to the last. He was a follower of Swedenborg, and a "Letter to a Friend," printed in the present work, is devoted to a defence and an exposition of the tenets of that remarkable enthusiast. Among the "Remains" here collected, only two are devoted to the Fine

Arts, and one of these has as much reference to religion as to art, being an essay on the connection between the two. In addition, we have a poem entitled "An Artist's Dream," and a few—a very few—anecdotes of Mr. Finch's artist life; but all these things put together form only the lesser portion of the book. Mrs. Finch, who writes a Memoir of the late water-colour painter, dwells almost exclusively on her husband's virtues and deep religious convictions, rather than on his professional career. The result, we must confess, is rather dull. To those who had the pleasure of Mr. Finch's acquaintance, this record of his life and collection of his scattered writings will no doubt appear extremely interesting; but we see very little that is likely to attract the outside world. The deceased artist was not a man of conspicuous powers, and the volume before us gives the impression that his mind was one of intelligent commonplace, amiable and conscientious, but not capable of making any strong or permanent mark. That he was a highly estimable man we are most willing to believe, and that the love and devotion of his widow should magnify his abilities to something uncommon, is one of those beautiful traits of affectionate belief, surviving death and change, which we recognise with sympathy and reverence. But, on more abstract grounds, we perceive nothing calculated to enlist in any strong degree either our feelings or our intellect. Mr. Finch's exposition of Swedenborgianism is a singularly feeble piece of controversial writing, giving nothing like the lively idea that might have been given of the chief of modern mystics, entirely incapable, we should say, of convincing any one, and not even exciting in the reader's mind any vehement sense of opposition or dissent. So, again, in the lecture on the Fine Arts, we discover only a wide platitude, over which we travel wearily, and have very little to say when all is over. The readiness of the writer to be satisfied with the most superficial appearances of truth may be judged from some remarks which he makes, in the progress of this discourse, on the question whether or not there is any absolute standard of beauty; whether, supposing a negro or a Chinese to believe himself beautiful and the white man ugly, there are any infallible principles by which we can prove him to be wrong, and show that the Caucasian type is the type of beauty, and all others the types of ugliness. Mr. Finch affirms that there is such a standard; and to prove his case he quotes the authority of Swedenborg, to the effect that, "when the most exalted states of Love and Wisdom are presented in the Spiritual World to the eye in a personal form, as they are amongst the Angels, that form is always one of exquisite beauty." What this has to do with our possession of an absolute standard, by which we may measure and demonstrate to others who may think differently what is beauty and what not, we are at a loss to conceive. But the lecturer proceeds (he was delivering his address to a society of juniors, and we can understand that such a line of argument may have seemed as convincing to them as we have not the slightest doubt it did to Mr. Finch himself)—"Our ideas of the heavenly and the beautiful are inseparable the one from the other. If you doubt, test it by experiment: try to imagine a company of Angels ugly, loathsome, and deformed in person; you will not only find that you cannot, but that your mind revolts at it, as if something profane and even blasphemous had been suggested to you." It requires very little penetration to discover that Mr. Finch has here confounded "loathsomeness," which is a condition of disease or adventitious depreciation, and "deformity," which is an accidental failure or marring of Nature's purposes, with that natural departure from our own ideas of beauty which we observe in other branches of the human race, and which we call ugliness. The negro might say, "I too believe the angels to be beautiful, but then I believe their style of beauty to be nothing more than my own, exalted and perfected." And the question to be settled is, where is that absolute and indisputable standard of beauty by an appeal to which we can show the negro to be wrong and ourselves right? It is easy enough to prove that the angels are not "loathsome" or "deformed," for a state of perfection cannot be a state of disease and painful thwarting of the Divine plan; but the negro and the Mongolian are in neither of these conditions. They are as God has made them; and, without asserting that they cannot be proved to be less comely than ourselves, we must certainly hold that Mr. Finch altogether failed to prove it.

#### AT HOME IN PARIS.\*

IN pursuing the investigations of which we had lately the result in his "Children of Lutetia," so close an observer as Mr. Jerrold was certain to be struck by many phases of Parisian life which would suggest matter for his pen. But we doubt whether he has the power of producing a vivid picture of what he sees, careful as he is in digging up and arranging facts. Many of the papers in this volume are laboured and dull, and in his tendency to satirical point he sometimes gives us what we feel sure is not a true picture. To support his theory that in a house occupied by many families "every lodger becomes a selfish kind of philosopher, and is not extremely disturbed by hearing the rattle in the throat of his next door neighbour," he relates or imagines a piece of heartlessness which the most heartless would not, for mere decency's sake, have displayed so openly. One of the lodgers, a young girl, has just died of consumption; a number of ladies are gossiping in the *salon* of an Italian singer.

\* Memorials of the late Francis Oliver Finch, Member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. With Selections from his Writings. London: Longman & Co.

\* At Home in Paris, and a Trip through the Vineyards to Spain. By W. Blanchard Jerrold. London: Allen & Co.



"The Signorina's mother cut in with this careless remark—  
"By the way, how is poor Mademoiselle Gasparini this afternoon?"

"How is she, dear mother?" the Signorina answered, with a little surprise in her tone; "why, she has been dead three-quarters of an hour."

"The young lady leant towards the mantelpiece, to be quite sure of the hour, in the winter twilight.

"Yes," she added, "just three quarters of an hour. She died at four o'clock and it now wants exactly a quarter to five."

"Hearing the hour, one of the ladies jumped up from her seat, and saying, 'Dear me! I ordered dinner at half-past four,' sailed with many courtesies from the *salon*."

We have seldom seen more labour with less result than in the chapters headed, "Our Concierge," "Our Cook, Clemence." The most interesting chapters of Mr. Jerrold's book are those which seem to have been omitted from the "Children of Lutetia." Thus the chapter, "Our Melancholy Baker," shows us the sort of hardships the journeyman bakers of Paris have to put up with, which are very like those of our own journeyman bakers:—

"I was leaving my rooms in the Rue de Castellane early one morning, when I was met at my door by the baker, who had just stood two loaves, each about the length of a musket, against the wall. I was struck with man's mournful and sick appearance. He was as thin as a living human being well could be. There was a most touching expression of pain and weariness in his sunken eyes; and he went heavily—very heavily for so spare a man—down the stairs. I heard that he had a little sharp cough. His miserable figure interested me, and led me to consider and to inquire into the condition of the working bakers of Paris. Often on my way home at night I had been startled by the most painful screams and groans, that appeared to travel to my ears from the earth under my feet; and on looking through a little trap under the baker's shop-window, I had found that the discordant noise proceeded from two or three half nude men, who were kneading vast troughs of dough in a steamy cellar. I have watched these poor labourers, doomed to toil through winter and through summer nights, and to sleep through the sunlight, with profound pity. Not only are they exposed to all kinds of unhealthy influences, baked for hours in a cellar, and thrust out on chilly mornings to go home to their garrets; but they are doomed to live apart from all other classes of working men. Any reader who may have been accustomed, while in Paris, to take early walks, may have seen the well-known figure of the journeyman baker ambling sadly home after his night's work, in his grey cotton clothes, and with the new-baked loaf, which is his daily perquisite, under his arm. He has just left the hot mouth of the oven, and the cold morning breeze strikes to the marrow of his bones. He is hurrying, sore oppressed, to his bed, through crowds of labourers, who, fresh after a good night's sleep, are commencing their day's work."

In the same way, the chapters on the butchers and confectioners of Paris will be read with pleasure. Besides the more solid interest of these portions of Mr. Jerrold's "At Home in Paris," we light occasionally on some amusing passage, as at page 107, where he quotes from "The World's Obituary" for 1863, published in the *Opinion Nationale*, some curious blunders in reference to our own illustrious dead. For instance, we have "Maurice Landsclowne, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, President of the Cabinet, and of the Privy Council"—"Sir Taton Syke"—"Sir Georhe Cornwall Levis." In addition to these, the French chronicles record the deaths of "the poet and composer, Ch. Glow," and of "Augustus Leopold Ileg." Under this ingenious orthography our readers will hardly be able to recognize Charles Glover, the author of "Jeanette and Jeannot," and the late Augustus Egg. In the same style, the chapter on "Shakespeare in Paris" is amusing and clever.

Next to his exposition of the hospitals, trades, and beggars of Paris, Mr. Jerrold is most at home when there is a touch of sentiment in his narrative, as in the chapter entitled "A Bohemian, *par excellence*," in which he gives a vivid sketch of Alexandre Privat d'Anglemont. The following touching story of a tailor is also excellent:—

"This tailor, whose name was Blanc, was a clever fellow, with a taste for literature; he read everything that came out, and was thoroughly up in all the great questions of the day. He was the first to discover in Louis Ulbach, his compatriot, then young and unknown, the future man of talent, the clever and distinguished novelist of to-day. By dint of daily contact with an aristocratic *clientèle*, Blanc had gained a certain polish, which, however, had nothing pretentious about it. He was the son of a peasant, and had quitted his native village on foot, in order to make his way in the world. 'I do not know the name of the village,' M. de Villemessant goes on to say, 'but it could not have been Guerande, for it that case Blanc would not have been obliged to leave it to make his fortune—a man's wealth being there estimated according to the number of waistcoats he wears. While himself almost a child, he had become godfather to a little girl, who afterwards was left an orphan. When this happened, Blanc brought the child to Paris, and watched over her growth with a father's care. She was pretty and good, and so, by-and-by, the love of Blanc began to change its character, and he resolved to marry his goddaughter. She, in her turn, loved him, and the matter was arranged. Suddenly, however, the girl, whose lungs had always been delicate, fell seriously ill. The doctors prescribed change of air, and she was sent to Ville d'Avray. Thither every day went poor Blanc, snatching a few hours from his business, and taking with him a little present of fresh flowers or early fruit for his *fiancée*. I often happened to meet him at the station, and then I was invariably made the confidant of his hopes and fears concerning the poor invalid. At the end of a year the young girl died, and was buried in the pretty cemetery of Ville

d'Avray. This cemetery, unlike more pretentious places of its kind, is not a sculptor's studio, but simply a garden for the dead, where the trees, flowers, and insects all whisper the lullaby of those who sleep the eternal sleep. Every Sunday Blanc went to Ville d'Avray, and passed the day regretting, weeping, and praying at the tomb of his *fiancée*. Towards evening, more tranquil, he would go and sit in the little summer-house of the *Restaurant de la Grille*, kept by the guard of the forest. The sister of this guard was a widow, and, full of sympathy and compassion, she listened, Sunday after Sunday, to the history of poor Blanc's disappointment. To listen was in some sort to console, and amongst these three personages, the lover, the dead *fiancée*, and the living *confidante*, there was at last but one love, and Blanc married the widow. Unhappily, however, he was not cured of his grief; marriage failed to take from him the memory of his lost love; he became more and more absorbed, and his melancholy at last ended in monomania. His reason returned to him, however, with the thunders of the Revolution of 1848. At the sound of the cannon of the Chateau d'Eau, Blanc awoke from his dream,—passed his hand over his forehead, as if the popular tumult had cleared his clouded brain,—took his gun, kissed his wife, rushed out to his duty as a National Guard, and formed one of the escort of a princess and a mother, who to the last struggled with all her might against the dangers of the *émeute* and the desertion of her partisans. The tumult and confusion which attended the departure of the royal family from the Palais Bourbon after the regency had been put aside by the people will not, even at this distance of time, have been forgotten. The young Duc de Chartres had been separated from his mother, been recognised in the crowd, seized by the collar, and would, no doubt, have been strangled, if the intervention of a brave timely arm had not occurred to spare this crime to the annals of the Revolution. That arm was Blanc's. At the same time, M. de Girardin and M. de Larochejaquelein were presenting themselves as shields for the Comte de Paris against the fury of an insurgent. I am wrong, however, in saying Blanc was alone in the defence. A dozen loyal and courageous men followed and aided him in his energetic intervention; and two years afterwards, on the 24th of February, the anniversary of the day, they each received from the Duchess of Orléans an emerald pin surrounded by diamonds in the form of "forget-me-nots." The gifts were accompanied by a letter, which concluded thus: "Thanks to you, who protected our weakness." The revolution ruined the poor tailor; his reason also again left him, never to return. He died mad, ten or twelve years ago; and his last words were of '48. "Save the children," he cried; "hide the treasure!"

"Blanc left a will, in which he expressed a wish to be buried at Ville d'Avray; but it was found that there was no available spot in the little cemetery. His friends were intending, reluctantly, to apply elsewhere, when, on looking over the cemetery books, it was discovered that a grave which had been granted for ten years had just then become vacant. This grave was the grave of poor Blanc's lost love, and in it he was placed. It is given to every-day life sometimes to enact extraordinary dramas; of which, it seems, even tailors may be the sentimental heroes. May poor Blanc's honest head lie lightly upon his goose!"

#### AFFINITIES OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.\*

IN a recent review of an Irish Dictionary, we had occasion to advert to the rich treasures of poetry and history for the sake of which a few earnest but ill-supported men have laboured to revive the study of that most perfect branch of the ancient Celtic language. Professor Blackie now claims attention to a kindred dialect, on the ground of its affinity to the other members of the great Aryan family. He says:—"The genus can be properly known only by a generalization from the species, and the species only by a differentiation from the genus." This is his apology for inaugurating a course of lectures on Greek by a very interesting one devoted to that branch of the Celtic most accessible to his pupils—namely, the Gaelic, which still lives in the Highlands of Scotland.

The most persistent parts of any nation's vocabulary are the names of beloved and familiar objects, as father, mother, brother; also of domesticated animals, simple utensils, two or three of the commoner metals and cereals, with the numerals and personal pronouns. A few score of household words of this class are found to be the common inheritance of all the nations usually called Indo-European. This is the point of unity, so far as vocabulary is concerned.

But when groups of people sprung from a common stock have separated, and settled in distant countries, their languages diverge from one another with more or less rapidity, each community gradually falling into peculiarities, and enlarging its stock of words as occasion arises, in a way that must be unknown to the rest with whom it no longer holds intercourse. And therefore, by a careful analysis of the language of each of such groups, our modern philologists have speculated on the relative epochs at which the Hellenes, the Celts, the Latins, the Goths, and the Slaves separated from the parent stock of the Japhet family, or from each other, and they have believed that they could detect with tolerable certainty what progress had been made in the arts of life at the period when each of these separations took place. The Rev. Isaac Taylor, in his curious work on "Words and Places," has followed up this subject in the way of tracing the emigrations of each great people by the names they have left on the soil, and marking the modifications which the original names have received from the lips of successive nations of conquerors.

It is a well-established fact that the first great stream of popula-

\* The Gaelic Language; its Classical Affinities and Distinctive Character. A Lecture delivered in the University of Edinburgh. By John Stuart Blackie, F.R.S.E., Professor of Greek. Edinburgh: Edmondston & Douglas.



tion that flowed from the Caucasus over Central Europe was that which became distinguished as the Gaelic or Gaulic people; and it is actually found that their language has been impressed on the whole topography of the region lying between the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. But, as wave after wave of population from the east either effaced the previous ones or pushed them onwards to the west, it came to pass that the remnants of this once widely-spread people were cooped up in a few secluded corners, and the Celtic language, which was once spoken throughout the greater part of Europe, is now dying out among the granite bluffs of Bretagne, the green hills of Erin, the slaty precipices of Wales, and the rugged glens of the Scottish Highlands. The boast of the Scottish Gael is that his people, having fled to the mountain fastnesses from the Roman power, and remained without commerce or arts, or anything else to excite emulation or stimulate ambition, have continued to be genuine Gauls in language, dress, and manners; while the Irish Celt glories in the fact that, by an early civilization and literary culture, yet without foreign admixture, his language acquired a richness of vocabulary and a perfection of grammatical precision that the Scottish Celtic never attained. Certainly, the Celtic in either dialect is, so far as we know, an unmixed and undivided language, being obviously reducible to its own roots. Its longer words are compounds of short ones, having a known signification; and these again are resolvable into the simplest combinations of vowels and consonants, if not into mere sounds.

"In this respect," says Dr. Blackie, "Gaelic ranks proudly with Greek, German, and Sanscrit, and asserts a decided superiority over English. For, however high we may rate the virtues of the English tongue, one advantage from its whole history and habit it certainly never can boast, that of organic unity and homogeneous growth. The English is essentially a borrowed and a borrowing language; it filches from all quarters freely, and steals not only the money, but the pocket also sometimes in which the money is kept. It is a gorgeous hybrid which makes a splendid show in a florist's window, but to which the scientific botanist prefers some little pink or white starlet, that peeps out modestly from the base of a gleaming azure glacier, or an emerald moss-bed in Alpine regions. It is a magnificent mantle, covering the broadest shoulders with a graceful amplitude, but strangely patched with Melibœan purple, hoddens grey, and every possible variety of superficial brocade and fundamental druggel. You will find in a single English sentence—if you have got the proper microscopes and telescopes, for the naked eye here can do nothing—some lofty metaphysical phrase stolen and vulgarized from godlike Plato, some weighty shibboleth of Roman polity from Cicero, some dulcet softness from Italian love-songs, some pointed prettiness from Parisian salons, since pretentious pedantries from learned schoolmasters, and alongside of this some piece of weathered slang snatched from the mouth of a swarthy gipsy, or picked up from a den of London thieves, and made respectable by a fashionable novelist or clever comedian. All these elements and many more lie in the magnificent motley riches of the English language; but for organic unity of structure and the chaste simplicity of a homogeneous growth, we must have recourse to Greek or Gaelic."

Dr. Blackie's researches with a view to ascertaining the affinities of Gaelic vocables lead to the conclusion that the Celtic is more nearly related to the Greco-Latin than to any other of the parent languages of the Aryan family; and that its roots have been more largely transplanted into the dialects of Great Britain than is generally supposed. We think the truth in both these respects may be much beyond his estimate, because, having examined only one dialect of the Celtic, he could determine but imperfectly its classical affinities; and with so little knowledge as he possesses of the provincial dialects of South Britain, his estimate of the Celtic element which is embodied in the living speech of the whole nation may fall short of the reality.

We must add that we have no great confidence in the comparison of mere vocables for determining with any precision the affinities of various tongues. That which philologists call the genius of a language, the formative element, that which subjects and controls all the materials however heterogeneous, and moulds them to a consistent whole, is vastly more important than any amount of mere material. But this, the most important part of philology, remains almost untouched. A comparative syntax, displaying the affinities and differences of national genius, which appear in the mode of constructing sentences, is still wanting; and till one is elaborated the whole science must be confessed to be in a very imperfect condition.

#### CONSUMPTION.\*

It is a question that now-a-days excites a good deal of attention and controversy, whether "specialists" do good or harm to the practice of medicine. For our own part, we incline to the supposition that the man who adopts a *spécialité*, and gives his entire time and consideration to one class of diseases, must know more about the subject he studies than those who, owing to their pursuits being of a more general character, have neither the time nor the opportunity for minute observation of any one kind of malady. Hence we think it advisable that medical men should single out particular departments of physic for continued research. But we do not mean by this that the physician is to content him-

self with prescribing for patients and receiving fees. He who acts thus defeats the end we wish to accomplish. It is necessary for him to employ the various opportunities that present themselves for comparison of cases, to test the accuracy of current doctrines, and to make himself familiar with all that has been, and is being, done in the investigation of the nature of the diseases he has made his particular pursuit. When these conditions are fulfilled, the specialist can no longer be regarded as simply a physician with a hobby, but as an earnest and truth-seeking student, whose highest aim is the analysis of the phenomena which present themselves to his notice, and the alleviation of human suffering. Unhappily, we do not find that the species of practitioner to which we have referred is by any means of frequent occurrence. Too often do we perceive that the medical man singles out a class of diseases for treatment merely because by so doing he obtains a higher medico-social reputation, and thereby a larger income.

We may say of the author of the present volume that his spirit finds a congenial resting-place in the neighbourhood of the Bronchial tubes. In defiance of scientific pathology, totally disregarding the laws of physiology, and with an amusing contempt for the practical experience of those whose lives have shed a lustre upon medical science, he harps upon the one string, obstruction of air-passages. The important researches of Hughes Bennet, the distinguished Professor of the practice of physic in the University of Edinburgh, have shown that phthisis is a condition of the body whose origin, though as yet obscurely demonstrated, is to be referred to some derangement of the alimentary system. We are not justified in regarding it as a disease of the lungs, but as a disease of the apparatus we allude to, the result of which is, by checking the process of nutrition, to develop in various portions of the frame deposits of an imperfectly organised material, which, under circumstances favourable to it, produces ulcers and gives rise to suppuration. If, indeed, these deposits were invariably laid down in the pulmonary organs, or were confined to their apparatus, then there might be some show of reason for assuming that the disease was at all events in great measure one of the lungs; but this is not the case. All the characters of decline may present themselves—there may be emaciation, loss of appetite, diarrhoea, and superficial abscess—and yet the lungs be healthy. In other words, the scrofulous or consumptive diathesis may be present without consentaneous affection of the lung; and therefore it follows that we must not seek for the origin of the disease in any obstruction of the air-canals. To explain consumption by assuming it to proceed from cold, cough, &c., would be an absurdity, and, though the error is not infrequent among non-professional persons, we trust, for the credit of modern medicine, that in this country the blunder is confined to the class we refer to.

Dr. Hunter is a gentleman who, though in practice in America, was not on that account deterred by any obedience to the laws of professional etiquette from publishing a series of letters on lung diseases in the columns of that highly reputable paper, the *New York Tribune*. It is these productions of his genius which he now reprints; and we think we may fairly be excused the expression of a wish that his modesty had restrained his literary powers, and saved us the pain of observing the utter ignorance of scientific medicine which one in professedly extensive practice has exhibited. That we may not be accused of a feeling of prejudice, we quote Dr. Hunter's definition of consumption, which is as follows:—

"Consumption is caused by tubercles in the lungs. For a long time, this term—consumption—was applied indiscriminately to all diseases of an obscure nature attended by wasting or emaciation of the body. They were called consumption because the body slowly consumed away. When the study of pathological anatomy—that is to say, the conditions of the organs in disease—became more general, it was soon found that disease of the lungs was more frequently the cause of wasting than all other chronic affections combined, and, in course of time, the term consumption became limited to pulmonary disease alone."

Comment on the above passage is quite uncalled for, the assertions they contain being so palpably erroneous that the merest tyro who "walks the hospital" must at once perceive it. In conclusion, we may remark that we have not been disappointed with Dr. Hunter's volume; for, the moment we looked at it, and observed the letters from patients (professing the most astonishing cures) which are interspersed through its pages, we at once conceived of what we should expect. If it be asked why we did not consign the book to the limbo of the waste-paper-basket, we would affirm that our object has been a fair one. We wished to demonstrate that Holloway, Morrison, Du-Barry, and Parr, are not the only individuals who are capable of effecting astounding cures, and of blowing their own trumpets with astounding impudence.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

THE gem of *Blackwood* this month is an article called "Life in an Island," containing a most interesting and beautifully written description of Capri, its scenes and its people—an article above the ordinary run of Magazine writing, and pleasantly distinguished from the negative character of a large part of contemporary literature by the warmth and enthusiasm of its tone. There are also two very good poems of Italian life, linked together by a common title—one describing a selfish, sensual Monsignore, the other a simple, genuine, truly Christian old curate. These poems—both in blank verse, and instinct with a good deal of dramatic force—are suggestive of the

\* Practical Letters on the Nature, Causes, and Cure of Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption. By Robert Hunter, Doctor of Medicine University of New York. London: C. Mitchell & Co.



pen of William W. Story. "Nile Basins and Nile Explorers" is a vindication of the late Captain Speke from the criticisms of Captain Burton. "Tony Butler" is brought to a conclusion; the series of articles on "The Cities and Camps of the Confederate States" is continued; Cornelius O'Dowd chatters as usual on a great variety of subjects; and the number concludes with a very dreary article on foreign politics.

Macmillan has a more varied programme than usual. Lady Duff Gordon's brief, but lively, paper on Cairo is extremely amusing. A very agreeable picture of the native population is given by the writer, and the antiquity lurking on all sides—in physiognomy, in dress, in furniture, in household utensils—is sketched in a few rapid and incisive strokes. Professor J. E. Cairns describes a species of co-operation existing in the slate quarries of North Wales, by which the process of splitting and dressing the blocks of slate is divided amongst a number of middle-men, who contract to produce slates of the required sizes and shapes at so much per thousand, and who engage their own workmen, and to some extent pay the necessary expenses, though not in the serious matters of tramways, waggons, machinery, &c. Mr. Cairns says the system works well, and he attributes to it the general prosperity of those districts, despite the ignorance of the great body of the working population; but it hardly seems to us a true instance of co-operation, so much as a development of the middle-man system, generally not very happy in its operation. "Irish lawyers and statesmen of a bygone generation" is the amusing gossip of "a man on the shady side of fifty" about Grattan, Plunket, Wolfe Tone, and other eminent Irish politicians of the past. An account of the great expedition of Captain Charles Sturt, of the 39th Regiment, who in 1828 conducted a party of inquiry into a portion of Australia at that time quite unknown, is given under the head of "A Chapter from the History of Australian Exploration." In "A Basque Pastorale" we have a curious picture of the religious plays still represented among the simple, primitive people of the French Pyrenees; and the short paper on "The Finances of France and England," contributed by Lord Hobart, suggests some matters for reflection as regards our national expenditure, which his lordship is not so disposed to eulogize as a recent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who sought to prove that the burdens of Englishmen are much lighter than those of Frenchmen. Lord Hobart contends that there are some fallacies in this assertion, and he quotes several figures to bear out of his view.

In the *Cornhill* we find a thoughtful piece of criticism on French estimates of Shakespeare, both in the last and the present century—from the wild ravings of vituperation, as poured forth by Voltaire, to the equally wild ravings of eulogy uttered only a few months ago by Victor Hugo. Of the younger Hugo's translation of our great dramatist, the critic speaks very highly; but, while admitting the felicity of occasional passages, he pronounces the work on Shakespeare by the father, as we have already pronounced it, "a melancholy mistake," full of bombast, nonsense, carelessness, and ignorance. The signature to this article is "G. H. L.," the initials, evidently, of Mr. Lewes. "The Story of my Escape from Fettehghur" is a narrative of absorbing interest, relating the actual experiences of a survivor of the dreadful Indian massacres of 1857. In "Politics in the Sandwich Islands" we have an account of the recent proceedings in those distant quarters, which have resulted in the abolition of the constitution of 1852, and the proclamation of a new one, somewhat similar to that of England. The debate preceding this *coup d'état* (for, though quietly carried out, it seems to have amounted to such) was curious, as showing the existence of a very determined, though as yet unsuccessful, democratic party in Honolulu. "A Memorial of Thackeray's School days," written by a fellow Carthusian, contains some amusing gossip, but not so much as might have been expected, considering the writer's intimate knowledge of the young humourist. Some rough early sketches are worked into the text; but the best thing in the number is a parody written by Thackeray, when he was quite a lad, on some sentimental and silly verses of "L. E. L.'s"—a parody full of humour and adroitness.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* commences a new series of articles on our religious novelists (starting with Hannah More), and also a "Popular History of the English Bible." The contents of the number, however, are for the most part devoted to subjects connected with the festal season in the midst of which we now are.

The first number of the *Englishman's Magazine* is before us. Though avowedly started as an organ of religious thought (of the High Church order), it contains, in the part now on our table, many articles of a purely secular character—as, for instance, those on "Domestic Philosophy," "The Text of Shakespeare," "The Earth as a Habitation," and "The Causes and Moral Effects of Strikes." Religious subjects are treated in several papers, and a sprinkling of poetry and fiction gives lightness and variety to the more solid matter. The Magazine seems to be well written, and will doubtless commend itself to at least a portion of the Church of England.

The *British Army and Navy Review* keeps up its professional character in a number of articles interesting to fighting men; but it must be confessed that this month the navy is almost entirely eclipsed by the sister service. This is an oversight which will probably be corrected in future numbers.

*London Society* is instinct with the Christmas and New Year feeling; but the present number is not so good as some recent issues, either in letterpress or illustration. The picture representing the Queen (absurdly idealized) leaning over one of the young Princesses, who is contemplating a miniature, is in the very worst style of affectation and sentimentalism, and the accompanying poem is simply puerile. No. I. of "Scenes in Court," by a "Society of Barristers," is published in the present number; and "Jack Easel, Esq.," inaugurates a series of "Social Sketches" by describing "A Fashionable Neighbourhood."

We have also received the current number of *Temple Bar* (in which the lively and vigorous pen of Mr. Sala, sketching "The Streets of

the World," describes the "Riva degli Schiavoni" of Venice), the *St. James's Magazine*, the *Sixpenny Magazine*, *Our Own Fireside*, *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Quiver*, *Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper*, and *Merry and Wise*, the first number of a new miscellany for the young folks, of the usual character.

#### AMERICAN WORKS OF HUMOUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—With reference to a work of American humour stated, in your last week's issue, to be "now in preparation at a New York publisher's," and from which you quote as from a sample sheet the *Experiences of an Editor*, I beg to inform you that those "Experiences" form, tectually, part of a very well known work called "Artemus Ward, his Book," which is at least two years old, and which, if republished here, would doubtless attain considerable popularity, for it is one of the drollest productions I ever read. It is certainly written in "show-man's language," but the author, so far from being a showman (save in the Albert Smith sense, for he has been recently giving an entertainment on the "Mormons"), is a well known member of the New York press, and a former contributor to a comic periodical, called *Vanity Fair*. "Artemus Ward" is a *nom de plume*. His real name is Chas. H. Brown.

Yours very truly,

VIATOR.

P.S. The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers are quaint enough; but Major Jack Downing's Letters would appear, I am afraid, to English readers intolerably impoverished and stupid.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is a curious fact for the contemplation of moralists, that the most skilful forgeries of modern times have taken place with antiquaries and those of a literary turn, rather than with mercantile adventurers, or men in the pursuit of wealth, no matter how realized. The ability shown in many a *facsimile* autograph of Shakespeare or Ben Jonson would, if devoted to such talismanic names as Rothschild, Baring, or the pretty signatures of the directors of the Bank of England, have gained great notoriety, if not immediate wealth, for the daring expert. Ireland and Malone would, probably, have found it to their advantage to have turned their attention to bills of exchange and bankers' cheques, instead of doctoring up so-called "remains" of Shakespeare; and, if detection does take place, it may be doubted whether the scowls of judge and jury are a whit less unpleasant than the sneers of critics, and the gibes of the dull but virtuous. We all remember the wonderful MSS. from Mount Athos, and other congenial spots for such antiquities, which Dr. Simonides not long since brought before the learned world of London; and the dispute between the British Museum authorities and Mr. Collier, touching the skilful use of the pen in matters of dramatic autograph, are yet fresh in public recollection. The numerous autograph manuals and guides published in this country, and the great taste that has long existed here for collecting signatures and paying ridiculous prices for them, have made the English market a good one; but on the Continent the autograph mania has been spreading very rapidly of late, and certain old handwritings now realize more there than here. Facsimilists and forgers, too, have sprung up in Paris and the other large cities, and the mania, therefore, may be considered at a universally high point just now. Recent advices speak of one or two continental Irelands. One man, named Gersterbergk, was lately arrested at Weimar and committed for trial on numerous charges of selling sham autographs, manuscripts, poems, letters, &c., of Schiller. This poet, indeed, seems to have provided the man with quite a comfortable living, for Gersterbergk found plenty of customers to give high prices for his interesting wares, amongst others Schiller's own daughter, who is said to have laid out more than 5,000*fr.* with the imposter. At length, however, the mere quantity of his stores excited the suspicion of certain learned persons, and amongst them Professor Dieltz, of Berlin, who was the first to discover and denounce the rogue.

A little bird, a very tiny one, has been hopping about during the past week, whispering a piece of startling intelligence. Mr. Tennyson is to be made a baronet.

The Tennyson selections are now being "subscribed" to the trade, and signatures for nearly 30,000 copies have been obtained. The publication in parts, too, is creating quite a furor amongst country booksellers, and orders are reaching Dover-street from every side of the country. It is understood that a greater demand now exists for the works of the Laureate than at any previous time.

M. Rénan and his wife have arrived at Cairo. The Professor intends to visit the Pyramids and Upper Egypt, for the purpose of archaeological research. With him travels the well-known antiquary, M. Mariette.

The photograph shops have a new star—Mr. Banting, of corpulence notoriety. Within the last few days a well-executed portrait of this gentleman has appeared in the windows, and for the moment it is the most saleable *carte de visite* out. Such is fame!

Mr. Banting, too, has appeared in France, but in the form of a pamphlet, which has just been published by a learned professor of medicine. The title is, "The Banting System," and it sells for one franc. Dr. Julius Vogel, the professor in question, treats of "Corpulence, its causes, prevention, and cure, by a simple dietetic method, with the help of the experiences of Mr. William Banting."

M. de Girardin, the editor of *La Presse*, so famous for his satire, has recently made his *début* in the dramatic world. The piece is spoken of in the highest terms, and the committee of the Comédie Française has decided, by a majority of seven white balls to three black, that it shall appear on their boards. The only immediate drawback, however, is the want of a talented actress to assume the character of a young girl of eight or ten—one of the principal in the piece.



Another evening journal, of a different and more ambitious design than the one recently mentioned in our columns, is talked of. It is to be a small but well-printed sheet, and it promises to differ from all other evening papers by giving, in the fewest possible words consistent with full and accurate expression, the latest political intelligence, and such a summary of foreign news as will indicate the more important movements abroad without wearying the reader. The conductors promise that the favourite rhetorical flourishes of our old friend, the penny-a-liner, shall not meet with any encouragement in their sheet. They assume, too, that the readers of the new journal will have already skimmed a morning paper, and, conducting their sheet upon an understanding of this kind, they hope to devote a considerable space to social topics, to news from the drawing-room or quiet tea-table rather than the Legislature and the counting-house. Literature and the stage will afford frequent material, and the conductors speak of "combining the attractions of the old *Spectator*, and *Anti-Jacobin*, with the modern review."

Some friends to the unfortunate Poles have just issued in Paris "The High-treason Burlesque of 1864," a pamphlet referring to the shameful persecution, and in particular the recent six months' trial, of the Poles in that city. The Prussian authorities have already ordered the seizure of any copies found within their territory.

Some Vandal has been exercising his wantonness in old Bunhill-fields' burial-ground, and upon no less an object of antiquity than Bunyan's monument. A correspondent writes to say that the nose had been chipped off, and other disfigurements made; and that when he was there a few days since, dirty urchins were capering over the tomb, using it as schoolboys would an old tree-clump in a play-ground. Surely this ought not to be allowed. A trifling outlay on the part of our parochial authorities would at least keep such spots free from the fooleries of thoughtless persons not worthy the name of the iconoclasts of old. With such exposed spots as the old burial-ground in St. Paul's Churchyard, may we ask why a few handfuls of flower-seed or hardy garden-seed are not occasionally cast over the ink-black soil? There is a gardener who looks after the flowery inclosure in the Temple, and who, we believe, could manage, at a comparatively small cost, such enclosures as Bunhill-fields and St. Paul's Churchyard. At present they have a positively hideous look; and this, in all probability, is the reason why people care so little about them.

A political pamphlet, or small book, has just appeared in Paris, and is creating no small sensation in certain circles over there. The title is, "L'Avenir et les Bonapartes." "Doubtless," a correspondent writes, "it will be reviewed in England. Most of the questions which occupy the attention of society are handled in a masterly manner. Whatever differences of opinion one may entertain as to the ideas therein expressed, one cannot help feeling that the author, M. Charles Luvayrier, writes in good earnest."

An important discovery has been made by Mr. B. B. Woodward, the Queen's Librarian at Windsor. It is no other than some documents and letters of Prince Charles Edward (the young Pretender), who secretly visited London in the year 1750, and made a profession of Protestantism which has been a sore puzzle to those of our historians who have dealt with this period. These papers were discovered amongst some thousands of letters written or collected by the Stuart family during their exile, and were acquired by George IV., when Prince Regent, in part by purchase, and in part by the gift of Cardinal Gonsalvi. They are now all being arranged and catalogued, and very soon students of history will be enabled to consult them for fresh particulars of the period, 1716—1770. The professions of Protestantism made by the young Pretender are extremely curious. They occur on scraps of paper as though they were the jottings of idle moments, and do not always show a very correct acquaintance with the English tongue. These, for instance, are curious:—

"Papish, Irish, such is fools,  
Such as them Cant be my Tools."

"I hete all prists, and the regions they rein in,  
from the pope at Rome to the papists of Britain."

The collection of maps belonging to the Royal Geographical Society has recently been very largely increased, the accessions since the last anniversary meeting (in May, 1863) amounting to no fewer than 7,320 maps, besides Atlases. The total number of maps at present contained in the Society's collection is 34,200 independent of Atlases, which amount to upwards of 300.

Two topics, for the moment, occupy Parisian journalists—the intense cold at present felt in the French metropolis, and the marriage of M. Alexandre Dumas ( *fils* ) to Madame Nariskine, which was fixed for Thursday.

Mr. Wright's new volume, "A History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art," which has been a long time under his hand for completion—the subject demanding great research—will be published next week. It will make a book very similar in size to this gentleman's "Domestic Manners and Sentiments of the English in the Middle Ages." The woodcuts of the caricatures of every age and people will be from the pencil of Mr. Fairholt. Messrs. VIRTUE BROTHERS will publish the work.

The well-known author of the Rationalistic "Life of Christ," Dr. David Strauss, has taken up his abode in Berlin, where, it is said, he intends to stay for some time, in order to avail himself of the stores of the Royal Library in certain new studies, upon which he is engaged.

Félicien David, the well-known author of "Lalla Rookh," "Her-culaneum," and many other charming operas, is at present in a very bad state of health.

The first edition of the "Globe Shakespeare," numbering somewhere about 20,000 copies, is, we hear, very nearly exhausted. It is further said that, when the publishers have sold the first impression, and commence the second issue, they will then realize one halfpenny per copy. Publishers and booksellers of the old school look upon the edition with considerable disfavour. They say its cheapness only makes people dissatisfied with other literature not quite so bulky for the money.

A publication of a novel kind is announced to make its appearance on the 1st of January. It is to be entitled "The Press Adviser," and is intended to act as a medium of communication between newspaper proprietors and book publishers, containing matters of interest connected with journalism. It will appear monthly, under the management of Mr. W. B. Bull.

Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. announce for immediate publication "Historical Notes on the Tractarian Movements, A.D. 1833—1845," by Frederick Oakeley, 1 vol.; also, "Jacob's Flight, or a Pilgrimage to Haran, and thence in the Patriarch's Footsteps into the Promised Land," by Mrs. Beke, with an introduction and a map by Dr. Beke, with illustrations.

Messrs. EDMONSTON & DOUGLAS have published a fourth edition of "False Christs and the True, or the Gospel Maintained in Answer to Strauss and Rénan," a sermon preached before the National Bible Society of Scotland by the Rev. John Cairns. It is in the form of a well-printed pamphlet of thirty-two pages, in a neat wrapper.

Messrs. TINSLEY will publish in a few days "George Geith of Fen Court," a novel, by F. G. Trafford, author of "City and Suburb," 3 vols.; "America in the Midst of War, being My Diary in the United States of America, 1863—4," by George Augustus Sala, 2 vols.

We see the following new Danish works announced in the *Dagbladet* of Copenhagen:—A volume of poems, by Chr. Richardt, called "Nyere Digte af Chr. Richardt;" a book of travels, entitled "Reisebilleder af Carl Andersen;" and another work, entitled "Maria Stuart i Skotland." Some of the papers in the *Cornhill Magazine*—amongst others, the tale by Miss Thackeray—have been translated into Danish.

MICHEL LÉVY FRÈRES have just published the "Théâtre d'Alarcon," translated for the first time by M. Alphonse Royer. This collection, which follows the "Théâtre de Cervantes et de Tirso de Molina," contains a work likely to pique French curiosity—"La Vérité Suspecte"—which furnished Pierre Corneille with the subject and principal scenes of the "Menteur."

"Christophe Colomb et la Découverte du Nouveau Monde," by the Marquis de Belloy, has just appeared at the house of DUCROCQ, splendidly illustrated.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Acrostics, in Prose and Verse. 18mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Alford (Dean), Letters from Abroad. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Ballantyne (R. M.), The Lifeboat. 2nd edit. Feap., 5s.  
 Barefooted Birdie: a Tale for Christmas. Feap., 2s. 6d.  
 Barinby (G.), Aids to Devotion. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Bible Words for Daily Use. 32mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Bohn's Historical Library.—Strickland's Queens of England. Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
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 Etchings. A Selection of Etchings by the Etching Club. Imperial 4to., £3. 3s.  
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**NOTICE.**—With our issue of this day is published, GRATIS, A SPECIAL AND HIGHLY INTERESTING SUPPLEMENT, reviewing the Progress of English Literature and Religion during 1864.

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Advertisements for the Issue of the 7th of January will be received at the Office till 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening, the 3rd of January.

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**ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MINES, Jermyn-street.**—Dr. HOFMANN, F.R.S., will commence a Course of Thirty Lectures on Organic Chemistry on Wednesday next, the 4th January, at 10 p.m., to be continued on every Week-day but Saturday, at the same hour. These Lectures will be delivered at the College of Chemistry, Oxford-street. Fee for the Course, £3.  
TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

**LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.**—The Second Course of Six Lectures on Geology, by Professor RAMSAY, F.R.S., will be commenced on Monday, the 9th January, at Eight o'clock.

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# SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON REVIEW.

No. 235.—VOL. IX.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

[GRATIS.]

## THE RELIGIOUS YEAR.

IN a review of the religious history of the year which is now nearly ended, those matters which concern the Church of England must naturally occupy the most prominent place. The corporate character of that ecclesiastical body, its national establishment in such a country as England, the number and wealth and power of its members, and the learning and social position of many of its clergy, must always attach an importance to whatever affects such a Church above any which can belong to the affairs of any other religious body in this country, or (with perhaps the exception of the Papal Church) of any other in the world. Moreover, the controversies which have agitated the Church of England, during the year 1864, have embraced questions both of doctrine and discipline of the most fundamental nature; for the most part they are not yet concluded, and in their final settlement they must influence very materially both the inter-relation of the Home and Colonial Churches, and also the position of the whole Church with respect to the State, to Science, and to the Word of God.

It will be found, as we proceed, that the interest of almost every Ecclesiastical event, which has attracted attention during the year, has centred, more or less, in one or another form of the great controversy which became prominent four years ago through the publication of the notorious "Essays and Reviews."

The first marked event of the year was the inauguration of Dr. Stanley as Dean of Westminster. Considerable alarm had been caused in many minds by the announcement of his appointment. Whilst his genial character and literary power made most to have a high appreciation of him in his private capacity; there were not wanting evidences of his sympathy with the "free handling" school in Theology, which induced many to fear lest his influence in so important a position should be exerted in furtherance of opinions which the great majority of the clergy regard with the strongest suspicion. This feeling had found expression in a moderate and able protest from Dr. Wordsworth, one of the Canons of the church over which Dr. Stanley was to preside; and led to the preaching of two sermons in Westminster Abbey on the Sunday after the Dean's inauguration—in the morning by himself, and in the evening by the Rev. Canon—each of which had the character of being the manifesto of its author. The general conclusions which we have drawn from the whole discussion, and from subsequent writings and addresses of the Dean's are, that, on the one hand, he is a man of such earnestness and conciliatory bearing, and with such a sincere desire for the religious good of his fellow-men, and so much of a truly Christian tone and spirit, that we could not wish to see such as he excluded from the ministry of the Church; but yet, on the other hand, that the fears which were caused by his appointment were not without foundation, that his perception of some of the most fundamental truths of Christianity seem to be hazy and inadequate, and that his higher advancement to be one of the heads of the Church of England would be an event much to be deprecated.

About the same time as the question concerning Dr. Stanley, another matter began to occupy the public mind, which has only recently been brought into more prominent notice, and still awaits its final decision. In the course of the previous year, Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal, had published several volumes, impugning the authenticity and historical truth of the Pentateuch. Both the tone and matter of these publications had outraged the general mind of the Church, called down the unanimous condemnation of the English Episcopal Bench, and given occasion for numerous replies, of various degrees of merit and ability, but upon the whole disposing (as we consider) satisfactorily of most of Dr. Colenso's objections, and certainly very damaging to his character as a sound scholar and accurate controversialist. Subsequently, his ill-judged attempt to force himself, in September, into a Leicestershire pulpit, in defiance of the inhibition of the Bishop of the Diocese, gained for him no credit in the minds of sober men. His later publication of the Sermon which he had intended to preach on that occasion, has gone far to confirm the unfavourable opinion which his previous

publications had drawn forth, and to show that the religious system which he would establish may, indeed, command the approbation of Unitarians, but is as different from the Christianity of the New Testament and the Church as the shadow is from the substance. Probably he and his books, and his doings, would soon all have been forgotten, when their importance and their notoriety were alike revived by the proceedings of the Bishop of Capetown.

In the contest which has arisen out of these proceedings, it is difficult to sympathize unreservedly with either party. On the one hand, there are comparatively very few who believe the writings of Dr. Colenso to be theologically or morally consistent with his position as a Bishop of the Church of England; and, consequently, there are few who can wish that he should be ultimately successful in the pending trial. But, then, other proceedings of Dr. Gray have alienated from him also the sympathies of the public. His conduct in the former case of Mr. Long was, to say the least, savouring of that which is arbitrary. And his persistent endeavours to subject the clergy of his diocese to his own despotic power, and the laity to the decisions of a synod from which all representation of them is excluded, have made many disposed to view with suspicion anything in which he is the prime mover. There are, perhaps, also some appearances of a want of fairness, as well as of discretion, in the judicial proceedings of Dr. Gray in this very trial of Dr. Colenso. These, however, rest, for the most part, on *ex-parte* statements of his opponents, and ought not to be absolutely received without a due consideration of the explanations which he may be able to give. Certainly he has been visited with censure for some things with respect to which the blame, if any, does not properly attach to him. We have ourselves been disposed to blame him for claiming to depose the Bishop of Natal by his own personal authority, and for refusing to admit an appeal from his judgment according to the ordinary course of English law. But, strange as the fact may be, it is nevertheless true that the letters patent under which Dr. Gray was appointed did empower him to hear and determine any accusations against the Bishops of Graham's Town and Natal, and did specify that any appeal from his judgment must be made only to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose decision should be final, and must also be commenced within fifteen days after the original judgment. That these letters patent were illegal, and therefore void *ab initio*, and that they affected to convey powers which it was beyond the prerogative of the Crown to grant, may very probably be true. But, if so, the blame lies at the door of the law officers of the Crown who sanctioned the issue of the letters patent, and not at that of the Bishop, who had no right to doubt their legality, and who, in acting upon them, was only fulfilling the oath which he had sworn at his consecration, to be "ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's Word." The various curious and intricate legal questions which the learning and ingenuity of the counsel on both sides have opened for the decision of the Privy Council are in hands well competent to deal with them. But we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion that the affairs of the Colonial Churches are matters which require rather legislation than litigation. It must be remembered that the Episcopal Church in the colonies is not an established Church, but only stands in the same relation to the State as the Episcopal Church in Scotland or the Wesleyan Methodist in England. It must also be considered that most of our colonies are virtually independent of the mother country in all matters of civil government. These things being so, we are convinced that the course which must ultimately be adopted in all our colonies is that which local legislation has already effected in Canada and some parts of Australia: each Colonial Church must be permitted to manage its own affairs, exactly in the same way as all other religious bodies, without the interference of the State, and independently of the Church at home. That a Church should be at the same time a voluntary and a State Church is an anomaly of impossible continuance; and to make the Archbishop of Canterbury a kind of Protestant Pope over countries scattered through every part of the world, would be to repeat over again the Roman usurpation against which our forefathers struggled. We trust that the difficulties arising out of the present controversy will



force upon the Government a final and satisfactory settlement of these questions.

But whatever may be the ultimate importance to the Church of the Trial of Dr. Colenso, and however attention to it may have been revived by the recent proceedings in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the decision of that Court in another controversy has been the most prominent event of the Ecclesiastical year. On the 8th of February the Lord Chancellor read the judgment of the Court, or rather the reasons of the majority of its members, for advising the judgment of the Crown in the famous case of "Essays and Reviews." The moral weight of the judgment was, no doubt, much weakened at the time by the declared dissent from it of the two Archbishops, and has since been further reduced almost to zero by the publication of their reasons for such dissent, in the Pastoral Letters which they have put forth. Perhaps, also, the legal effect of the judgment as an authoritative definition of what the doctrines of the Church of England legally are was at first much exaggerated. But still, as a ruling precedent to be applied to future cases, its importance is, with every possible deduction, very great indeed. It does not, indeed, as some have imagined, make it possible for a clergyman of the Church of England to hold and *plainly* express any heresy, without fear of legal consequences. In a large degree its decision was not that the doctrines alleged to have been promulgated might be lawfully held, but that it was not legally proved that they had been expressly and advisedly maintained by the defendants in the case. The success of those defendants was also mainly due to the ambiguity of the language which they had been pleased to use. But the rules of procedure established in the trial have, without doubt, greatly augmented the impediments which hinder the successful prosecution even of the most flagrant heresy. And moreover, unless (which is scarcely probable) some future decision of a Supreme Court shall modify that which was given in February, it must be fully admitted that henceforth it is legally competent for a clergyman to deny the Divine authority of any part of the Bible, although not of that Book as a whole, and also that he may maintain, without legal censure, the future salvation of the wicked as well as the righteous. It will not be necessary to reproduce now the various discussions which arose about this judgment. It was hailed with the greatest satisfaction by all the free-thinking and sceptical press; it was as strongly lamented by the great majority of Christians, both within and without the pale of the National Church. Many felt that, however irreversible, the decision was, in some points, really erroneous, and that lawyers, with no special acquaintance with the terminology of theology, had ventured to attach a meaning to certain words in the formularies of the Church which was not consistent with the acknowledged meaning of those terms in all ages of Christianity. This feeling found its chief expression in the much criticized "Oxford Declaration." The legality of that Declaration was at first stoutly questioned, and a strange opinion was obtained from two eminent lawyers which described it as a contravention of the Royal Supremacy. The error of this opinion was immediately pointed out in the pages of this journal, and soon after our view was confirmed by the high authority of the Solicitor-General and Sir Hugh Cairns, and has since been tacitly admitted even by those who have been most opposed to the Declaration itself. For our own part, we have always maintained the wisdom as well as the legality of the Declaration. The judges of the Privy Council expressly acknowledged that the opinion advocated by the "Essays and Reviews" might be deserving of censure, although not of legal condemnation; and it seemed not only allowable to the clergy, but a duty incumbent on them, that they should make such a statement of their own belief concerning the doctrines of the Church and the truth of God, as might tend to satisfy the minds of the laity. The ultimate result was that the Declaration was signed by about 11,000 of the clergy, and was subsequently assented to by all the bishops of the Episcopal Church in America, with the exception of one, who withheld his signature on technical grounds. A lay address similar in effect has since been presented to the Archbishops, to which no less than 137,000 names have been affixed, including amongst them those of many noblemen and gentlemen of great eminence.

The discussions concerning this important decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have directed attention to the Constitution of that Court itself as one of Final Appeal in Ecclesiastical Causes. It certainly does not seem to be one on which such jurisdiction was designedly conferred, nor which is so constituted as to command the acquiescence of the Church in its decisions. Various suggestions have been made for its amendment, amongst which the most reasonable appears to be that the episcopal element being altogether eliminated from it, the Court should consist only of lawyers for the decision of the legal questions arising about ecclesiastical matters, but should be bound to refer all questions of doctrine which might be involved in any cause, to the opinion of a council of assessors to be composed of bishops, divinity professors, and ecclesiastical lawyers. Whether such a plan, or any alteration, will be ultimately adopted, remains to be seen. But the movement with a view to it has been embodied in an association for promoting it; and has received the strong support of the

Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Conservative leader in House of Commons.

We turn to another but cognate matter. Almost simultaneously with the delivery of Lord Westbury's judgment, a Royal Commission was appointed, "to consider and revise the various forms of subscription and declaration required to be made by the clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland, and to report how far they may be altered and simplified consistently with due security for the declared agreement of the clergy with the doctrines of the Church, and their conformity to the ritual." The issue of this Commission was generally welcomed with satisfaction. Its constitution was such as to embrace sufficiently both the clerical and lay element, and to represent every section and almost every rank in the Church.

The Report of the Commissioners has not yet been presented, but it is generally understood that the recommendations which it will contain have been agreed upon. We are informed that the Commissioners will advise that the declaration of "assent and consent to all and everything which is contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and in the Thirty-nine Articles" should be altogether done away with; and that one general declaration of moderate but sufficient assent shall be appointed to be made by all clergymen and on every appointment. If this recommendation shall be legally carried out, several anomalies will be removed, and a form of subscription will be abolished which was invented in a bad age, by bad men, and for a bad purpose, which has never been any real security to the Church, but which has deterred from her ministry many pious and conscientious men, who might have added greatly to her strength and usefulness. In connection with this subject we may mention with satisfaction a statement made by the Archbishop of Canterbury in his Primary Charge lately delivered, from which we learn that another Royal Commission will probably be issued soon after the meeting of Parliament, "for the revision of the Table of Lessons, as well as for the consideration of some measure, short of the alteration of the burial service, for the relief of the consciences of the clergy."

The next matter to be noticed is one of a more practical character, and one to which we gladly pass. Without undervaluing the regulations which prescribe the conditions on which the clergy may receive or retain their offices, we regard as of far higher moment the provision which the Church really makes for the full performance of her missionary and pastoral duties amongst the masses of our vast and increasing population. The effort known by the name of the "Bishop of London's Fund" was commenced in the year 1863, but its operations did not practically begin until the present year, and the most important meeting in connection with it was held in Willis's Rooms, on the 3rd of March last. It was one called by the Bishop of the whole Clergy of the Diocese, and attended by at least 500 of their number, and was rightly said by his Lordship to be "composed of men who are legally responsible for the care of souls of the population of the greatest city in the world; to take into consideration the appalling fact that in the centre of the Christian life of the world, there not only exists, but is increasing year by year, a moral wilderness, which, if not remedied, must exercise the most terrible influence ere long, not only on the religious, but also on the political condition of mankind." The statistics presented to the meeting showed that, after making every allowance for the efforts of Nonconformists, there remained, as that which it was necessary for the Church of England to supply, a deficiency of 500 Clergymen, and of 600 Lay Agents, male and female, which must be supplied to the Diocese in order to raise the supply of labourers up to only a very moderate standard. There was farther evidenced a requirement of Church accommodation to the extent of 250,000 sittings, and of schools for about 100,000 children. The proposal of the Bishop was that the Diocese should make a great effort to grapple with the whole of these requirements within the next ten years, and calculation was produced to show that, taking into account the funds at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the private efforts which the fund will elicit, and which will be made independent of it, contributions to the amount of £200,000 a-year for the decennial period would enable the Church to overtake the whole of the arrears of spiritual destitution which have been allowed to accrue. The scheme of the Bishop was warmly adopted by the Meeting, and the subsequent progress of the Fund affords good hope that the noble design of his Lordship will be crowned with success.

In reply to the Bishop's appeal, about £171,000 has been promised, of which about £99,900 has been received; whilst the present number of subscribers, exclusive of those who have contributed to parochial collections, is only about 2,000, and evidently may, and ought to, be very largely increased.

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new schools; and £1,000 has been entrusted to the London Diocesan Board of Education to promote, by small grants, the establishment of a large number of additional schools.

Arrangements are also being made for the immediate subdivision of some of the poorest and most populous parishes into conventional districts, to be placed under missionary clergy, and supplied with mission-stations, with a view to their being hereafter formed into legal districts, provided with permanent churches, and endowed from the funds at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

We pass from a thankful record of this great and greatly needed movement to a review of the proceedings during this year of the Provincial Synod of the Convocation of Canterbury. The meetings of that body were held in the months of March and July, and matters of considerable importance were discussed in its debates. Of practical questions, the principal which occupied its attention were a proposed Thanksgiving Service for Harvest, the alteration of the Canon which forbids parents to be sponsors to their own children, and a motion of the Bishop of London's for the more regular organization of lay workers in parishes. Nothing, however, was effected on any of these points, nor does it well appear how Convocation can be available for practical legislation whilst it meets in separate provinces, and the validity of its Canons not only depends on the sanction of the Crown, but even with that sanction is of dubious legality. A report on the Burial Service was presented from a committee previously appointed, but the debate on its reception is still adjourned. Its recommendation that the service shall be retained as it is, with a revival of discipline so as to prevent its being used over notoriously ungodly persons, is one which we can well understand to be acceptable in theory to many minds, but which is of so eminently an impracticable character in the present state of society and religious feeling, that its adoption by the committee is very surprising. The action, however, of Convocation which has attracted most attention and remark has been its Synodical condemnation of the "Essays and Reviews." This gave rise to very animated debates in both houses, and also in Parliament. Its illegality and unconstitutional character were both asserted, but, as we maintained at the time, without any solid foundation for the assertion. The Lord Chancellor, indeed, in a speech which was unbecomingly both his position and the subject, condescended to threaten the Bishops with the penalties of *Premunire*, but he was compelled to a virtual apology under the dignified remonstrance of the Primate; and the bandying of personalities between him and the Bishop of Oxford was an occurrence which the best friends of both will be the most willing to forget. The wisdom of the condemnation is quite a different question, and one on which there were wide differences of opinion, even amongst those equally opposed to the opinions advocated in "Essays and Reviews." Probably it was a step which could not well have been avoided, and which the decision of the Privy Council rendered more necessary than it would otherwise have been. So far as it went, it tended to relieve the Church of England, in its corporate capacity, from the stigma of complicity in false doctrine. But in truth there must be a great reform in the constitution of Convocation itself before its votes can be accepted as the authoritative voice of the Church, and carry with them the weight which that voice ought to have.

It is probably some feeling of this kind—an uneasy consciousness that the Established Church has no sufficient legal organization for discussion and the expression of her opinion—which has led to the success, if not to the origin, of Church Congresses. The fourth of these annual assemblies of clergy and laity was held in October, at Bristol, and drew together a large gathering from all parts of the kingdom. The Bishop of the diocese presided with singular tact and ability. With respect, however, to one incident which occurred, the course which he took has been much blamed in some quarters. The Rev. Mr. Lyne, who chooses to call himself "Brother Ignatius," and whose proceedings have made him more than sufficiently notorious, claimed as a deacon of the Church, and a member of the Congress, the right of addressing it, and his right was conceded by the bishop, and at length acquiesced in by the meeting, although many were deeply scandalized that a person should be permitted to speak in the full-dress of a monk, and whilst he had only the night before publicly and contemptuously denounced the very name of Protestant. We think that the bishop was right. At a congress open to all Churchmen, any one yet within the pale of the Church should be allowed to speak. More good than harm, in fact, arose in this case, for occasion was given for very excellent and telling observations being made by Lord Harrowby. The bishop also showed that he had no sympathy with Mr. Lyne by inhibiting him the next day from officiating in his diocese. But the point in which we think Bishop Ellicott was wrong, and in which he allowed his anxiety for peace to carry him beyond the bounds of impartial dealing was, when after allowing Mr. Lyne to speak he refused to call on Canon Stowell unless he would promise not to allude to what had passed. To give place to the advocate of Monasticism, and to gag the champion of Protestantism, was scarcely fair play. The subjects discussed at the meeting were numerous, and embraced a wide range. They comprised home missions and lay agency, foreign missions, the increase of the episcopate, synods of the Church, and rural-dioconal chapters, church architecture and decorations, the colle-

giate system in large parishes, the mutual relations of the Church of England and Ireland, free and open churches, the social hindrance to the spread of Christianity, the education of the clergy, public reading and preaching, the aiding of widows and orphans of the clergy, the education of the poor, church music, and some other topics. It would, obviously, be impossible in our present space to comment on what passed with reference to so many subjects. It could, however, hardly be that such matters could be publicly discussed at all by men of various shades of opinion without some good resulting from their ventilation, and at Bristol the debates were generally such as will be well worthy of careful perusal when published in the official report of the Congress. Many of the papers (we may particularize Dr. Goulbourn's on the "Public Reading of the Liturgy") were excellent, and the majority of the speeches sensible. We have been sorry to observe in some of our cotemporaries statements that the Evangelical party was not fairly treated at the Congress, and endeavours to dissuade its members from attending in future years. We are convinced that there is no warrant for the statements to which we allude. In the list of appointed speakers the evangelical party had, at least, its fair share; and if some of the leaders of the party did not appear to as much advantage as their friends might have wished, it does not follow that the fault lay in the auditors. The speaker who was most applauded, and deservedly so, was Dr. Magee, Dean of Cork, who belongs unequivocally to the party which it is pretended could not obtain fair hearing. We belong to no party, but certainly our sympathies are more with the Evangelical section of the Church than with either of its two other great divisions, and we should deeply regret the abnegation of power and influence which that section would incur by the ill-advised course which is recommended for its adoption.

We must necessarily omit, or mention but very briefly, other matters which belong to this part of our subject. The controversy between Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman, although mainly personal, was important, as the occasion of an authentic portrayal of the state of mind under which an able and honest man may be led to a most irrational method of silencing instead of satisfying his reason. The proposal in several different forms to endow the Professorship at Oxford held by Mr. Jowett has in every case been defeated by its opponents; as we think to the prejudice rather than the benefit of the cause which they have intended to defend. We have no confidence in Professor Jowett's peculiar religious views, but we cannot regard it as a legitimate method of contravening them to refuse to pay him for teaching Greek. We are aware that questions may fairly exist whether there is any moral obligation on the University to endow the Greek chair at all. It has no voice in the appointment of the Professor, and a contract implied or otherwise to endow is "not proven" against it. But we believe it is admitted that the University would endow the Professorship but for objections to Mr. Jowett personally, and if so *cadit questio*. The position of chaplains in the Royal Navy is one which calls urgently for reform, but it has been lately and fully discussed in our pages. We must just notice four speeches which have been delivered at different times. The first was a very foolish one by Lord Robert Cecil, claiming that every true Churchman must belong to the Conservative party. Such a theory might well suit his lordship's party politics, but to say the least it would be suicidal in the Church to alienate from itself by adopting such an axiom the great Liberal party in the country. The Dean of Chichester, better known as Dr. Hook, admirably disposed of this question, and showed that many of his best supporters at Leeds had not been Conservatives in politics. The second speech to which we refer was one delivered by the Archbishop of York at Huddersfield on the subject of the sensational literature now so widely circulated. His remarks were weighty and well timed, and such as became one who is not only a scholar, but bound to watch over the religious tendencies of the country. Mr. Disraeli's recent speech at Oxford has been severely and, in some respects, justly criticised. It, however, contained much well worthy of attentive consideration. Its analysis of the history and tendencies of modern scepticism was caustic and discriminating, but its importance will depend upon how far the Conservative party are prepared to endorse its proposed line of action on the subjects of the Colonial Church, Convocation, the increase of the Episcopate, and the Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal. We should like to give greater prominence to the elaborate speech of the Bishop of London, delivered at Edinburgh, on the subject of the relation between religion and science. But it was one on which an unqualified opinion cannot properly be pronounced either in praise or qualification, and our present design does not allow of a detailed examination. We welcome, however, its publication as a very valuable contribution to the literature of the subject on which it treats.

The course of legislation during the year, so far as it dealt with Ecclesiastical affairs, requires but little notice.

We shall have occasion to refer presently to that which concerned the position of the Scotch episcopal clergy in England. It being excepted, the history of the year is in this respect a blank. The Dissenters compelled the withdrawal of Sir Roundell Palmer's very valuable Bill for the codification of the Acts relating to church-building and the subdivision of parishes. They feared lest it should practically extend the area over which



church-rates can now be legally voted. But the Church, on the other side, succeeded in throwing out decisively the Bill for the Abolition of Church-rates, and in stopping, either in the Lords or Commons, every other proposal, whether for the abolition of tests at Oxford, for burials by Dissenting ministers in churchyards, or for any other object desired by the Non-conformist bodies.

Thus far our retrospect of the year has dealt mainly with the affairs of the Established Church; we must now extend our view so as to embrace other religious bodies.

The Wesleyan Methodists have held their Centenary Celebration of the founding of their Missionary Society, and at the annual conference of their Ministers, held at Bradford, it was announced that the Jubilee Fund had reached the enormous sum of £190,000. The general report, however, of the state of the Society, presented at the same Meeting, was not regarded as satisfactory. "Never," wrote one of their organs, "has so much money rolled into the Methodist coffers, never have so many new and beautiful chapels been built, never have so many candidates been pressing into the ministry;" but at the same time spiritual progress appears to have been stayed at the very moment when material prosperity has been thus at the greatest; and there has been a decrease in the number of members—small, indeed, both actually, and relatively to the whole number—but still such as has created serious alarm amongst the Methodist community.

The Congregationalists have shown great activity both in Home Missions and in the erection of Chapels. In the latter work it has been calculated that they are spending in England an average sum of £200,000 per annum, and that this amount has been considerably exceeded in the present year. In the former their chief effort has been in the formation of a new Union for the evangelization of the Surrey side of the Metropolis. The statistics issued by this Society are both surprising and alarming: it is stated that in the district which it embraces there was an increase of population between 1851 and 1861 of nearly 100,000 souls, but in the same period an actual decrease of 17 in the whole number of Churches and Chapels. The Congregationalists as a body appear to have pledged themselves to make efforts such as they have never previously put forth to stem in conjunction with others the tide of spiritual destitution which they deplore. The subject of Trust-deeds has also excited considerable attention amongst the Independents. It has been felt that many of those which exist tie down a conscientious minister too closely to a very decided Calvinism, but that, on the other hand, unless they do contain specific and detailed statements of fundamental truths, the pulpits of the body might pass into the hands of latitudinarian preachers, who might dwell more on speculative questions than on doctrinal truths. A movement has likewise been made in this body with respect to the training of ministers. It appears that out of 1,644 of the present pastors in connection with the Independents in England, 459 were reported, at a Conference held in London, as having had no specific training for the work, and it was also stated that the ordinary supply of the existing Colleges does not provide for more than one-half of the annual vacancies, leaving the other half to be filled up by ministers privately educated, and by some scarcely educated at all. An Institution has been formed at Nottingham with the view of remedying this great deficiency.

The Baptists have been moving in the matter of building new Chapels, but not to any great extent. Their Hand-book states their total organization in England and Wales to consist of 1119 churches, 1888 ministers, and 135,836 members. This includes Baptists churches of all kinds. The member of their body who has made himself most conspicuous during the year has been Mr. Spurgeon. His college for training ministers is a very remarkable institution. Commencing in 1856 with one tutor and one student, it has now a large staff of tutors and 66 students, the latter of whom are supplied with board, lodging, education, books, and in some instances clothes free of expense: there is also in connection with the College an Evening School, in which nearly 200 young laymen are instructed. The yearly outlay is nearly £3000, and the whole is provided for by the sale of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, and by voluntary contributions, chiefly such as are put into the numerous offering boxes at the Tabernacle. Such a work for the preparation of a ministry to teach what he believes to be truth does Mr. Spurgeon great credit. It would be well if a like praise could be given to the way in which he himself contends for his own opinions. But unfortunately such is not the case. During the past year he has added to his notoriety, but not to his good report, by a coarse and uncalled-for attack upon the whole body of the Evangelical clergy of the Church of England. In itself, and for any intrinsic merit, originality, or ability which it displayed, this attack would not be deserving of much notice, but it is certainly one of the notabilia of the year in virtue of the unprecedented sale of the Sermon which contained it, and of the multitude of replies which it elicited. The gist of Mr. Spurgeon's argument was that Baptismal Regeneration is absolutely and unequivocally the doctrine of the Church of England, that the Evangelical clergy do not believe in it, and therefore that their

remaining in the Church proves them to be men to whom moral honesty is a matter of indifference. Of course it has been replied that the men whom he has maligned do not take the same view of the meaning of the Formularies which they have subscribed as Mr. Spurgeon does; that they are at least as competent to form an opinion on the subject as he; and that the compatibility of their views with their position has been legally affirmed in the celebrated Gorham Case. In the course of the controversy a rebuke of Mr. Spurgeon's uncharitable aspersions of men whose whole lives have witnessed to their character appeared from the pen of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, which was not only crushing in itself, but carried the more weight as being written by one who had himself seceded from the Church of England and joined the very body of which Mr. Spurgeon is a minister. But the most suggestive comment on the great mistake and fault which Mr. Spurgeon committed has been in the fact that he has felt himself obliged to withdraw in consequence from the Evangelical Alliance, and that he has since, for some reason best known to himself, dropped altogether the title of "Reverend."

Our space will not admit of our referring now to the minor religious denominations which exist in the country, nor in fact has anything occurred during the year in connection with them which especially requires notice.

This will perhaps be the most fitting place in which to give a brief summary of the efforts put forth for Christian purposes by all the Protestant Religious Bodies of the country, so far as such efforts can be measured by pecuniary contributions.

About the month of May in each year most of the general Religious Societies hold their anniversary meetings in London, from the reports which were presented at them last May we collate the following statistics. In making our calculations we have considered the incomes of the Bible and Tract Societies as being expended two-thirds at home and one-third abroad; and when Churchmen and Dissenters are united (as in the above societies and others) we have credited the Church, and the aggregate of the other Denominations, each with one-half of the whole amount.

#### 1. Home Missions and Education:—

	£		£
Church of England ...	179,380		
Other Bodies...	137,984	...	317,364

#### 2. Foreign and Colonial Missions:—

Church of England ...	325,873		
Other Bodies...	281,381	...	607,254
			<u>£924,618</u>

At first sight these figures seem as if they justified the often-repeated taunt that the religious public care more for distant objects than they do for those at their own door. But such a conclusion from them would be an error. These include all foreign missionary work, but they contain no diocesan societies, no building of churches or chapels, no such effort as the Bishop of London's Fund, or the Congregational Surrey Union, or others which we have mentioned; in fact, they refer only to such societies as hold their meetings in London, and not to any local contributions of any kind. What the aggregate of such local contributions may be cannot be accurately known, but it may be approximately calculated. We have compared parochial reports referring to distant and different parts of the country, and in each case the proportion of the total contributions reported in them, which would appear in the balance-sheets of the London societies, is as nearly as possible only one-fourth of the whole. The remaining three-fourths all belongs to home work; and assuming the parishes whose Reports we have seen to be, as we believe, in this respect fair examples of others, we may conclude that a sum of about £3,000,000, of money, in addition to the £317,364 mentioned above, is contributed annually through Congregational mediums to home objects in the United Kingdom. But then these parochial reports do not include any church building. We know, however, that not less than ninety new churches are annually built in England, at an average cost of probably £5,000 each. We have also seen that the Congregationalists spend £200,000 a year in building chapels, and the expenditure of all the other Nonconformist bodies together is probably at least equal to that of the Congregationalists. Our whole estimate of the sums contributed in England for home religious purposes will, therefore, in round numbers, stand as follows:—

Reported through the London Societies ...	£300,000
Contributed Locally ...	3,000,000
Church and Chapel Building ...	850,000
<u>£4,150,000</u>	

This aggregate certainly does not compare badly with the £600,000 sent abroad; and even this does not include any allowance for the restoration of churches, the building of schools, nor for objects of charity, which, being neither of a



decidedly religious nor congregational character, would not appear parochial reports, and of course all private charity properly so called is quite beyond and above.

In a sketch of the religious history of England, the proceedings of the Roman Catholics must not be omitted. The admission of Roman Catholic priests into gaols for the purpose of visiting such prisoners as desire their ministrations has long been very properly conceded, but a recent Act empowers magistrates, when they see fit, to appoint Roman Catholic chaplains with the right of visiting all who acknowledge themselves as belonging to their persuasion. The consequent question of whether they shall be appointed has been warmly contested in many counties. The Lancashire magistrates have made such appointments, and even on the requisition of the priest voted money for the purchase of a crucifix; the Middlesex bench have repeatedly refused to make an appointment, or to treat the Romanists in any different way from other Dissenters. Much discussion has appeared in the *Tablet* and other Romanist journals concerning a proposal, on the one hand, for establishing (under the new regulation, which admits of such a course) a "Catholic Hall" at Oxford, and a counter-proposition for the formation of a "Catholic University" for England. It is said that the former plan has been determined on, and that Dr. Newman is to return to Oxford as the head of the new college. The Romanists claim that they are making great way amongst the higher classes in England. They assert that Dr. Manning has received in all not less than 3,000 abjurations, and that in the church founded by Father Faber conversions are of daily occurrence. On the other hand, they confess that amongst children, and especially in London, their church loses more than it gains. The statistics of the *Catholic Directory* certainly show a great increase in the machinery of the Roman Church in England, whether or no there be really a corresponding one in the number of its adherents. It is stated that between 1854 and 1864, the Roman Catholic clergy in England have increased from 922 to 1,267, the churches and stations from 678 to 907, the communities of men from 17 to 56, the convents from 84 to 173. These are facts which demand the careful attention of Protestants, and which may become of very serious import, when the next oscillation of the pendulum of thought shall make it swing from its present sceptical direction to the opposite extreme of blind credulity. The far-seeing Church of Rome is evidently already preparing to take advantage of the inevitable reaction.

In Scotland, the Established Church (*i. e.*, the old Presbyterian Kirk) has affirmed, in its General Assembly, some principles of importance. In the first place it has refused, by a large majority, to censure a minister of its communion who has introduced into the service of his church not only various changes of attitude in the different parts of worship, but also instrumental music, and a book from which prayers are publicly read. Those who are best acquainted with the religious history of Scotland will most appreciate the change in feeling which this vote indicates. Also, by a narrow majority, it has repealed an Act which forbade ministers of other churches from being allowed to preach in its pulpits. Some slight movements have been made towards a union of the Kirk and the Episcopal Church in Scotland; but at present they do not seem to have much probability of acceptance. The Episcopal Church has, however, gained a great step in the bill which passed the English Legislature last session for the removal of certain disabilities which attached to its clergy. By the provisions of that Act, clergyman ordained in Scotland are now allowed, with certain consents, to take duty and hold benefices in England. Many objections have been made to this measure. They have been ostensibly founded on the absence of such guarantees with respect to the clergy and their doctrines in a Voluntary Church as exist in the legally organized Church of England. But perhaps these would not have been so strongly felt but for the extreme Romanizing views and practices of many of the Episcopal clergy in Scotland. The influence on England of the Scotch infusion into the body of the clergy will need, we think, to be carefully watched. But we are not prepared to maintain that the Scotch ought to have remained in a worse position relatively to England than the Colonial Episcopal Churches, and the continuance of the disability of every clergyman who might be ordained in Scotland ever to hold preferment in England could not be reasonably defended.—Amongst the other Presbyterian bodies in Scotland a large amalgamation will probably soon be effected. A union between the Free Church and the "United Presbyterian" Churches has long been contemplated, and seems now to be nearly arranged, and to be likely to draw into its connection the bodies represented also by the "Reformed Presbyterian Synod," and the "English Presbyterian Synod." The principal difficulty in the way of the union appears to have been that the Free Church holds that it is the duty of the magistrate to employ the national resources in aid of the Church, although he may not interfere authoritatively in its government; whilst the United Presbyterian Church, on the other hand, repudiates any connection with the State whatsoever. This obstacle appears to have been overcome, and in the extreme

improbability of State aid being either offered or granted cannot be of any practical importance.

In Ireland, the principal religious question of the year has been the chronic difficulty of education. The Board of Education has departed from its original principle of United Education, and allowed Convent Schools taught by members of the convent to be held in connection with the National Board. The rules for carrying out this change have been very warmly opposed, and the opposition has extended to the Board itself. Whatever might have been the case if all parties had originally acquiesced in the well-intended scheme for combined education, we fear that practically the plan has proved a failure, and resulted in most schools being virtually for one denomination only. Meantime it is evidently the policy of Dr. Cullen and his party to tolerate no education of any kind in Ireland of which they themselves have not the entire control; so far their policy seems to have been to a large extent successful, and likely to become more so, if the incipient alienation of the Presbyterians from the National Board shall continue and increase. One very remarkable feature in the proceedings this year of the Roman Catholic Clergy in Ireland has been their strong opposition to the emigration of the Irish to America, and the reason which they have assigned for it. It is that the Irish, when they emigrate, cease in large numbers to be Catholic. One of the American Bishops calculates the loss by millions, and says that if all the Irish had remained faithful, the number of Catholics in the United States would be at least double what it actually is. In the Protestant Church of Ireland the appointment of Dr. Trench to the Archbishopric of Dublin has been the most marked occurrence, and has given deserved and universal satisfaction. The statistics of religion have continued to show a gradually increasing per-centage of the population to be in connection with the Irish Branch of the United Church, and it appears that in the present century more than one thousand new churches have been built, but that the number of clergymen has not increased in a proportionate degree.

Our review may now pass on from the religious affairs of these islands to those of other countries. On the Continent the same struggles as at home have to be recorded of the Roman Church on the one hand in its most Ultramontane development, striving to regain its despotic spiritual power, and of Free-thinkers (as they are called) on the other, assailing the very foundations of Christianity. The main difference in the phases of this contest, as manifested in this kingdom and abroad, has been that on the continent both of the parties referred to have gone to greater extremes. The Roman Church has furnished up its old armoury of visions and miracles on a way in which it has not ventured even in Ireland; and the antagonism to Christianity itself of the *soi-disant* liberals in religion has been far more pronounced than anything which has yet been expressed, or we believe felt, in any influential quarter in England.

The first place amongst foreign countries belongs to France, both as being governed by the "Eldest Son of the Church," and also as being the most powerful European empire. In that country a struggle is constantly going on between the Papal authorities and Jesuits on the one side, and many of the inferior clergy on the other; the one party endeavouring to root out all remains of the famous Gallican liberties, the other seeking to recover and enlarge them. The sympathy of the Emperor is strongly with those who have the latter aim, but the power of the Jesuit priesthood is so great that even he dare not openly defy him. This struggle has found its chief expression this year at Lyons, and on the question of the substitution of the Roman Breviary for the existing Lyons Liturgy. This substitution was ordered by the Pope, with the co-operation of Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, but the clergy unanimously protested, and 1,400 priests deputed five of their number to proceed to Rome, and lay their remonstrances before the Pope. With an ill-grace the Pope consented to their request, but complained of an application which the clergy had made to the French Emperor to support their cause. This led to an angry correspondence between the French and Papal Courts. Subsequently the controversy was embittered by the transmission of an official letter from the Pope to the Cardinal Archbishop, condemning the "culpable obstinacy" of the clergy, and commanding that the obnoxious Liturgy should be gradually brought into compulsory use. The Imperial Government prohibited the publication of this letter, and, so far the attempts of the Archbishop to carry out its injunctions, appear to have failed.

In France, the "National Reformed Church," as well as the Catholic Church, is in connection with the State, and in it the controversies which are raging are of a more fundamental character. There have long existed two parties in the Church—the Orthodox and the Rationalistic. The differences between them are of no secondary nature. The celebrated M. Guizot has thought it necessary to appear on the Orthodox side, and has declared that they are the "foundations of the common faith of all Christian churches" which are attacked. On the other hand, the "Universal Religious Alliance" says, "We must sing a new prayer, and carry the old one to the grave." "Christianity has seen its day, and must be transformed." And



a writer who seems to be neutral, thus expresses himself:—"The true question of this time, which only yet bursts forth in distant thunder-claps, but which in a short time will become the burning question, is the religious one. Is Christianity to be or not to be?" Thus radically differing in their opinions, the ecclesiastical aims of the two parties are also divergent. The aim which the Rationalists avow is "not for Theistical Christians to constitute a separate Church, but to remain in the framework of the old Churches. They wish to see these latter widen their pale to receive the multitude who, undeceived (*désabusés*) of supernaturalism, do not find in isolation the satisfaction of their religious wants." The Orthodox, on the contrary, knowing themselves to be the true representatives of the Church of the Reformation, and not willing to hear the inspiration of Scripture and the divinity and atonement of Christ denied in the same pulpits in which they themselves serve, seek to eject their opponents from their communion. The first battle-field of the year between these two parties was on the platform of the French Protestant Bible Society, on the question whether a Geneva translation favoured by the Rationalists should be recognised. On this point the Orthodox party were signally defeated. But in several other matters they have obtained more than counterbalancing victories. In the matter of the restoration to their Church of synodical action, and in the elections to the consistories, their successes are rather promising than decisive, although a decision that no one shall be allowed to enrol himself on the list of electors without previous investigation of the fact of his communion with the Church, is a great advance for them. But the most important contest has been concerning the re-election of M. Coquerel, jun., and in it the Rationalists have been completely defeated. This gentleman is one of the most able and eloquent of the Rationalistic party, an active promoter of the Liberal Union, the editor of the *Lien*, the Rationalistic organ; one who has stated his doubts as to the inspiration of the Bible, the Trinity, and the miraculous birth and divinity of our Lord, and who, moreover, has publicly praised, with very slight criticism, *Rénan's* notorious book. He had, however, been assistant-pastor in consequence of the ill health of the appointed minister) for fourteen years of an important church in Paris, but only by successive elections for short periods. This year, on his being again proposed, the Presbyterial Council of the Reformed Church of Paris, after much deliberation, and after receiving explanations from M. Coquerel, declined, by a majority of twelve against three, to re-elect him. This decision has caused an excitement amongst the French Protestants parallel to that which arose in England from the famous judgment of the Privy Council. It has been followed by proceedings of a like character in the Annual Conference of Pastors and Delegates held in Paris, in which by a majority of 180 to 6 it was voted that "the existence of a Church and the rights of the faithful are compromised by the unlimited freedom of religious teaching;" and also on the motion of M. Guizot, and by a majority of 141 to 23, a strong protest was agreed upon against the permission of Rationalistic teaching by authorized pastors of the Church.

After France, Italy next claims our attention. By far the most important event of the year in relation to that country has been the Franco-Italian Convention for the evacuation of Rome by the French at a fixed date. But however momentous the religious consequences of that Convention may ultimately be, it is itself a political rather than a religious agreement, and moreover it has not yet been executed. The breach between the Italian nation and the Papal Court has continued to widen, and in numerous cases has extended to the relation between the people and the Roman Church. In some instances, the priests have themselves partaken of the same spirit as the Lyons clergy, and an antagonism to the Court of Rome has sprung up in the very monasteries, especially those of the Franciscan order. Still more has a like feeling been evidenced in the ecclesiastical seminaries. On the other hand, the great majority of the priests have sided with Rome against the King, and have carried their partisanship and superstition to an extent which has alienated multitudes of the people. Alleged miracles in defence of the Church have greatly increased, and the rites of religion have been occasionally refused for political reasons. The effect has been that the great body of the middle classes of the people have become dissatisfied with the Church. In some cases, this has acted favourably to Protestantism; indeed, it is said that a spirit of inquiry is "the most marked feature of the religious condition of the country," and that "there is no parallel to be found to the present shaking of opinions going on all around except in the ferment of mind which preceded the English Reformation." Many Protestant Churches have been formed, those in Milan alone numbering more than 1,000 members, and that but as a small proportion of these who attend on preaching and read the Scriptures in private. Still, practical persecution continues to attend in some parts any active propaganda. And, what is more to be lamented, the most common tendency is towards infidelity rather than to a purer form of Christianity. *Rénan's* "Life of Jesus" has, for example, been translated into Italian and attained a great popularity.

From Italy we are led to Turkey by the attention which certain religious occurrences in that empire have excited. In

the early part of the year the various missionary societies which work in the several parts of the Turkish dominions reported considerable successes and remarkable indications of an apparent diminution of the old Mahomedan intolerance. But the hopes founded on these appearances were soon disappointed. It appears that about the month of August a rumour was current in Constantinople that a large number of Mahomedans were about to forsake their faith and become Protestants. This report was without foundation, but it caused great excitement and led to some popular disturbances, and at last to the forcible closing by the Sultan's Government of all missionary establishments, the temporary prohibition of the sale of Bibles, and to the imprisonment of some and the exile of others of the Christian converts. Subsequently, the "Evangelical Alliance" of England published a correspondence between the missionaries and Sir H. Bulwer, the British Ambassador to the Porte. They complained that whilst in Turkey no one who has not a powerful protection is safe, and whilst the Catholics are effectively supported by the French, and the Greeks by the Russian Minister, Sir Henry (who, as the representative of England, is the natural protector of the Protestants) has allowed himself to be influenced by his Roman Catholic dragoman, and, in strong contrast from the policy of Stratford de Redcliffe, practically discourages his co-religionists. How far these accusations are just it is difficult to determine. Sir Henry certainly seems to support the Ottoman Government in a doctrine which is inconsistent with the principles of religious liberty to which it formerly consented. He maintains that whilst the Turkish Government will guarantee protection to Protestants in the exercise of their own religion, it is justified in not "allowing any attempts, public or private, to assail the Mussulman religion." Clearly, if this principle were to prevail everywhere, there would be an end to all missionary operations, and all spread of Christianity, in every part of the world. We have observed that this position does not seem to have been acquiesced in by Earl Russell, and we regard it as indefensible. But, at the same time, there is also some reason to suppose that the missionaries have been wanting in prudence, and so have deserved some of the disapproval with which they have been visited by the British Ambassador.

We can only touch briefly on the religious affairs of the remaining European nations. To Spain belongs still the unenviable distinction of being the only civilized country without even the pretence of any religious liberty. A new law has been promulgated this year, by the provisions of which no publication on any religious question is permitted without the previous sanction of the bishop; and which enacts that any ridicule of the "Roman Catholic Apostolic religion, or its forms of worship," and any "disparagement of the sacred character of its ministers," shall be "punished in the house of correction," whilst "such as consist in an attempt to undermine or to alter the above mentioned religion, or to introduce the ritual of another religion, will be punished with imprisonment."

In Switzerland, much the same contest is being waged as in France. One party has been celebrating the tercentenary of Calvin, whilst another has been pressing on the most fully developed Rationalism, and the Romanists having been taking advantage of these divisions to promote their own views.

Germany has been more occupied with schemes of aggrandizement than with questions of religion. Perhaps the circumstances of most interest in relation to religion have been the Papal condemnation of the Congress at Munich, in which a vain attempt had been made by Dr. Dollinger and others to reconcile freedom in science with unreserved submission to the infallibility of the Pope; and, on the other hand, the publication by Strauss (herein coinciding with *Rénan*) of a people's edition of his book. It has been remarked that this appeal to a popular tribunal to settle questions of Biblical criticism is in itself a huge mistake. A jury empannelled from the streets cannot possibly judge of such subjects as the origin and natural relations of the Synoptical Gospels, and the age and authorship of the 4th, and the like. And an appeal to such judgment would sound very like a confession of defeat before more capable critics, were it not that it may be due to a consciousness of the strength of unbelief amongst the German masses.

In Russia, the Czar is the impersonation and autocratic head of the Church as well as of the State, and seems to be pursuing the same ruthless course in both. The suppression of the Polish monasteries is a fitting adjunct of the destruction of the last remnants of the liberty and nationality of Poland; and it is not a solitary example of persecution, for in the Baltic provinces arrest, imprisonment for various terms, transportation from one town to another in bonds, as common criminals, and banishment, have all been inflicted on account of religion.

From Russia we may naturally pass into Asia. Here we find that both Romanist and Protestant missionaries report large and promising successes in China. But our own interest in Asia chiefly centres in India, and the appointment of Sir John Lawrence as Governor-General in the early part of the year was hailed with the liveliest satisfaction by all who desired that our government of that great dependency should be conducted on the wisest Christian principles. As act, however, which was passed previously to Sir J. Lawrence's nomination has been the occasion of the most significant indication of the present state



of religion in India. That Act severed the last links of the Government connection with the Hindu and Mahomedan religions, by directing that the endowments, which it had hitherto held in trust for the uses of the temples, should be handed over to the worshippers most interested in their administration. The Hindu inhabitants of Madras have in consequence held a meeting to petition for a modification of the Act, on the ground that, unless upheld by Government, the temples will fall into ruins. The confessions of the speakers were frequent and pathetic, and in fact were compared at the time to the language which an orthodox Pagan might be supposed to have used just before the time of Constantine. We must not, however, be led by this and many other apparent evidences to conclude that the time is near when India will become a land of Christian nations. The old superstitions are undermined, and Christianity is gradually, though slowly, gaining ground, but the day is probably far distant when it will fulfil its destiny of conquest in Hindostan, and ere that time arrives the English suzerainty may perhaps itself have ceased.

We shall not attempt even any general outline of the missionary operations of the year throughout the world. The most marked disaster has been the imprisonment and ill-treatment of the missionaries in Abyssinia by the same king who, for a long time, received them most favourably. The greatest sources of congratulation have been the safe return of Dr. Livingstone from the perilous journey in which he was reported to have died, and the consecration in the Cathedral of Canterbury of the Rev. Samuel Crowther as a Missionary Bishop of the Church of England in Africa. That a black boy, rescued from the hold of a slaveship, should live to be consecrated by the Primate of England as a brother bishop with two English prelates, one of the Colonial Church and the other Bishop of Peterborough, is an event which rivals the wonders of romance, and is also the strongest acknowledgment which has ever been made of the universal brotherhood of all the races of mankind.

We thus conclude our narrative. We have had occasion to write much on Colonial matters, and no religious events of pressing interest have happened either in Canada or Australia. Concerning America we decline to write. The causes and circumstances of the terrible drama at Santiago were such as we would rather not reproduce to the disgrace of our common Christianity. We doubt not that many of the purest and best fruits of true religion are being perfected both in the Northern States and in the Confederacy under the trial of affliction which has long spread over both parts of the once united Republic; but the sounds which echo loudest across the Atlantic are the yellings of the "war-Christians" urging on a fratricidal war to the worst horrors of devastation and extermination, and that in the name of religion and philanthropy. These fall upon our ears as no voices from Heaven, as the very opposite of the Christmas hymns of "peace on earth, goodwill towards men;" and we turn from them in sorrow and disgust.

Our whole review will leave, if we mistake not, on the minds of our readers an impression of great activity as the characteristic of the religious history of the year—activity both for good and evil; such crowding of events, and such conflict and clash of opinions as it is long since the world has witnessed. We cannot look into the future. If to our eye the horizon looks dark, and clouds seem to be ominously gathering, we know that there is One who sits above the clouds, and who will at last overrule all, to the establishment of the truth and the furtherance of His kingdom.

## THE LITERARY YEAR.

### ENGLISH LITERATURE.

LITERATURE has its annals, as Politics and Social Events have theirs. We live in the most book-making and book-reading age that has ever been known, and the history of a year's progress in the domain of intellect is sure to present us with facts worth recalling. The doings of kings and statesmen, and the achievements of armies and fleets, not seldom have less permanent effect on the world than the thoughts of quiet working men and women elaborating their brain-creations in the privacy of their studies. One might almost say that, in the last resort, the author is your true king of men. Even "light literature" has often a wonderful effect in directing the tastes, and in that way shaping the character, of whole generations. Perhaps, indeed, it has the widest and subtlest influence of any species of literature, because it is more generally diffused than that which treats of weightier matters in a more abstruse form. Half a century of depreciated morals may be ascribed to the licentious novels and plays of the reign of Charles II.; and the better tone which gradually stole over the era of the Georges was owing in no small degree to the purer writings of Addison and Steele, of Johnson and Goldsmith. "For books," as Milton nobly says in his "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," "are

not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." We live in very different times from those of Milton, though we see much the same conditions reproduced on the other side of the Atlantic; so that in this country our books do not lead to such tremendous issues as in more revolutionary epochs and lands. But they have their effects, and their important effects, nevertheless; and it is therefore interesting to look over the Literary History of the Year, and to see what we have done and what we have gained during that period of time. This is the task we now propose to accomplish. We shall trace the annals of Books, as our daily contemporaries trace those of Politics and War; confining ourselves, indeed, to the more important issues of the season, but omitting, we trust, nothing that is necessary to the interest or permanent value of the record.

The number of new publications within the year has been very considerable; and of books occupying a first-class place in the great departments of Literature, there has been, perhaps, a fair average contribution. In HISTORY, we have some works of importance to mention. The most remarkable historical books—setting aside those which belong to Historical Biography—are the two concluding volumes of Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of Normandy and of England," the seventh and last volume of the Rev. Charles Merivale's "History of the Romans under the Empire," and Mr. Kaye's "History of the Sepoy War in India, 1857-8." The former work was almost completed before the author's death in July, 1861, and what little it wanted in the way of addition and revision has been supplied by the historian's son, Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave. A most interesting and important section of English history is here illustrated by a vast amount of research into ancient documents, and the author has thrown a light on some of the vexed problems of our early annals—such as, for instance, the effect of the Conquest on the political and social life of this country, which Sir Francis considers to have been much less than is generally supposed. Mr. Merivale's work has something more than historic value; it bears necessarily upon matters deeply interesting to the Christian inquirer, in revealing the frightful corruption of religion, morals, and manners which marked the downfall of Paganism, and the gradual change that was wrought in the great cities of the West by the advent of the new faith. Mr. George Long has published the first volume of his "History of the Decline of the Roman Republic." Mr. Kaye's work on the Sepoy rebellion is the result of a most minute examination of all the State papers and other documents bearing on that tremendous convulsion. As yet, we are only in possession of the first volume, which is occupied by an elaborate statement of the causes out of which the revolt issued; and when the two other volumes are before the public, readers will be better able to appreciate the vast amount of care and labour bestowed on this profoundly interesting, but most melancholy, record of national error and disaster, retrieved by splendid heroism and almost unparalleled self-devotion. Mr. C. D. Yonge's "History of the British Navy" is another of the historical works of the year which deserve, and are likely to obtain, a permanent place on the shelves of students. The naval achievements of England form perhaps the most brilliant, and certainly the most truly national, page in our "long annals of a thousand years;" and it is right that those feats should have their special chroniclers, of whom Mr. Yonge is unquestionably the most voluminous and the most painstaking. The Rev. Mr. Kingsley, in his capacity of Professor of History at Cambridge, has published his Lectures on "The Roman and the Teuton," in which he assigns to the latter what we cannot but regard as an exaggerated importance in the development of modern European civilization. Mr. Rawlinson has given us a further instalment of his "Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World." Sir C. F. Lascelles Wrexall has reissued, under the title of "Historic Byways," and Mr. Keibel, under that of "Essays on History and Politics," sketches which have already appeared in different publications. The historical essays written by the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis in the *Edinburgh Review* have been reprinted, and form a most valuable contribution to the constitutional history of this country from 1783 to 1830; for it is of the Administrations of England formed between those years that the volume treats, and no man has ever possessed a mind more fitted by exact knowledge, personal experience of the ways of Cabinets, philosophical insight into principles, statesmanship, and impartiality, than the late War Minister's, for describing and elucidating the events of that momentous period. The Duke of Manchester's "Court and Society, from Elizabeth to Anne," is one of those works which reveal to us every now and then how much curious material for history is to be found hidden away in old mansions. It is compiled from papers preserved at Kimbolton, and is accompanied by historical chapters and comments by Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Dr. Doran. The State Paper Office also continues to render up its treasures, and certain portions of English history are receiving a large amount of unexpected illustration from these sources, as in Mr. Andrew



Bisset's "Omitted Chapters of the History of England." The third and final volume of the Rev. George Perry's "History of the Church of England from the death of Elizabeth to the Present Time" has been given to the world; and a new volume has been added to the Duke of Wellington's "Supplementary Despatches," bringing down the history to the period of the occupation of France by the Allies, the surrender of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons. Mr. James Bryce has published a thoughtful historical essay on "The Holy Roman Empire," which gained the Arnold prize for 1863, and the Rev. W. N. Molesworth, M.A., a "History of the Reform Bill of 1832." Mr. Hilton's work on "Brigandage in South Italy" traces the history of that frightful scourge from the days of the old Roman Republic to the present time, and abounds in strange details of recent movements, compiled from official documents. Mr. Dyer's "History of Modern Europe, from the Taking of Constantinople by the Turks to the Close of the War in the Crimea," has been republished with the addition of two new volumes, completing the work, which now presents a formidable mass of four bulky volumes, the condensation of many detached works illustrating the annals of all the European Powers during the last four hundred years. It is certainly a great achievement when an author contrives, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his reader, to traverse so vast a field; but a work of yet greater magnitude has been undertaken by Mr. Philip Smith, B.A., who has brought out the first volume of a "History of the World, from the Earliest Records to the Present Time," to be completed in eight volumes, of which two will be devoted to Ancient History, two to Mediæval, and four to Modern. Sir Walter Raleigh once undertook the same task; but he did not even finish the annals of antiquity, and his fine old folio remains to this day a broken but magnificent monument of learning and genius. Such are the more important historical works of the year (again excepting those which partake of a biographical character); but we must not omit two books which possess a value as offering materials for the historian—viz., the "Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, 1714–1720," and the "Diaries of a Lady of Quality, from 1797 to 1844," in which Miss Frances Williams Wynn sets down a good deal of curious gossip about the great public men of the early part of the present century.

HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY has received some very important contributions. The fourth volume of Mr. Carlyle's "History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great," was issued in the spring, and exhibits in their wonted potency all those powers of observation, wit, humour, and picturesqueness, and all those annoying eccentricities of style and perversities of judgment, which distinguished the former instalments of the book, in common with everything which has proceeded from its author's pen. The volume now added to the previous three commences with Frederick's intervention in the general European war in 1744, and terminates with the battle of Lobositz, and the surrender of the Saxon army in their camp at Pirna, which brought to a close Frederick's first campaign in the Seven Years' War. The "Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero," by Mr. William Forsyth, M.A., Q.C., is an admirable addition to our knowledge of one of the greatest characters of the antique world. But perhaps the most important and deeply interesting work of this class which the year has produced—certainly the most interesting to an Englishman—is Mr. Forster's "Sir John Eliot: a Biography; 1590–1632." Eliot was as severely great under the circumstances by which he was surrounded as Cicero under his; and Mr. Forster has conferred a boon on English historical students by bringing into light and prominence one of the noblest specimens of our native patriots and statesmen that the history of this land exhibits—a man of lofty virtues and high political wisdom, of a large heart and a large mind, hitherto singularly neglected by most of our standard historians. Mr. Christopher James Riethmüller has related the history of a great American politician, possessed of qualities somewhat similar to those of Sir John Eliot, and, like him, perishing the victim of political antagonism—Alexander Hamilton, the contemporary of Washington, and one of the founders of the American Republic. With these illustrious names, that of Joseph Mazzini, whose "Life and Writings" have been commenced in English, is worthy to be classed; for, whatever the faults of the Italian patriot—and we must sorrowfully regard them as in many respects very serious—it is not to be questioned that his genius and devotion first kindled the idea of political unity in the minds of his countrymen. Mr. Jamison, a writer of the Southern States of America (which, it must be admitted, have not generally been productive of literature) has published in two volumes "The Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin," a French general who opposed the English power in France in the middle ages. Mr. Wright's "Life of General Wolfe" gives a more agreeable, and we should say a more truthful, picture of the hero of Quebec than is to be found in the writings of previous biographers and historians. A great deal of his correspondence is here published for the first time; and it shows him to have been a man of a simple and affectionate nature, pure in the midst of the gross depravity by which the army was disgraced in those days, devoted to his profession, laboriously bent on perfecting himself in all its

branches, and evidently possessed of many ideas on military reform far in advance of the time at which he lived. Sir Lascelles Wray's "Life and Times of Her Majesty Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway, and Sister of His Majesty George III. of England," is a book containing much valuable matter extracted from family documents and private State archives, but ill-arranged, and given at wearisome length. "The Married Life of Anne of Austria," by Miss Freer, is one of those works in which ladies every now and then teach the world that their sex is as competent to succeed in subjects of weight and gravity as in the lighter graces of poetry and romance. The volumes in question are full of research and of original matter, and, up to the period of Anne's widowhood (for they extend us farther), give a vivid idea of the Queen's life and court.

IN GENERAL BIOGRAPHY we have a few interesting works to note. The nephew of Washington Irving has concluded his useful and agreeable Life of his uncle, in the composition of which, resort has been had to the letters of that delightful writer, so that the book presents a lively and most fascinating picture of a genial, amiable, highly-cultured, and richly-gifted mind. Mr. G. H. Lewes has reprinted, with considerable additions—including some very valuable correspondence between the subject of his work and various persons of note—his "Life of Goethe." Mr. John Weiss has published "The Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker," the American Unitarian Minister. From Mr. Henry Richards we have the "Memoirs of Joseph Sturge." Mr. Theodore Taylor has told in a small volume the history of Thackeray's career—necessarily in an imperfect manner, seeing that the book was published only a few weeks after the death of the illustrious novel-writer and satirist, though as a stepping-stone to some more elaborate biography the work may prove useful. Mr. Edward Edwards has written some "Chapters of the Biographical History of the French Academy;" and Dr. Doran, in a biographical form, has told the History of English Actors. Mr. J. S. Harford has favoured the public with a volume of "Recollections of William Wilberforce, M.P. for the County of York, with Brief Notices of some of his Personal Friends and Acquaintances"—an amusing collection of anecdotes concerning one of the noblest of philanthropists, and the great men with whom he was associated. The veteran Charles Knight has gone on with his "Passages of a Working Life," in which the incidents of his own career as author and publisher are related in a very agreeable style, and a curious picture is presented of our national progress in popular education, and the diffusion of cheap literature among the masses. Mr. Babbage, of calculating-machine and organ-hating fame, has also issued a volume of an autobiographical nature, under the title of "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher." One of the most singular, suggestive, and melancholy works of this kind, however, which the present year has produced, is the "Life and Recollections of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley," in which we see reflected, with a distinctness which is more remarkable than edifying, the "fast life" of the previous generation to our own, when, headed by a profligate and shameless prince, our nobility and gentry emulated, if they did not surpass, the immoralities of Rochester, Sedley, and their compeers, and at the same time exhibited a degree of vulgar coarseness to which the elegant, witty, and poetical rakes and fops of the seventeenth century were certainly superior. Among the other biographical works of the year must be mentioned Mr. Fitzpatrick's "Memoirs of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin," a very defective book (in connexion with which, though not belonging to Biography, we may as well allude to the publication of the "Miscellaneous Remains" of the Archbishop, and a volume of his Sermons); Mr. Fitzgerald's "Life of Laurence Sterne," which, though written in a false style, contains some additions to our knowledge of the grotesque genius which conceived Tristram Shandy and Coporal Trim; the "Memoirs, Miscellanies, and Letters" of the late Miss Lucy Aikin (of whom a brief notice will be found in another part of this supplement); the "Life of Robert Stephenson," the joint production of Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson and Mr. William Pole, who have had the advantage of consulting papers furnished by the family; and Vols. VII., VIII., & IX. of Mr. Foss's "Judges of England, with Sketches of their Lives, and Miscellaneous Notices connected with the Courts of Westminster, from the Conquest to the Present Time." A singular autobiography has also been translated into English from the Italian, giving an account of the experiences of the writer—Henrietta Caracciolo, of the Princes of Torino—in a Neapolitan nunnery, wherein she had been held, much against her will, for more than twenty years. The work presents a very shocking picture of the corruption existing in these houses of supposed religious retirement.

Books bearing on the AMERICAN WAR, and on the numerous collateral subjects belonging to it, continue to appear, both here and on the other side of the Atlantic. The most remarkable of these are—"The Rise and Fall of 'the Model Republic,'" by Mr. James Williams, formerly the American Minister to Turkey, in which the serious defects of the Constitution of the United States are acutely pointed out, and some notable particulars are given of the various conditions which led to the original election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency; Captain Chesney's "Military View of Recent Campaigns in Virginia



and Maryland," written with remarkable clearness and exemplary impartiality; Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Letter to a Whig Member of the Southern Independence Association," imbued, like everything else on the same subject which proceeds from this author's pen, with a strong Northern predilection; Mr. M. D. Conway's "Testimonies concerning Slavery," a work remarkable as being a vigorous attack on the "Domestic Institution" of the South, and on the cause of Secession, by a native of Virginia, who has been for some years a fugitive from that State on account of the views he entertains; "The Cruise of the *Alabama* and the *Sumter*, from the Private Journals and other Papers of Commander R. Semmes, C.S.N., and other Officers;" Mr. Arthur Arnold's "History of the Cotton Famine, from the Fall of Fort Sumter to the Passing of the Public Works Act," containing a vast body of facts of the gravest value, but ill-digested; Colonel de Coin's "History and Cultivation of Cotton and Tobacco," in which he speaks highly of the capabilities of Australia for raising both products; Mr. Throop's political essay on "The Future" of America, written by a citizen of the North, yet strongly advocating the independence of the South; an authorised Life of "Stonewall" Jackson, by Professor Dabney; "Down in Tennessee, and Back by Way of Richmond," by Mr. Kirke, a writer strongly opposed to the South; "Confederate Secession," by the Marquis of Lothian, who is equally in favour of the South; "The War in America in 1863-4," by Edward Pollard, late editor of the *Richmond Examiner*; a second series of the "Biglow Papers," struck out in the heat of the war-fever, with all the grotesque mingling of humour and passion which distinguished the first series; and a singular American work called "Miscegenation," advocating, not only emancipation, but the mingling of the white and black races, as the true apotheosis of humanity—to which a reply has been published at New York, deeply tinged with pro-slavery feeling.

With so enterprising a people as ourselves, always running about over the whole surface of the globe, and inquiring into the ways of nations, books of TRAVEL are sure to be very numerous. We have accordingly had several this year. The remarkable work of poor Captain Speke, relating the history of his alleged, but still disputed, discovery of the source of the Nile, was published towards the close of 1863, but must be briefly referred to in this record, on account of the lamentable accident which in September deprived us of a most enterprising and courageous explorer in the very flower of his years. Next in importance to this work must be reckoned the singular volumes issued by Captain Burton (at one time the fellow-traveller of Speke) on the African kingdom of Dahomey, or Dahome. Though largely mingled with the eccentricity and defiance of received opinions on all kinds of subjects for which its author is famous, the "Mission to Gelele" is unquestionably a very excellent work, giving a vivid description of a country with which, owing to our policy with respect to the slave trade, we are often brought into disagreeable relations. Indeed, Captain Burton's mission was one on which he had been despatched by Government, and among its objects was to induce his copper-coloured Majesty to abandon the traffic in negroes, and the barbarous "Customs" which periodically deluge the soil of his territories in the blood of captives and others—recommendations that do not seem very likely to be adopted. Captain Burton, who appears to possess an exceedingly facile pen, has also issued a book of travels in "Abeokuta and the Camaroon Mountains," which may be taken as a pendant to the more important work, though it was issued several months earlier; and now, at the close of the year, he has written a volume called "The Nile Basin," in which, assisted by Mr. James M'Queen, F.R.G.S., he vehemently opposes Speke's claim to be considered the discoverer of the source of the Nile. On the other side of the controversy must be placed "A Walk across Africa, or Domestic Scenes from my Nile Journal," by Captain Grant, Speke's companion in the famous expedition concerning the results of which so much doubt exists in the minds of geographical inquirers. Scarcely, if at all, less valuable than these works, is the very attractive book published by Mr. Thomas Baines, F.R.G.S., under the title of "Explorations in South-west Africa, being an Account of a Journey in the Years 1861 & 1862, from Walvisch Bay, on the Western Coast, to Lake Ngami and the Victoria Falls"—a work calculated to give the reader a high idea of Mr. Baines's spirit and sagacity as an explorer. Another book on the same quarter of the globe is Mr. Winwood Reade's "Savage Africa: being the Narrative of a Tour in Equatorial, South-western, and North-western Africa"—of which, perhaps, the most remarkable feature is that it professes to be written by a "young man about town," who went to the dangerous and unlovely shores of the Gulf of Guinea simply for his own amusement, and who has produced a very readable and *piquant* narrative of what he saw. In much the same light and agreeable style, Mr. John Ormsby, in his "Autumn Rambles in North Africa," delineates the semi-Arabian, semi-French towns of that part of the continent, as well as the surrounding country, with its ruins of Carthage, and its other relics of antiquity. Three books of travel by foreigners have been given to the English public—the late M. Henri Mouhot's "Travels in the Central parts of Indo-China (Siam), Cambodia, and Laos, during the years 1858, 1859, and 1860;" "Travels in Central Asia," by Arminius Vambéry, Member of the Hungarian Acad-

emy of Pesth, by which he was sent on a scientific mission; and "Customs and Traditions of Palestine," by Signor Pierotti, an Italian geographical writer of great eminence. Mr. Henry Mayhew's ferocious attack on the German people, contained in his "German Life and Manners, as seen in Saxony at the Present Day," made a little sensation at the time of its appearance in January, but was generally condemned on account of the coarseness and virulence of its tone, especially with regard to German women. Still, it must be admitted that, in the course of the ensuing months, the ferocity exhibited by the Austrian and Prussian armies in Slesvig-Holstein led to the very general adoption in England of an opinion highly unfavourable to the Teutonic race; and this opinion was in some degree strengthened, though perhaps unreasonably, by the discovery that the murder on the North London Railway was the work of a German. A view scarcely less unfavourable of German manners and institutions is taken by Mr. Edward Wilberforce (nephew of the Bishop of Oxford), in his "Social Life in Munich," in which a very depressing account is given of Bavaria and its metropolis. Other countries and regions have been described by various writers. Mexico and South America have been delineated by Mr. G. T. Vigne; the Islands of the Western Pacific by Mr. T. H. Hood; Horeb and Jerusalem by the Rev. George Sandie; the Fiji Islands (once famous for cannibalism) by Mrs. Smythe; Modern Persia by Mr. E. B. Eastwick, lately our *Chargé d'Affaires* at the Court of Tehran, who has given us two volumes of very effective portraiture, bringing the existing state of that interesting Oriental land vividly before our eyes; North America by Lieutenant Duncan, in a lively, rattling book; Mauritius and Madagascar by Dr. Ryan, bishop of the former island, who has recorded the progress of missionary enterprise among the natives; Russia, Greece, and Syria by Mr. Henry Arthur Tilley, who gives some valuable political details with regard to the last Polish insurrection, and the mutual feeling between Poles and Russians; Norway by Mr. Charles Elton; the "Eastern Shores of the Adriatic" by the Viscountess Strangford, who, with true feminine vivacity, and something, it must be confessed, of feminine hastiness of judgment, sketches, both with pen and pencil, the scenes and people of Dalmatia, Albania, and Montenegro; the Deserts of Syria by an anonymous writer, who paints the wandering Turkomans and Bedaweens to the life; the Neilgherries and the Dekkan by Colonel Walter Campbell, a hearty and vigorous writer, with a special eye for "sport"; the Dolomite Mountains—a branch of the Alps running through Tyrol, Carinthia, Carniola, and Friuli, and presenting some most magnificent scenery—by Messrs. Josiah Gilbert and G. C. Churchill, F.G.S.; the Central Alps, the Bernese Oberland, the greater part of Switzerland, and portions of the Tyrol and Lombardy, by Mr. John Ball, late President of the Alpine Club; the Ionian Islands, by a writer who puts forth his work under the editorship of Viscount Kirkwall, and who relates the history of the recent (so-called) Septinsular Republic, from early down to very recent times, besides describing from personal observation the scenery of the country and the manners of the people; the Rocky Mountains and the Gold Fields of Colorado by Mr. Maurice O'Connor Maurice; Modern Rome by Mr. S. W. Fulford; Java and the Javanese by Mr. William Barrington d'Almeida, who has produced a truthful and yet a fascinating picture of the Oriental Dutch settlement; recent explorations in Central Australia by Mr. John McDouall Stuart, who has conducted several expeditions into that pathless region with indomitable courage and remarkable success; and the latest state of colonised Australia—especially the condition of Victoria—by Mr. William Westgarth, who has now reported four times on the progress of that English settlement in the extreme South. Of semi-geographical books arising out of the Polish insurrection and the Danish war, we have had a few, though not so many as might have been expected. On the former subject, besides the work by Mr. Tilley already mentioned, in which, as we have said, the quarrel between Russia and Poland is collaterally discussed, the reading world has been favoured with a reprint, under the title of "Polish Experiences during the Insurrection of 1863-4," of Mr. Bullock's excellent letters in the *Daily News* from the seat of war; with a most impartial and masterly "Description of Poland during the Insurrection," by Mr. W. G. Clark, printed in "Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1862-3" (a volume which contains some other papers of great interest and marked literary ability); and with a vindication of the Russians by a Mr. Augustin P. O'Brien, who seems to have been talked over by the Grand Duke Constantine, the Grand Duchess, and other high personages, until he imagined the Russians to be a set of well-intentioned victims, and the Poles a nation of assassins and wretches. Touching Slesvig-Holstein, we have only had, of a geographical or topographical kind, reprints of the letters of the Special Correspondents of the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, Signor Gallenga and Mr. Edward Dicey, both giving a very agreeable picture of the unfortunate country and people whose reverses have so deeply moved the sympathies of Englishmen. Another work partaking somewhat of the nature of a book of travels, and somewhat of a political history, may be mentioned in this place:—Miss Frances Power Cobbe's "Italics: Brief Notes on Politics, People, and Places in Italy, in 1864"—a volume of remarkable power, close observation, and picturesque writing, which adds largely to our knowledge of things as they



are in the land of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel. Before closing this section of our Literary Summary, we must congratulate the curious in geographical antiquarianism on the publication by the Hakluyt Society of the very interesting *Travels of Ludovico di Varthema in Egypt and various parts of Asia, A.D. 1503-8*, translated by Mr. John Winter Jones, F.S.A., and edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Mr. John Percy Badger; and of *Pedro Cieza de Leon, A.D. 1532-50*, translated and edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Mr. C. R. Markham, F.S.A., F.R.G.S.—a narrative necessary to a full understanding of the annals of Peru at the time of the Spanish conquest.

English authors are not generally much inclined to abstruse metaphysical speculations; and we have therefore no very great number of works to record under the head of PHILOSOPHY. Still, there are some which by their importance demand a passing reference.—Mr. Herbert Spencer—one of our most abstruse thinkers in the domain of pure intellect—has republished from the *Quarterly Review* a series of "Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative," and in a pamphlet of forty-eight pages has set forth his reasons for disagreeing with the celebrated classification of the sciences of M. Comte, which he proposes to supplant by another of his own conception. From the same author we also have the "Principles of Biology," being the second volume of his "System of Philosophy." Mr. G. H. Lewes has produced a learned and thoughtful work on the scientific writings of Aristotle, in which the science of the Stagirite is severely condemned, though Mr. Lewes is of opinion that the great philosopher of the ancients did an immense service by announcing and enforcing the Inductive Method in Philosophy,—that is to say, the principle of seeking the discovery of natural laws by a careful examination of facts, instead of by *à priori* conclusions evolved from the mind of the speculator without reference to the external world. A second edition of Mr. Bain's work on "The Senses and the Intellect," originally published about ten years ago, has appeared, and, though now assuming a more mature form, is still substantially the same as when it first braved the examination of hostile critics. Mr. Thomas K. Abbott, M. A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin, has made an unsuccessful attempt to upset the Berkeleyan Theory of Vision, which maintained that much of the information supposed to be derived directly through the eye is really the result of experience and mental inference. Mr. N. A. Nicholson, M.A., of Trinity College, Oxford, has expressed some very crude ideas on ethics and religion in a collection of (so-called) "Philosophical Papers;" and Mr. C. W. King has written a work on the religious philosophy of the Gnostics.—We hardly know whether we are justified in ranging under the head of "Philosophy" the few books which have appeared during the year in connexion with what is designated "Spiritualism;" but, as its advocates claim for the new faith the dignity of a fresh contribution to the investigation of the laws of mind, we may as well put down in this place what we have to record of its literary demonstrations. Setting aside their periodical publications, the Spiritualists do not seem to address the world very frequently by means of paper and print. The only books of this class which have come under our notice during the year are—Mr. J. H. Powell's "Spiritualism, its Facts and Phases, illustrated with Personal Experiences;" Mr. Thomas Brevior's "Two Worlds, the Natural and the Spiritual, their Intimate Connexion and Relation, Illustrated by Examples and Testimonies, Ancient and Modern;" a wild rhapsody called "Primeval Man," the authoress of which professes to set down, word by word, certain "revelations" from the spirit world with reference to the origin of things, which revelations of course reveal nothing; a second edition of Mr. W. M. Wilkinson's "Spirit Drawings, a Personal Narrative;" and Dr. Nichols's "Biography of the Brothers Davenport," to which the singular performances of these young men, and the excitement they have caused among *savans* and journalists, lend a factitious interest. We cannot point to any of these works as containing a philosophical exposition of the principles of "Spiritualism." They simply consist of a number of foolish stories (some of them extremely old, and some long since exploded), and of very ineffective attempts at argument, which resolve themselves into begging the question and abusing the other side.

Works of SCIENCE will be referred to in connexion with that branch of human learning. FINE ARTS books will also be treated of under a separate head.

In PHILOLOGY, the most conspicuous work of the year is the second series of Mr. Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Language," in which, together with some theories with regard to the origin and transmutation of the great leading divisions of human speech which are hardly sustainable, much light is thrown on the Indo-European tongues, and great philosophical acumen, as well as extensive learning, is brought to bear on the subject. The English language has been illustrated by Dr. Latham in a new and greatly enlarged edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, the serial publication of which has not yet advanced far enough for us to pronounce with confidence any opinion on its character; by Dean Alford's book on "The Queen's English," and by Mr. G. Washington Moon's slashing commentary on the same, entitled "The Dean's English." The

quarrel between the Dean and Mr. Moon was as amusing as such quarrels generally are. Dr. Alford's criticisms on vulgar errors and fashionable slip-slop were originally published from month to month in *Good Words*. As they proceeded, Mr. Moon pointed out that the Dean himself was very lax in some of his expressions; the reverend gentleman after awhile lost his temper, and said some rude things; and finally Mr. Moon brought out a volume in which he certainly made mincemeat of a good deal of his opponent's composition. Both works, however, are calculated to render considerable service to loose thinkers, speakers, and writers; and certainly both are very entertaining. The Philological Society has added to its very interesting volumes of "Transactions." Captain H. G. Raverty has published a valuable Grammar and Dictionary of the Pushto or Afghan language. Mr. Benjamin W. Dwight is the author of a volume entitled "Modern Philology: its Discoveries, History, and Influence," with maps and tabular views. Mr. Thomas Prendergast, formerly of her Majesty's Civil Service at Madras, puts forth a work with the tempting title "The Mastery of Languages, or the Art of Speaking Foreign Tongues Idiomatically," in which the author advocates the teaching of foreign languages by sentences instead of (as usual) by disconnected words, and without any regard to grammatical rules or scientific theories. Mr. Hotten has republished, with very considerable additions, his admirable and most interesting "Slang Dictionary," which gives a more complete view than any other work of the same kind of the unauthorised speech of thieves, costermongers, tramps, patterers, "fast" men, University men, actors, and the fashionable and unfashionable worlds. A new edition of the late Edward O'Reilly's "Irish-English Dictionary" has been published, with corrections and additions by Dr. John O'Donovan—a work which can only be regarded as a temporary contribution to our knowledge of the language it seeks to illustrate; and Mr. John Stuart Blackie, F.R.S.E., of Edinburgh, has put forth in a pamphlet form some learned observations on "The Gaelic Languages."

ANTIQUARIANISM, TOPOGRAPHY, and FOLK LORE, have received some additions to their stores. The "Pricke of Conscience," an old Northumbrian poem giving a summary of the popular theological ideas of the time, has appeared under the editorship of Mr. Richard Morris. Mr. Thomas Wright has edited the Autobiography of his grandfather, Thomas Wright of Birkenshaw, in which we have a curious picture of Yorkshire life in the last century. A very singular and valuable work, illustrating the state of medical and other science among the Anglo-Saxons, has been published by authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. The title of this work is "Leechdoms, Warteunning, and Starcraft of Early England, being a Collection of Documents, for the most part never before printed, illustrating the History of Science in this Country before the Norman Conquest;" and it is edited by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A., Cantab. A collection of "Icelandic Legends," bearing on the popular superstitions of that remote island in the North Sea which was once a seat of learning and intellectual culture, has been translated into English by Messrs. George E. J. Powell and Eiríkur Magnússon. Miss Louisa Menzies has told in modern fashion those old heroic legends of Arthur and the other ancient (and very problematical) Kings of Britain which are to be found set down as history in the Chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth and other old annalists. Mr. Cuthbert Bede has collected from the mouths of the Gaelic-speaking natives of Cantire, in South Argyllshire, some wild traditions respecting ghosts, elves, goblins, and other supernatural beings. "Hekekyan Bey, C.E., of Constantinople, formerly in the Egyptian service," and Vice-Admiral Saumarez, have published two extravagant and inexplicable works on "the Chronology of Siriadic Monuments," and "the Hierographic Phraseology of the Old Testament." Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, has written an extremely learned, but very inconclusive, treatise on the Great Pyramid, in which he attempts to show that it was built, not by the Egyptians, but by the Jewish ancestors of Abraham, and that the porphyry coffer in the King's Chamber (commonly regarded as a sarcophagus) was intended as a standard measure of capacity and weight for all nations. Mr. Frederic W. Madden has compiled an exceedingly valuable "History of Jewish Coinage, and of Money in the Old and New Testament;" and Messrs. J. Evans and F. W. Fairholt have described, with illustrative specimens, "The Coins of the Ancient Britons." The late E. S. Taylor, B.A., assisted by others, has compiled a "History of Playing Cards, with Anecdotes of their Use in Conjuring, Fortune-telling, and Card-sharping." Dr. Latham and Mr. A. W. Franks have edited the late John Kemble's "Horæ Ferales, or Studies in the Archæology of the Northern Nations." Under the title of "A Corner of Kent," Mr. Planché, long famous as the best of burlesque writers, and as a curious inquirer into what may be called the ornamental part of mediævalism, has written a very agreeable account of the parish of Ash-next-Sandwich, "its Historic Sites and Existing Antiquities." Sir Andrew Agnew has favoured us with "The Agnews of Lochnaw, a History of the Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway;" Mr. Thomas Wright has given the modern world a splendidly emblazoned volume containing "The Roll of Arms of the



Princes, Barons, and Knights who attended King Edward I. to the Siege of Caerlaverock in 1300;" and the Rev. Scott F. Surtees, Rector of Sprotburgh, Yorkshire, has collected some of the early records of the North of England in his "Waifs and Strays of North Humber History." The *Zendavesta*—the religious volume of the Parsees—has been translated from Professor Spiegel's German version of the original by Mr. A. H. Bleek. Mr. John Earle, late Fellow of Oriel, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon, has traced the ancient and modern history of Bath in a very amusing volume; the Rev. H. M. Searth has published some "Notices of the Roman City of Bath;" Mr. William Chambers, of Edinburgh, has compiled the "History of Peeblesshire," Mr. J. E. Reid that of the county of Bute, and Mr. William Menzies that of "Windsor Great Park and Windsor Forest," wherein the legends of that beautiful locality are related, and the trees of special note are pointed out; while "The Annals of Windsor" have been recorded by Messrs. R. T. Tighe and J. E. Davies. Mr. Toulmin Smith has set forth some "Memorials of Old Birmingham Men and Manners;" and Mr. Elihu Burritt, "the American Blacksmith," has written a pleasant volume about "the old country," entitled "From London to John o' Groat's."

FICTION is a department of letters which in this country is always very productive. The circulating library is an institution of modern social life; and the circulating library relies for its attraction chiefly on novels and romances. The feminine appetite for the thorough-going three-volume story is something insatiable; indeed, it is to be feared that there are some women who read nothing else. Of late years, the number of works of fiction has been largely augmented by the increase of weekly and monthly periodicals, in all of which the serial story is a prominent feature. These stories, after their sectional appearance, come out in the more substantial form of separate works; and recently even the lower-class weeklies, such as the *London Journal*, have given their quota to the fashionable stock. There is consequently no lack of books in this department of letters. It would, of course, be impossible for us to enumerate anything like all these fugitive compositions; nor would such a record be of any interest. We shall therefore simply allude to the more conspicuous novels and romances of the year. Mr. Thackeray's posthumous fragment has been published in four successive numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and has awakened in the minds of all who have read it a keen feeling of regret that the story should have been cut short at so early a stage, and by so fatal a cause. Nevertheless, we cannot agree with those who think "Denis Duval" equal to the earlier works of the author. It opens, it is true, with great power, and, all through, the occasional touches of humour and pathos are those of a master hand; but the flatness of other parts at times induces a fear that the brain of the author was weary with the prolonged and varied toil of his life. The same remark could hardly be made of the fragment left behind him by Mr. Hawthorne—a delicious little scrap of a story called "Pansie," showing all its author's astonishing penetration into the strange and secret nooks of the human heart. Of Mr. Dickens's new story—"Our Mutual Friend"—we are now in possession of nine parts, and the tale has progressed sufficiently to allow of our forming some idea of the author's design, and of the way in which he is working it out. Whatever its faults may be—and the old tendency to exaggeration again appears in some of its characters and scenes—it undoubtedly shows no signs of exhaustion. That truly marvellous power which Mr. Dickens has always exhibited of imagining a whole crowd of characters which at once take a place in the mind of the public as veritable living beings, and are recognised, after a little while, as familiar acquaintances, is still manifested in all its youthful force, though with the added maturity of years. The Boffins and the Wilfers, Lawyer Lightwood and Eugene Wrayburn, Lizzie Hexam and her rough, ominous father, the rich Veneerings and the shallow and insincere hangers-on who surround them, have already taken their stand beside the creations of ten, twenty, five-and-twenty years ago; while "Pod-snappery" has become as accepted a phrase as "the Circumlocution Office." Next to the productions of Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens, one of the most interesting books of the year in the class of Fiction is Mr. Antony Trollope's "Small House at Allington"—a tale full of the sweetness of domestic life. Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, hitherto famous for his exquisite tales of Italian character, has published a novel of English life, called "Lindisfarn Chase." Mr. Wilkie Collins, after a rather long silence, partly caused, we believe, by ill-health, has entered the field afresh with a new story in the *Cornhill*, bearing the simple title, "Armada." Only three sections of this tale have appeared; but enough of the plot has been unfolded to show that the author is again preparing to astonish us by the ingenuity of his scheme, and the telling character of his situations. The younger brother of Mr. Wilkie Collins—Mr. Charles Allston Collins—has recently been making himself known as a writer of fiction. He has long been one of Mr. Dickens's chief co-labourers in the production of *All the Year Round*; and he has the honour of being Mr. Dickens's son-in-law. During the present year he has published two novels—"The Bar Sinister" and "Strathcairn,"—the tone of the latter of which is sufficiently gloomy to please the greatest lover of dismal scenes and incidents. Mr. Charles Reade's "Hard Cash," after running for several months last year in the weekly

numbers of Mr. Dickens's periodical, was published in three volumes about the commencement of 1864, and was received with some rather adverse criticism in certain quarters on account of the attacks contained in it on medical men generally, and the system of private lunatic asylums in particular. It is said that Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. gave the author £3,000 for the right of reprinting, and that the speculation proved a failure: at any rate, certain it is that the work in its independent form failed to obtain the popularity which undoubtedly attended its publication from week to week. Miss Braddon's ever-active pen has this year given us two new works of fiction—"Henry Dunbar," a remodelling of the "Story of an Outcast," originally printed in the *London Journal*; and "The Doctor's Wife," both of which works—though neither is devoid of extravagance—show that Miss Braddon is acquiring increased command over the higher elements of fiction. The author of "Guy Livingstone" has produced a story called "Maurice Dering, or the Quadrilateral"—a book in which we are glad to notice a decided improvement on the rather cynical and very questionable morality of his earlier tales. Mr. John Saunders, whose previous novels made some little noise in their day, has written a story of wild adventure, entitled "Guy Waterman," and Mr. George MacDonald a striking tale of supernaturalism, called "The Portent." Mrs. Oliphant has added another series to her "Chronicles of Carlingford." "The Perpetual Curate," as the new section is called, has had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of a critical contemporary; but we believe most of our readers will agree with us in thinking that it exhibits the same powers of easy, natural portraiture and command over the heart which distinguished the previous volumes. A singular and rather morbid romance—"Margaret Denzil's History"—which has been one of the leading attractions of the *Cornhill Magazine* during the year, has also put in an appearance as a circulating library novel, and, being a work of undoubted power and originality, may be expected to make some noise in the world. The author's name is not given, and, during the serial issue of the tale, many guesses were hazarded as to its parentage—one conjecture (for which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to ascribe a cause) being that it was the production of the Queen! The real author, however, is Mr. Frederick Greenwood, a name as yet unknown to the general public. Another new novelist has also been attracting attention—not, indeed, that the present year has seen the first of her fictions, but that she has now, for the first time, risen out of obscurity, and achieved a "hit." We allude to Miss Thomas, whose "Denis Donne," and the triad of tales called "A Dangerous Secret—The House in Piccadilly—Philip Morton," show that, with many imperfections, she has some of the qualities belonging to a good novel-writer. Mr. Sala has republished from *All the Year Round* his story "Quite Alone," to which story hangs a tale. Readers of Mr. Dickens's miscellany must have observed, two or three months ago, a gap in the publication of the successive chapters, and then, after awhile, a somewhat hurried conclusion. A note by Mr. Sala appended to the reprinted volumes explains that, being in America, as the Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and being pressed with work and disabled by sickness, he found it impossible to transmit the "copy" necessary for the completion of the story in time for its regular appearance in *All the Year Round*, and that consequently the narrative was finished by "another hand." He entirely takes the blame on his own shoulders, and writes in a very manly and straightforward style. The conclusion supplied by the "other hand" is for the present adopted by Mr. Sala; but he hopes, should the work reach a second edition, to develop his own plot after his own fashion. We must also mention, among the numerous reprints from periodicals, Mrs. Henry Wood's "Oswald Cray," from *Good Words*—a story imbued with a religious feeling, like all its authoress's productions.

We cannot dismiss this department of letters—on all accounts a very important department—without alluding to certain works which have quite recently attained a popularity and an influence of a very pernicious kind. This is observable both in America and in England. In the United States, the abnormal excitement of the public pulse, consequent on the spasms of civil war, has developed, as any unusual agitation of men's minds is generally found to do—whether it be a pestilence or a great national reverse, universal bankruptcy or a convulsion of nature, the menace of a comet or the stimulus of religious fanaticism—a certain wild and reckless mood, which takes refuge from its anguish or its fears in debauchery and licentiousness. We know that such was the case in the great Plagues of Athens, of Florence, and of London, as well as in other cities; and there are statistical returns which show that, during the Irish Revival movement of 1859, drunkenness and immorality largely increased, instead of, as might have been supposed, diminishing. The feverish alternations of excitement and languor that have prevailed in the Northern States of America since the early months of 1861—a condition described with painful reality and minuteness by Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Sourdings from the Atlantic"—have led to the creation of a species of fiction reflecting the laxity of life prevalent in many of the great cities of the Union; and one specimen of this depraved literature has been reproduced in England, though in a castigated form, and with a change of title,—the New York edition being called "Vigor," the London edition "Marion." The



author of this work (since deceased) was a man of the name of Scovill, who wrote under the signature of "Manhattan," and was the New York correspondent of a London Conservative paper; but we believe he did not stand alone as a producer of objectionable novels. What concerns us more, however, is that in England a similar taste has lately been found to exist, without the palliation which may be urged in the case of America. The open sale in respectable shops and at railway stations of such literature as the books called "Skittles," "Anonyma," "The Women of London," "Kate Hamilton," &c., is a discreditable sign of the times, and suggests a serious doubt whether the free discussion of a certain evil which was carried on in the *Times* six or seven years ago has not enlarged its range and added to its boldness. We cannot resist an impression that the professors of immorality have of late acquired a position in society to which, ten or twelve years ago, they did not even lay claim; and the unhesitating sale in the best thoroughfares of London of the books to which we are now alluding, is a proof that, although Lord Campbell's act may have been successful in suppressing the grosser productions of Holywell-street and Wych-street, the poison has only been diluted and diffused. It is true that forty years ago the "Memoirs of Harriet Wilson" scandalized decent society; but such a work in those days of high prices and of a small book-buying public had nothing like the widely-spread influence of our two-shilling and half-crown chronicles of vice, flaunting their gaudy pictorial covers in the shop-windows of booksellers and stationers even of a superior order. We trust, however, that the nuisance may be only temporary—a hope in which we are encouraged by the fact, stated by Mr. John Francis, and derived by him from personal inquiry, that the sale of cheap immoral periodicals has fallen, in the three years from 1861 to 1864, from 52,000 to 9,000.

In POETRY, the year has seen some publications of note. Foremost among these must be reckoned the new volume of Mr. Tennyson, which, both in this country and on the other side of the Atlantic, has achieved a success fully equal to that of any of the Laureate's earlier productions. The fine, rough, noble-natured Enoch Arden is now a familiar figure to thousands of readers; and, though the moral of the poem has been questioned in several quarters, we believe it is the more general impression that the virtue of self-sacrifice has been nobly illustrated by our finest of living poets in this touching and beautiful story. In other parts of the volume, Mr. Tennyson has given evidence of the possession of powers not hitherto ascribed to him. "The Northern Farmer" is an extraordinary exhibition of actual character, of humour, of profound knowledge of life, and of a certain lurking tragedy and awfulness in the midst of uncouth conditions; and the short specimen of a translation from Homer, printed at the end of the volume, shows how thoroughly the poet has been penetrated with the spirit of antique verse. We are glad to see that Mr. Tennyson is about to publish a cheap edition of his writings—not, however, a complete edition, but only a selection; which is not so satisfactory, since poets are often very bad judges of their own compositions. Next to Mr. Tennyson's volume we must place that of the other chief singer of the age—Mr. Browning. The "Dramatis Personæ" of this great writer exhibits, in a yet more confirmed degree, the peculiar characteristics of the genius which produced it. We find once more all the old subtlety of thought; all the intense, close, smouldering passion; all the accustomed mastery over verse and rhyme (combined with a determination to select the most unpromising and difficult metres); and all the well-known obscurity of form—for which, by the way, Mr. Browning was rather severely taken to task by a critic in the *Daily News*. The finest poem in the volume is, perhaps, that called "Caliban upon Setebos," in which profound thought and feeling are rendered with a crystal clearness certainly not commonly observable in Mr. Browning's writings. Mr. Allingham's Hibernian poem, "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," is an extraordinary specimen of what may be done by a true poet with a subject which is the very concentration of all that is prosaic, materialistic, and repulsive. Out of the wretched muddle of Irish politics Mr. Allingham has contrived to draw a stream of genuine poetry, which will add lustre to his name; though it may still be doubted whether such subjects are fitted for poetical treatment. Another volume of Irish poetry is that issued by Mr. Samuel Ferguson, under the title of "Lays of the Western Gael, and other Poems," of which the greater part, if not the whole, is a reprint. We have also had a collected edition of the poetical works of the late Winthrop Mackworth Praed, from which we may derive a vivid idea of the kind of wit and sentiment popular with the last generation; and a new edition of "The Revolutionary Epick" of Mr. Disraeli, reprinted by him with a view to contradicting an assertion that he had therein advocated the assassination of tyrants—a contradiction which he is only able to effect by disingenuously altering the incriminated passages. In the way of translation from the poets of other countries, a remarkable version of the "Iliad" has been published by Lord Derby—a work which does the highest honour to the scholarship and poetical feeling of a nobleman hitherto associated, not with literature, but with politics. "The Greek Anthology" has been translated (not very happily) by Major Robert Guthrie

Macgregor, and Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" by Sir J. K. James, M.A.

Books of ESSAYS have been very numerous. Of these we have had (to mention merely the best, and omitting such as come under more specific heads) "Essays on Fiction," by Mr. Nassau W. Senior, since deceased—a reprint from old *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*; the Countess de Gasparin's "Human Sadness," a collection of religious meditations; Holme Lee's "In the Silver Age;" "Holiday Papers," by the Rev. Harry Jones; "Critical Essays," by the Rev. T. E. Espin; "About in the World," by the Author of "The Gentle Life;" the rambling, sometimes amusing, and sometimes tiresome cogitations of "Cornelius O'Dowd;" a new edition of the "Journal of Summer Time in the Country" by the late Rev. Robert Aris Willmott; two new volumes of Essays (one serious, the other light) from the industrious manufactory of "A. K. H. B.;" reprints from *All the Year Round* of writings by Mr. Hollingshead and Mr. Andrew Halliday; and "Pictures done with a Quill," by Mr. Sala. The prevalent tone in most of these essays is that of the domestic side of English society—a tone genial, intelligent, well-bred, and eminently "respectable," yet somewhat wanting in boldness, force, and originality. The essayists of the present day are hardly the equals of those who belonged to the previous generation. A placidity, amounting at times to an apparent indifference to the higher principles of life, has spread over our literature since the cessation of active contest in the world of politics; and this is seen in many of the essay-writers of the day. Yet it cannot be denied that these volumes contain a great deal of agreeable reading, and are instinct with that liberal spirit of tolerance which generally comes of high culture and catholic tastes. On the other side of the Atlantic, also, the Essay seems to be popular. We have received from America, during the year, two very charming volumes of this description—"Soundings from the Atlantic," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and "Fireside Travels," by J. Russell Lowell, author of "The Biglow Papers."

A few works not falling readily under any precise definition of class remain for us to record. "The Metallurgy of Iron and Steel," by Dr. Percy, is a volume full of valuable information on the metal which, beyond all others, has contributed to the greatness of England, and on the various manufactures into which it is introduced. "Speculative Notes and Notes on Speculation, Ideal and Real," by Mr. D. Morier Evans, contains some lively sketches of city men and ways, and some curious revelations of bubble companies and rotten commercial schemes. Mr. William Lewins has produced a very good account of the British Post Office, under the title of "Her Majesty's Mails." Mr. D. K. Clark, C.E., has compiled "A Cyclopædia of the Machinery Represented at the International Exhibition" (1862). Sir Emerson Tennent has sketched the progress of recent improvements in rifled ordnance in his "Story of the Guns"—not, however, with that impartiality which we have a right to expect in a chronicler of facts. Mr. Henry Morley has illustrated the development of our national literature, in a thick volume, entitled "English Writers, comprising the Writers before Chaucer, with an Introductory Sketch of the Four Periods of English Literature." Colonel James Graham has treated of the ethics of war in a book to which he gives the title of "Military Ends and Moral Means." Mr. W. G. O. Trevelyan has reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* his "Letters of a Competition Wallah," interesting for the information they contain about India from the pen of an Anglo-Indian. "Three Months in an English Monastery" is a foolish record of a foolish experiment; viz., that of the Rev. Mr. Lyne (the notorious "Brother Ignatius") to set up in England, and within the pale of our Protestant Church, an imitation of the monasteries of Romanism. "The Scot Abroad" is an amusing collection of papers by Mr. John Hill Burton on the nomadic habits of our North British fellow-subjects, and on what they have done and suffered in foreign lands. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has made some contributions to our knowledge of French life in two books entitled, respectively, "The Children of Lutetia" and "At Home in Paris." Dr. Cumming has favoured country folk with a little treatise on "Bee-keeping," growing out of the letters which in the course of last summer he addressed to the *Times* under the signature of "A Bee-Master," and which led to a good deal of rather bitter controversy during the warm weather. Captain Gronow has added a third volume to his chatty series of personal recollections; Mr. Arnold J. Cooley has described, from his own individual experience as a patient in one of the accident wards, "Two Months in a London Hospital, its Inner Life and Scenes;" and Mr. J. Ross Browne (apparently an American writer) has devoted a gossiping volume, half fiction and half fact, to an account of Juan Fernandez, the island on which Alexander Selkirk passed his years of solitude, and to some effective reminiscences of speculation and adventure in California and Washoe.

The abortive SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY has developed, during the year that is just expiring, a large amount of Shakespearian Literature. A good deal of this has been little better than rubbish; but some very excellent books in



connexion with the greatest of English authors have also appeared under the stimulus of the much talked-of celebration. Among these must be reckoned several admirable new editions of the poet's works. The reissue of Mr. Dyce's edition, commenced at the close of last year, and still progressing, is one of the best specimens we have ever seen of a compact, intelligent, and carefully superintended reproduction of a great classic, illustrated by the results of a long life of literary investigation, yet not overloaded with notes, and presenting as good a text as in this particular instance can be obtained. The "Cambridge Shakespeare," which is also still progressing, though it preceded the Tercentenary by a twelvemonth, is a more elaborate and ambitious edition. It consists of a most minute and laborious collation of texts, chiefly of the old editions, from which many readings that have long dropped out of general use have been restored. The results of this collation are given in notes at the foot of the page, and to these are added conjectural emendations. In all plays of which there is a quarto edition differing from the received text to such a degree that the variations cannot be shown in foot notes, the text of the quarto is printed *literatim* in a smaller type after the received text. The lines in each scene are numbered separately; and each play is illustrated by a few annotations. The editors, after some deliberation, determined on adopting modern spelling, instead of reproducing the uncouth orthography of Shakespeare's time, which, as it appears in the old folios and quartos, may or may not have been Shakespeare's own, and at any rate detracts from the look of eternal youth and freshness which we like to associate with the poet of *all* time. The "Cambridge Shakespeare" will be referred to in future days as reflecting in a single edition the varied texts of many; but it is not likely at any time to be a popular work. Mr. Charles Knight's "Pictorial Shakespeare" is better adapted for general reading, and is in other respects an honour to the age which has produced it. Originally published from month to month some quarter of a century ago, it is now again appearing in the same form, but with such additions and corrections as the deeper researches and riper scholarship of the editor's more mature years, and the progress of Shakespearian criticism, may have suggested. Mr. Knight has perhaps exceeded all other commentators in the wealth of illustration which he has brought to bear on the text of his author. His edition is a beautiful specimen of what may be done by intelligent love, literary taste, artistic ability, and commercial enterprise, for the elucidation and adornment of a great author; and it is pleasant to see the woodcuts with which we were familiar so many years ago again coming forth with a freshness that must be surprising to those who know nothing of stereotypes. Another edition of Shakespeare—the "Globe" edition—has been issued by the editors of the "Cambridge Shakespeare." It is comprised in a single volume, is printed in double columns, and, it is needless to add, has received as much care, within its comparatively unambitious plan, as the grander edition on which the attention of Shakespearians has been so closely fixed. Messrs. Bell and Daldy are producing the plays of our chief dramatist in what are called "pocket volumes," under the editorship of Mr. Thomas Keightley, who confines his critical and explanatory matter to the smallest compass, but promises us a volume of comments and theorising when the issue is completed. Mr. J. B. Marsh has published a "Reference Shakespeare," the index to which contains a list of 372 subjects, illustrated by 6,504 separate passages connected by a total of 11,600 references, to the compilation of which the editor has given four years of work. Other editions of less pretension (among which we must not omit to speak of two under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clark, one of which is illustrated by Mr. H. C. Selous) have come forth during the year; and the *facsimiles* have been rather numerous. Mr. Booth has reprinted, in sham old type and on sham old paper, the famous Folio of 1623, with as much fidelity as is consistent with the particular mode of reproduction, and with the diminution of size from folio to quarto. Mr. Howard Staunton has issued from the establishment of Messrs. Day and Son, Lithographers to the Queen, a *facsimile* of the old folio, which has certainly, at a casual glance, a wonderful appearance of exactness, but which we have already shown is not so precise in minute details as the photolithographic process would warrant one in supposing. Mr. Staunton has also brought out in the same style a *facsimile* of the quartos; and Messrs. Day and Son have reproduced, by photography and photolithography, Shakespeare's will and the Droeshout portrait prefixed to the edition of 1623, to the life-like accuracy of which Ben Jonson testified, in verses that have been repeatedly quoted.

Works in illustration of Shakespeare's life and genius have been extremely numerous. Not to speak of the Tercentenary numbers of *Punch* and *Chambers's Journal*, and other fugitive publications called forth by the festival of April (of which the greater number were far from being successful), many books of more or less abiding interest and solid worth have issued from the press on the subject which for awhile occupied so large a space in the thoughts of intellectual men. Early in the year, we had Mr. Hain Friswell's volume on the history and authenticity of the several portraits of Shakespeare, in which

some very good photographs were given of the Stratford bust, the Droeshout engraving, and other likenesses of the poet; so that the possessor of the book may, without leaving his own fireside, study and compare the different versions which time has left us of the features we all desire to realize with as much exactness as possible. This is one of the few Tercentenary books which reached a second edition. We may regard as a companion volume to Mr. Friswell's the Rev. J. M. Jephson's "Shakespeare: his Birthplace, Home, and Grave. A Pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon in the Autumn of 1863." This also was illustrated by photographs, representing the Stratford bust, Shakespeare's house in Henley-street, the ruins of New Place, Ann Hathaway's cottage, Charlecote-park (the seat of the Lucys, of deer-keeping memory), the Grammar School where the boy Shakespeare was educated, the beautiful old church where all that was mortal of the man lies buried, and some other objects of interest. Photography has also been pressed into the service to reproduce the celebrated Boydell prints illustrating the plays—an interesting collection, and one containing some striking compositions, but which, on the whole, represents a form of art now deservedly superseded, though nothing should induce us to forget the magnificent and princely spirit in which the old alderman brought together all the artistic genius of the time for the glorification of our national poet. Passing from ornamental works to those of a more purely intellectual character, we find a large number of commentaries on Shakespeare's life and genius. The most conspicuous, on account of the great name of its author, is the work of Victor Hugo. If the most extravagant eulogy of our foremost man by a French writer could in itself satisfy us English, there would be nothing to say against the singular and in some respects eloquent production of the author of "Notre Dame" and "Les Misérables." But the character of the criticism is so extremely French, so full of sentimentalism and rant,—and the panegyrics on Shakespeare in particular are accompanied by so much that is absolutely impertinent towards England in general,—that it is very doubtful whether the tribute of our illustrious guest will ever be cordially received in the land of his exile. In strong contrast with this spasm of literary worship is the thoughtful, sober, and self-governed work of Mr. Thomas Kenny, "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare." The object of Mr. Kenny appears to have been to remove Shakespeare from that atmosphere of mythical idealisation in which the enthusiasm of German critics, and latterly of English critics too, has placed him, and to delineate the real nature of the man—both his personal nature and his literary nature—more in accordance with the probabilities of human life. In discharging this task, Mr. Kenny has shown himself in no respect wanting in reverence for the wonderful subject of his discourse; but he has not hesitated to point out what he considers defects in the mental powers of the poet, and his book thus acquires a special character which distinguishes it from the manifold Shakespearian utterances of the season. On the other and more idolatrous side must be ranked two volumes, by Bishop Wordsworth and the Rev. Alfred Pownall, contrasting the words of Shakespeare with those of the Bible,—or, rather, showing how, by a careful study of Scripture, the poet has made a nearer approach than any other author to the moral and religious elevation, and the power of expression, of the Hebrew writings. The idea is not new, nor, indeed, is it worth much; for the mind of Shakespeare was influenced by the Bible only as the minds of most men in Christian countries are so influenced, and the character of his genius, on the whole, was essentially different. An eccentric work, bearing the fantastic title of "Shakespeare and Jonson: Dramatic *versus* Wit Combats: Auxiliary Forces—Beaumont and Fletcher, Marston, Decker, Chapman, and Webster," can hardly be classed under any special division of the year's Shakespeare Literature, being really *sui generis*. The writer endeavours to show that the characters of Shakespeare's plays were mainly impersonations of himself and his contemporaries, more particularly with reference to their mutual jealousies and quarrels, and that the same rule of interpretation applies to the characters in the dramas of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others of the same brotherhood: a conception more ingenious than probable. From our list of works bearing on the present subject must not be omitted three series of "Shakespeare Jest-Books"—reprints of old collections of witticisms and drolleries contemporary with the dramatist, and which, there can be no doubt, he read. These are extremely interesting and valuable to the antiquary and the Shakespeare commentator, though somewhat beyond the pale of general sympathy; yet even to ordinary readers it may be pleasant to know the kind of fun which amused our ancestors three centuries ago, and was to them pretty much what *Punch* is to us.

These are among the best fruits of the Tercentenary excitement. The celebration itself, though it is impossible to pass it over in any record pretending to be a Literary History of the Year, was a failure. We English are little fitted for festivals of this kind. Our unartistic, direct, and practical nature does not understand getting enthusiastic about "an idea;" and if, out of a perplexed sense of duty, we work up a



false enthusiasm, it is sure to sit very ill upon us, and is liable at any moment to break down into irretrievable ruin. It is a commonly accepted opinion among Englishmen that Shakespeare was the greatest genius this nation has produced, if not the foremost intellect of the whole world; but, outside the purely literary and artistic circles, there is no disposition to idolize him, and the matter-of-fact business men of whom our population is mainly composed saw no reason, and could conceive none, why we were to get into a fury of admiration about Shakespeare in the year 1864 more than in any other year. To an imaginative mind, it is true, there is a sentiment about the three hundredth anniversary of a great man's birth which is very agreeable and fascinating; but, as a people, we do not understand sentiment, and are always inclined to regard it with suspicion and dislike, as being an affectation and tawdry assumption of something which has no genuine existence. This, it may be conceded, is a defect in our national character; but it is a defect allied to a certain sturdy virtue. To the French and Italians, and even to our kinsmen the Germans, abstractions are realities: to the Englishman they are *not* real in any sense of the word—they are simply shams; and either he disregards them altogether, or, under some species of compulsion, makes a half-hearted and ungainly attempt to patronize them, suddenly discovers that "it won't do," and hastily retires in wrath and confusion. In the present instance, moreover, the management of the celebration, both here and at Stratford-upon-Avon, fell into the hands of bunglers. The London committee, or at least the active part of it, consisted of men of very secondary reputation, who seemed more desirous of displaying themselves than of honouring the name of our great man; error succeeded error; the slight offered to Mr. Thackeray, only a few days before the decease of that gentleman, exasperated the higher circles of the literary profession against the leaders of the body; and the extraordinary inaptitude for business evinced by those who had undertaken the conduct of the whole project induced a large number of the committee to withdraw, and leave the muddle to work itself clear as it could. In the meanwhile, nothing definite was determined on; no detailed plan was placed before the public until it was too late for subscriptions to be collected in time for the 23rd of April; and with advancing spring it may be said that the London Committee fell through altogether, and vanished from all men's sight. As the great day drew on, it became clear that we should have no Shakespearian statue or other public tribute to the memory of the poet; and, in effect, the only special features of the celebration in the metropolis were the dining together of certain literary men and actors, accompanied by the delivery of a few able and a great many foolish speeches, the planting of an oak on Primrose Hill, and the performance of Shakespearian programmes at the theatres. The Stratford Committee made nearly as many blunders as its London brother. It offended Mr. Phelps; it offended Mr. Fechter; it wrangled and sputtered noisily; but, after all, it did something during the appointed week of festivity. Stratford was crowded by a brilliant and an illustrious company; the extempore theatre raised for the musical and dramatic performances was really a handsome and spacious structure; the plays were well acted and liberally produced; the masked balls and banquets were tasteful and splendid; the collection of portraits and relics at the house in Henley-street and the Town Hall had a peculiar and touching interest in the poet's native town; while the visits to the old memorial spots and buildings, and the special sermons at the church where Shakespeare himself has worshipped, were features which, of necessity, could have been imitated or approached in London. The procession of Shakespearian characters through the streets was in more questionable taste; but it had the recommendation of providing a gratuitous show for the poorer classes, and thus enabling them to partake of the general rejoicing. The committee, however, reckoned too confidently on the national subscription for defraying the expenses; and since then a serious deficit has been announced. In London, too, the "surplus" which, it was calculated, would remain after the erection of the statue, &c., and which was to be applied to the endowment of schools for the children of poor actors, has failed to make its appearance. The national enthusiasm, never very great about the affair, drifted off, in the month of April, towards the more tangible presence of Garibaldi; and the most that can be said of the Shakespeare Festival of 1864 is that it has furnished a lesson for our descendants of 1964, of which they will probably not be slow to avail themselves.

The year, like all other years, has been shadowed by the deaths of several eminent writers. On the 29th of January, Miss LUCY AIKIN breathed her last—a lady more conspicuous through her relatives than through herself, yet possessing a sterling talent and a genuine nature. She was the daughter of Dr. Aikin and the niece of Mrs. Barbauld, and was literary from her very cradle. Though surviving to the present year, she was born as far back as 1781, and could recollect much of that old antediluvian England which existed before railways and electric telegraphs—before extended education and a vast newspaper press—before Reform Bills and non-intervention theories: the England, not exactly of the days of Johnson, and Burke, and Rey-

nolds, yet of those days wherein still lingered the state of things to which they were accustomed, and which they left behind them undisturbed. The volume of her "Memoirs, Miscellanies, and Letters," published about two months ago, and reviewed in our columns, is full of curious pictures of past times, and gives a very pleasant idea of the good-natured, accomplished, and thoughtful lady, who, without equalling the ability of her aunt, Mrs. Barbauld, had nevertheless not a little of the strong sense, keen penetration, and literary taste of the family to which she belonged.

But one who was yet older, and much more eminent, figures in the Literary Obituary of the year. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, after outliving all his contemporaries and many who were greatly his juniors, passed quietly away in his beloved Florence, on the 17th September. He was born in 1775, began writing in the days of the first French Revolution, and lived to be nearly ninety. During that long career, Landor was a worker, a thinker, and a writer—a man always with a great reputation, even with the general public, yet a reputation vague, cloudy, and remote, like some tradition of Olympus, dimly apprehended as a power in men's minds, and yet but slightly known and little regarded. His genius was quite beyond, or at least apart from, the popular sympathy; yet it must have been a true expression of something in itself true, or it could not have produced such an effect as it did among a people not given to classicism of any kind, suspicious of political theorists, and always inclined to be half afraid of, half angry with, any man who pursues, in pride and isolation and scorn, a path distinct from that of the world. Landor was a Liberal in politics; but he thought more of the idealized systems of Greece and Rome than of English Reform Bills. He has enriched our language with beautiful utterances both in poetry and prose; yet he managed his English as if it had been Greek or Latin. Still, notwithstanding all this, and his haughty repudiation of the arts of popularity, he became, by sheer force of genius, a high name even among the yet higher names of his contemporaries; and when he died, it was felt by all that a great, solitary, ancient star had gone out from the firmament of letters. Of his failing years a touching picture is given by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in her recently published book, "Italics." Writing, a little while before his death, of the vast old dusky palazzo on the banks of the Arno in which Landor lived, and in which he died, she says:—"He talks strangely, tells marvellous anecdotes of Byron's meanness and Shelley's goodness, and then abuses the world and ungrateful men in passionate and violent terms. He loves to have flowers given him, though his trembling hands cannot fix them as he desires in his coat, and he thanks me for doing it for him with old-world compliment—'You have placed them on my heart!' He has a beautiful Pomeranian dog always beside him, and 'Giallo' almost justifies his name, for his hair is chestnut and gold. This old man—more like King Lear than one could have supposed a nineteenth century gentleman could be—is (or rather was, three years ago) Walter Savage Landor. He is now—alas! poor old man—sinking quietly in extremest age, with all careful tendance from his family."

Miss CATHERINE SINCLAIR is another of our literary workers whom death has removed from among us. She was a voluminous and a popular novel-writer, and was intimately connected with some of the philanthropical institutions of Edinburgh. The same week in August which saw the last of her days also brought to a close the labours of Mr. CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, the chief proprietor and long the editor of the *Athenæum*, the prosperity of which was certainly due to him. Earlier in the year—namely in May—poor JOHN CLARE, the Northamptonshire peasant poet, whose verses at one time made a noise in the literary world, finished his sadly darkened career in the *maison de santé* of which he had long been an inmate. Poetry has also to deplore the loss of Miss ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER—herself a beautiful singer, and the daughter of one who was a worthy companion and fellow poet of Shelley, Keats, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, and who now remains as almost "the last man" of that bright and genial band. The death of Miss Procter was peculiarly sad. She was young, she was gifted, she was successful, and, being placed in a position above the world, she was not compelled to write for bread—that coarse and heavy drudgery which in time destroys all the fine fibres of the poetical nature, and turns genius into mediocrity. Had she lasted the ordinary term, she might have done even better than she did; but, as it is, she lived long enough to add to the successes that are associated with her name.

Of other literary celebrities deceased during the year, we must mention W. J. FOX, a Liberal politician of the old hearty school, once an Unitarian clergyman, afterwards a lecturer of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and at all times an eloquent and impressive author; Mr. NASSAU W. SENIOR, a *Quarterly* reviewer and a writer on subjects connected with political economy; Mr. COLLEY GRATTAN, the celebrated Irish novelist; Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, a writer on the "Junius" controversy and on other curious subjects; and Mr. M'CULLOCH, the eminent politico-economical writer and comptroller of the Stationary Office, whose works on the science of wealth, the relative claims of capital and labour,



the rate of wages, the principles of taxation, the history of commerce, and the statistics of the British Empire, will long be valued for their industry, research, and discrimination.

The death from accident of Captain SPEKE, though affecting Science rather than Literature, should not be passed over here without an expression of sorrow, in consideration of the writings in which he illustrated the great problem of ancient and modern geography.

America, also, has had her literary loss during the year. In the course of last May, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE—one of the greatest masters in that twilight land where the actual and the supernatural seem to come face to face, which the Anglo-Saxon race has ever produced—left his residence in the city of Boston, with a view to change of air and scene. He was not supposed to be seriously ill, but he was evidently far from being in good health. A medical literary friend, who saw him just previous to his departure, and who has left an account of what he then observed—a friend in whom we think we recognise the scarcely less gifted Oliver Wendell Holmes—says that “he seemed to have shrunk in all his dimensions, and faltered along with an uncertain, feeble step, as if every movement were an effort.” He was depressed, yet his conversational powers were in no way impaired. He complained of pain, distension, difficult digestion, and great wasting of flesh and strength; had lost all hope of recovery, and spoke of his state with “calm despondency.” The medical friend gave him a few plain directions and a prescription, and he went on his way. On the 19th of May, he was found dead in his bed at the hotel where he was staying, in Plymouth, New Hampshire, in the sixtieth year of his age. “It seems probable,” says his friend, “that he died by the gentlest of all modes of release—fainting—without the trouble and confusion of coming back to life; a way of ending liable to happen in any disease attended with much debility.” The complaint appears to have been heart disease, which of late years has carried off several men of intellectual attainments. Hawthorne was buried on the 23rd of May in the churchyard of Concord, Massachusetts, where he had long lived, and which he has celebrated in his works. Those works are now as well known in England as in America; but Hawthorne was turned middle-aged before he was so much as heard of on this side of the Atlantic, and even in his own country he worked for many years unheeded. His style was the finest and most transparent English; but his genius was certainly American. It was a compound of Puritan rigour and modern free-thought—of German mysticism and English observation—of morbid fancy and elfish humour. New England was the properest native country of such a strange and original mind.

The following pensions, in connection with literature, have been conferred during the year:—Miss Eliza Cook £100, in consideration of her literary labours, both in poetry and prose, and her failing health. The Rev. C. B. Gibson £100, as the author of many literary works, and for the high testimony borne as to their value. Mrs. Sheridan Knowles £100, in consideration of the talents of her late husband, Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, as a dramatic author. Mr. Kenny Meadows £80, in acknowledgment of his merits as an artist, more especially evinced by his illustrations of Shakspeare. Miss Dinah Muloch £60, authoress of “John Halifax, Gentleman,” “A Life for a Life,” and other well-known works of fiction. Mr. W. Allingham £80, on account of the literary merits of his poetical works. Mrs. Leaf £50, as the sister of Mr. J. Leaf, who, though of humble origin, was a contributor of articles of great merit to various journals. Jean Williamson Thomson £50, sister of Hugh Miller, on account of his literary merit.

It is a barren year indeed which does not bring us a few literary curiosities—some relic or some fact which the bookish inquirer regards with a sort of petting interest. This year we have had two claimants to the honour of being derived from the family of Shakspeare—one, a poor hard-working man residing at Wolverhampton, and alleging that he is descended from Gilbert Shakspeare, the poet's brother; the other, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Shakspear. The discussion arising out of their respective assertions made some little noise about the month of June; but the question very soon disappeared, and we believe nothing has been settled with respect to either possessor of the illustrious name. Since then, bibliopoles have been thrown into a state of excitement by the discovery in Birmingham of an old prayer-book, apparently containing Shakspeare's signature, and by the turning up of certain deeds relating to the property in Henley-street, Stratford-upon-Avon; but there appears to be some doubt about both matters. The papers connected with Addison, recently disinterred, have more to show for themselves. Mr. Dykes Campbell, of Glasgow, has published *facsimiles* of portions of a MS. note-book, which, he says, he purchased from a London dealer in 1858, and which contains fragments of essays published in the *Spectator*, written in a hand apparently not Addison's, but corrected by him. There is also a third hand; but whose this is, and whose is the hand in which the original draft of the essays is made out, are points not easily settled. The genuineness of the note-book, however, has been certified

by Mr. H. O. Coxe, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and by Sir Frederic Madden, chief of the MS. department of the British Museum Library. The latter is perfectly convinced that the corrections are in the handwriting of Addison, but he cannot speak as to the print-like hand in which the essays were originally written, or to the third hand, which, he says, “is certainly not Steele's, nor Tickell's, nor Charles Montagu's.” He thinks, from certain occasional peculiarities, that the print-like hand may be a variation of Addison's own; and he mentions one circumstance, connected with the water-marks of the paper, which is certainly important. “These,” he writes in a letter to Mr. Campbell, “consist of a shield on which is a bend, surmounted by a large *fleur-de-lis*, and on the corresponding half-sheet the capital letters C. D. G. Now, it must be remarked, that this paper is thick *office-paper*, and not *ordinary writing-paper*, which has evidently been folded and cut down from its original *folio* form. The age of this paper is certainly contemporary with Addison, and the same identical paper is found in official books dated from 1700 to 1712. It would seem, therefore, not improbable to infer that, if the print-like writing be Addison's, he wrote these essays in their first form after he accepted an official appointment as Commissioner of Appeals, in 1704, when it is easy to see how such office-paper would come into his hands.” Commenting on this letter, the *Publishers' Circular* (which contains some very intelligent remarks on the subject) points to the improbability of Addison's drawing out the rough draft of his essays in a formal print-hand, and then correcting them in his natural hand, and suggests that the essays were the composition of Pope (who is known to have frequently written in imitation of print, and who certainly contributed to the *Spectator*), and that he submitted them in a fair, legible copy, to Addison, as the great literary censor of the day, by whom they were corrected for the press. At the time the essays appeared (1711-12), which was probably about the time of their composition, Addison did not hold any official appointment, and had therefore no greater access to office stationery than Pope, who is described by Swift as being very sparing of paper, and who on one occasion wrote to a friend in office for a gift of this description. Such are the arguments of our trade contemporary for crediting the author of “The Rape of the Lock” with these compositions; and we think there is a good deal of force in the view thus taken. The subject of one of the essays—“Imagination”—would be very likely to attract the mind of a young poet.

One contribution to the literary history of the eighteenth century we have ourselves been instrumental in bringing before the world. We published in the LONDON REVIEW of June 4th and 11th some hitherto inedited correspondence of Daniel Defoe, showing that, for pay received by him from the Whig Government of the time, he connected himself with a notorious Tory journal, with the express intention of betraying the Tory party by ostensibly professing their views, and really so managing the paper that “the sting should be taken out” of its articles, “the party be amused,” and the Government saved from any serious danger. It would be superfluous in us on the present occasion to go at length into these charges; and we shall therefore content ourselves by referring the reader to the singular documents which we were the first to give to the world.

The formation of a new Library Company in Old Bond-street, and the merging in it of Hookham's well-known establishment, marks a noticeable tendency in the present times towards giving increased facilities for the distribution of first-class and high-priced books. It is unquestionable that this movement owes much of its success to the example set by Mr. Mudie. Some years have now elapsed since that gentleman, observing that the older libraries were conducted upon too exclusive and restricted a system, began business with a more liberal and adventurous programme. Being a Dissenter, and a prominent man in the religious body of which he was a member, he looked for and found an immense number of readers amongst the well-to-do people who “follow” Mr. Brock, Mr. Newman Hall, the Hon. Baptist Noel, Mr. Morley Punshon, and other eminent preachers outside the Established Church. The congregations of these ministers are mostly of the middle class, the families of professional men, merchants, and traders in the City. Thirty years ago, their reading was the Magazines, the religious newspapers, and books from the literary and scientific institution in their immediate neighbourhood, with an occasional purchase of a very popular but generally low-priced book. The dozen lending libraries at the West End, and two or three in the City—remnants of the old days when many of the mercantile gentry resided over their banks and counting-houses—were the only purveyors of high-priced fiction. The local lending libraries were generally carried on in connection with the stationery, Berlin wool, or tobacco business, and kept on their shelves the old stock novels of the Minerva press, with second-hand or used copies of Sir Walter Scott and the popular author of the hour. It had not become a fashion with the families of rich City people to affect the literary airs of the West End, or to spend any but a very small sum upon books of amusement, or what is termed light reading. Book-hunters or bibliomaniacs there always were, and the clergy and lawyers purchased the books



of their profession; but the reading of high-class and highly-paid current literature was a very occasional amusement. Mr. Mudie has certainly helped to break up this state of things. He commenced business in King-street, Holborn, and united a little publishing with his library business (we have seen a work by the author of the "Biglow Papers" dated from his house); but after a short time he removed to New Oxford-street, where he gradually developed his plans until the present colossal library was the result. Thirty or forty years ago, five hundred copies of a novel was considered a large edition; now, Mr. Mudie alone will take 1,000, if the author is a popular writer. The golden rule of the publishing trade at that time was "to print small numbers;" now, the rule is to print boldly, and advertise thoroughly. The new Library Companies have only further carried out this idea of extended circulation at low prices, and the consequence has been—as indeed it always will be in every department of commerce—that a reduced scale of charges, great facility and promptness in supply, and the liberal purchase of *all* books fit in any way to be placed upon the library shelves, have brought a greater number of readers than our literature has yet seen. Publishers, too, do a larger business than they ever did before, and authors as a class certainly make more money than their brethren of the last generation.

Periodical literature continues to expand. We have had two or three new Magazines during the twelvemonth just expiring (though none of great mark), and one or two more are announced for the coming year. In the early months of 1864, some adventurous persons tried the experiment of a Conservative weekly paper, partly literary, partly political. The journal, ushered in by a prospectus of singular stupidity, made its appearance under the pretentious title of the *Realm*, but in a few months ceased to exist. Apart from its conduct, the old-fashioned type with which it was printed, in accordance with an affectation now prevalent in certain quarters, was soon found to be a mistake in a journal devoted to topics of the hour; and the *Realm* put up its shutters, as the wisest course that could be pursued under all the circumstances.

The penny and threehalfpenny number business has latterly shot up to giant proportions. At first, Mr. Beeton and Messrs. Ward & Lock (the latter acting as the agents of the Brothers Dalziel) appeared to have had it all their own way; but more recently Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin have proved themselves very formidable rivals. The works issued by these houses in a cheap serial form comprise illustrated editions of "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," the "Pilgrim's Progress," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," plays, and poems, the Bible, "Gulliver's Travels," and "Don Quixote." The last-named, from the press of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, will contain the original woodcut illustrations by Gustave Doré—those marvellous productions of fancy and grim humour which, together with his other works, have made for the artist so great a name in France. Some of the other classics to which we have alluded are embellished by English artists of distinction; but in most of them the mediæval affectations and dry materialism of the existing style are disagreeably apparent. So also in printing. Mr. Beeton's is the only one of the three houses in question from which cheap number-books are issued in reasonable modern type.

The local press continues to prosper, and seems to be attaining a more assured position than it formerly enjoyed. Some years ago, it was purely contemptible; but it received an accession of strength on the abolition of the compulsory penny stamp in 1855, and thenceforth gave more attention than it had before done to general news. Again in 1861, when the duty on paper was abolished, the local press, in common with all cheap journals, was stimulated to improve its character; and it must now be admitted that what may be called parochial or district papers have their peculiar sphere of usefulness, though a humble one, requiring no great amount of literary ability for its fulfilment. Local interests want looking after as well as Imperial interests; and the district newspaper looks after them. It is in fact a sort of vigilant vestryman, scrutinizing abuses, and taking care that the parish, or union of parishes, is efficiently served and creditably managed. At the head of these singular journals—singular, and yet, if we rightly consider the matter, the natural products of a self-governing and uncentralized people—stands the *City Press*, representing the most powerful municipality in the world, and therefore possessing unusual claims to respect. It devotes its attention to the laws, customs, usages, rights, privileges, courts, churches, charities, parochial boards, places, and people, of the City; to the antiquities and literature of London; to the transactions of educational, scientific and literary societies; to reports of lectures and of young men's classes, &c. It is a good-sized broadsheet, published at a penny, and containing some readable matter. Perhaps the most important of the metropolitan boroughs is that of Marylebone; and here we find the *Marylebone Mercury*, also at a penny, with a circulation of nearly 3,000. The *Paddington Times* is a little under 2,000. The *Bayswater Chronicle* aims at taking a higher position than local papers generally, and specially seeks the support of the religious world by advocating the Established Church, and by giving a series of biographical notices of the

local clergy, with reports of their sermons. Copies of this paper are taken, we are informed, at the South Kensington Museum and the Royal Horticultural Society. The *Clerkenwell News*, representing the parishes of Clerkenwell, Islington, and St. Luke's, is published four times a week—on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays—and has a circulation of from 16,000 to 20,000. It describes itself as "a great advertising medium," especially with reference to such matters as the seeking for employment, the letting of houses and apartments, &c.; and that not merely in the district where the paper is produced, but all over the metropolis. A single impression will sometimes contain more than 2,000 advertisements of a varied character; and the paper seems to be one of the most prosperous and enterprising of this class. The *Shoreditch Observer* is a halfpenny paper, having tried the higher price of a penny, and found that it injured the circulation. It confines its attention to district affairs, and claims credit for having effected some local reforms, and for being a terror to all parochial ill-doers. This is the paper which, two or three weeks ago, had a case in the law courts, arising out of a quarrel between itself and the *Shoreditch Advertiser*—a case which was amicably settled by the withdrawal of personal imputations and of a juror. The *East London Observer* professes political principles of the "advanced Liberal" order; but in religious matters it inclines to the Established Church, though opposing compulsory church-rates. The *South London Chronicle* devotes a good deal of attention to controversial divinity, as viewed from the Low Church, or rather the Evangelical and Dissenting, point of view, and has a regard for subjects of social science. Other local papers also have their specialties; but we have referred to sufficient to give the reader some notion of the large body of unrecognised journalism which is actively working around him. As a rule, these papers circulate chiefly among tradesmen; but, of course, they vary somewhat in their character according to the districts in which they are published. In the poorer neighbourhoods, to the North, East, and South, they are tinged with Radicalism; in the richer quarters of the West and North-west, they are more inclined to a genteel neutrality. But we believe we may say that, in all directions, a tone of decency is observed, though, of course, there is sometimes a little tendency to personalities, and the literary pretensions of the leading articles and other original matter are not very high.

The libraries of eminent men have always been objects of worthy curiosity with literary students. The materials of an author throw no small light upon the books he may have sent forth under his name; they serve to show, in a great measure, the extent of his researches, and reveal to us the foundations of his literary structures; so that the library of a man of letters is something more than a simply curious exhibition. In 1863, the libraries of Lord Macaulay and Mr. Buckle were the most interesting that were dispersed. During the past twelve months, Mr. Thackeray's small, but useful, collection has been scattered, and numerous evidences of his reading, in marked passages and drawings from his pencil, are now on other bookshelves in England and America. A Boston Magazine, indeed, was so surprised at the want of excitement that marked this dispersal that it devoted an article to the subject, saying how much larger the prices would have been if the sale had taken place in Boston or New York. But this conclusion of the *Atlantic Monthly* is explained by the fact that Mr. Thackeray has always been more "worshipped" in the United States than at home, although his excellences as a writer and a humourist have, perhaps, been as well appreciated here as across the Atlantic. The Bishop of Ely's library, sold at the beginning of the year, was not marked by any very remarkable feature. The law library of Sir William Atherton showed a more useful than curious gathering; but the collection formed by Dr. Roans, of Hampstead, and sold in May, was a very extraordinary one, reminding the collector of the old days of bibliomania, when a Heber would purchase house after house, in London and Paris, and fill them with books until the very stairs were choked up. The most remarkable collection dispersed during the year—and the most unique of its kind sold for half a century—was the Daniel library, a wonderful gathering of library rarities relating to Shakespeare and the Elizabethan drama, made by George Daniel, of Canonbury, a gentleman who once edited the series of Cumberland's Plays, and published a volume or two of metrical facetiae, and a book of pleasant antiquarianism, under the title of "Merrie England in the Olden Time." It was a rule with this ardent collector never to buy other than the finest copies of the rarest books, and, as may be surmised, many valuable libraries of rare works were often dispersed without affording him a single volume that precisely answered the conditions he had laid down. Almost every editor of Shakespeare during the past forty years has been compelled to wait upon Mr. Daniel for a collation of this early quarto, or a reading from that unique volume of ancient ballads. The absurdities of the "Celebration" committees, and the disfavour with which the reading public viewed, for a time, all publications about Shakespeare, would, it was feared by many, cause the sale to lack that enthusiasm necessary to stimulate collectors to give high prices. But the alarm was groundless. The true admirers of the poet,



the officers of the great public libraries, and such collectors as Mr. Huth, the rich City merchant, and Mr. Tite, M.P., with others equally well known in literary circles, came forward, and prices were realized equal to those which were obtained when Dibden wrote splendid books upon bibliomania, and lords and dukes met in sale-rooms, and fought valiantly for the possession of folios and quartos, until guineas by thousands changed hands, and the auctioneer only decided the alternate victories by the vigorous use of his ivory hammer. At Mr. Daniel's sale, Miss Burdett Coutts entered the lists, and won the famous first folio Shakespeare, but only after she had thrown down a sum of money sufficient to purchase a handsome villa. It is understood that the difference between what Mr. Daniel paid for his treasures and what they were sold for represented a sum of several thousand pounds.

During the last few months, the dispersal of the famous "Musée Français" and "Musée Royal" engravings, formed by Napoleon I. at a vast cost when he feared that reverses in fortune might cause his art-spoils to leave Paris as quickly as they came, has formed almost the only noticeable change in the possession of literary property, unless we except the topographical library of Mr. John Bowyer Nichols.

Although the Legislature has done nothing for our copyright laws during the expiring year, the law courts, and a very general discussion in literary circles, have effected a great deal towards a proper understanding of what authors and publishers require for the protection of their mutual interests. The capabilities and powers of an Act of Parliament can never be fairly tried in the House of Commons; and a test of its provisions and limitations is better made in an ordinary law court, or in one of the courts of Chancery, when a dispute arises, than in a Parliamentary discussion. The matter under consideration is subject to constant change. The copyright enactments which satisfied the age of Queen Anne required to be remedied half a century later; and the act for which Sir T. N. Talfourd fought so valiantly nearly a quarter of a century ago, has for some time proved itself a very unsafe authority in cases of literary dispute. With the ever-increasing complications of literary labour and literary property, clearer definitions and regulations for their proper and just management are necessary. When privileges are deemed of but small value, a few general words, a common understanding, may suffice for their protection; but the waste land that is valueless and remains comparatively undisputed for generations, may be fought for by inches when a town occupies its site. It is no disgrace to former lawgivers that our present copyright laws are inefficient; they served their purpose, or were supposed to do so, and we in turn must make regulations adapted to our necessities.

Eighteen months ago, the protection of the law was extended to the explanatory notes in a bookseller's catalogue, although previously it had been the custom of the trade to copy these from any and every source without asking permission. Both Sir W. Page Wood and Vice-Chancellor Kindersley, in their recent Chancery decisions, have assisted in defining what is actually required as the main features of the new legislative enactment so long talked about, and introduced with such little effect by Mr. Adam Black, the member for Edinburgh, at the commencement of the late session. A clearer definition of the kind of labour adapted for copyright protection; the gathering up into one measure of artistic as well as literary rights; the provision of an easy and safe court of appeal, before which the infringers of these might be brought; a re-examination of our present international copyright laws; a full inquiry into the state of the law in the English colonies, and whether in those dependencies they do not frequently countenance piracy when an immediate benefit can be derived by so doing, and, on the other hand, seek protection under our laws when the benefit seems to be in the other direction;—some at least of these topics were dealt with in Mr. Black's measure, but the subject in its entirety appears to have been too much for his grasp, and so, for the present, the rights and wrongs of literary industry are subject to old, confused statutes, which lawyers find a difficulty in using as guides to legal decision, and which literary men, as well as judges, confess they are incapable of clearly understanding. The case of *Low v. Routledge*, described in this journal some months ago, was one of the most important which has come before the English law courts for a long time. With regard to our copyright relations with America, it was very clearly shown that at least one clause of our copyright laws requires altering. During the approaching session, however, it is promised that the whole subject of copyright (artistic as well as literary) and of the patent laws shall be dealt with in a measure forming one of the distinguishing features of the parliamentary campaign. In our opinion, a well-chosen committee, consisting of members not unaccustomed to authorship, with Mr. Adam Black as the fitting representative of the publishers' interests, and one or two independent commercial or practical men as a safeguard against any of those visionary notions of authors' wrongs and rights advanced and defended with such ardour by Sir T. N. Talfourd and his friends, would be the most likely way to determine what are the wants of the age in respect to copyright, and to frame a Bill which would serve alike the true

interests of authors, and of the public, whose general welfare is, or should be, the first point of consideration in the production of all works of literature or art.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE have alluded above to such of the American publications of the year as have been reprinted in England; but a few additional observations will fall more naturally under a distinct American head.

The "Artist's" edition of Irving's "Sketch Book," in 4to, is, perhaps, the most beautiful and finished volume ever produced in America. The type of our own illustrated guinea gift-books was taken in its construction. Mr. Putnam, the American publisher of Irving's works, made the superintendence of the volume a labour of love, and employed the best artists of America for two years. The production of such a book during great political troubles—troubles which have compelled an almost entire cessation of old business rules, and introduced cash payments as the only safe way of transacting business—is very creditable to American publishing enterprise. Messrs. Bell & Daldy have issued the work here, and it is one of the most beautiful gift-books of the present Christmas.

Only the principal English publications have been reprinted in America during the past year or two. In former years, before political anxieties affected the book-market, any volume with a "taking" or "catching" title would be sure to be reprinted, if not in Boston or New York, by Peterson of Philadelphia, or a Cincinnati house, or one of the many New England or Western firms, always on the look-out for something worth reproducing. Now, all is altered. People have too much to think of, and too much to pay for in the way of fighting, to care about the literature of other countries. The rebellion has formed the one great subject of American literature during the past four years. In every list of new publications that we have examined, the war element is by far the strongest. Some publishers keep up a "war series," and many of the trade devote themselves to distinct classes of military books. Several collectors have been busy from the outset in gathering together this lamentable literature, and a gentleman in Philadelphia has already, it is said, entered in his catalogue more than 5,000 books, pamphlets, &c., published, not only in America, but in England and every country of Europe, all relating to this subject. The violent pamphlets of the South, when they can be smuggled from the land of Dixie, or when captured, bring good prices amongst the fancy buyers of literary nick-nacks in the Federal States. The street songs, and those sung by the soldiers when on march or in the field, whether by Northern or Southern armies, have been carefully collected by Frank Moore, who some years since gathered together the old songs of the colonies when they rebelled against King George and the mother country; and they form already four stout little volumes. The books are tastefully bound in red and green; but it is curious to note that the volume containing the "Rebel Rhymes," or songs, is coated in undertakers' black.

Though, however, European literature has not been much in demand in America for some time past, books of native growth have been numerous. Indeed, in the literary journals of the United States the assertion has more than once been made that more books from the pens of American authors have been sold during the period of the rebellion than in any previous similar length of time. Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Agassiz, and almost all the principal American writers, have produced new works, and, if we may believe the statements of their publishers, have sold far greater numbers of them than even they expected. But then many of these have had reference, more or less, to the absorbing topic of the war.

One book recently issued from an American house we may briefly allude to in this place, because it is a conspicuous example of the views which are now entertained by the more extreme of the "Woman's Rights" party. Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, the authoress of "Woman and her Era," avows in that work that she could never co-operate with other advocates of feminine claims; but it seems that this has been, not because the said advocates go too far, but because they do not go far enough. They only claim *equality* with men; she claims *superiority* to them. Women, she contends, are really, and in a most supreme sense, the "better halves" of their partners; better morally, better intellectually, better spiritually, better physically (in all but strength), and therefore called by God to the higher place. Notwithstanding its extravagance, the book is valuable as a reflex of what is now agitating some female minds beyond the Atlantic.

\* \* \* The Supplement to the LONDON REVIEW of January 7th will contain a History of the Literary Year on the Continent, and Summaries of the Progress of Science, Art, Music, and the Drama, at Home and Abroad, during 1864.



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